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THE CORRESPONDENCE
OF SIR PHILIP SIDNEY AND
HUBERT LANGUET.

"When diversity of years, courses of life and fortunes, enforced these dear friends to divide, there yet passed such a continual course of intelligence by letters from one of them to another, as in their loss (if they be lost) there be buried many delicate images and differences between the real and large complexions of those active times, and the narrow falves of this effeminate age."—*Life of the renowned Sir Philip Sidney, written by Sir Fulke Grevil.*



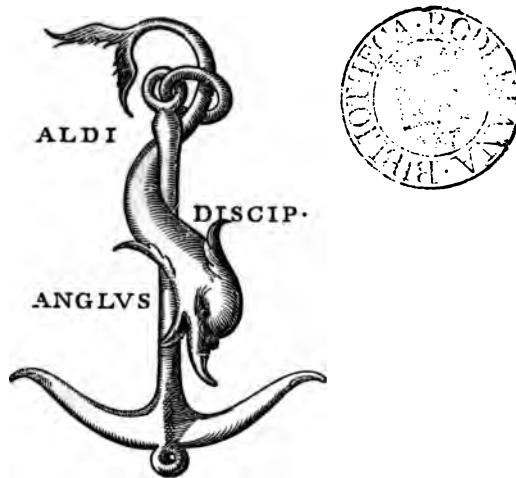


CHARLES PHILIPPE DE COGNAC

THE CORRESPONDENCE
OF SIR PHILIP SIDNEY AND
HUBERT LANGUET

NOW FIRST COLLECTED AND TRANSLATED FROM THE
LATIN WITH NOTES AND A MEMOIR
OF SIDNEY

BY STEUART A. PEARS M.A.
FELLOW OF C. C. C. OXFORD



LONDON
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PREFACE.

HE Letters of Languet to Sir Philip Sidney were first collected and published by the Elzevirs at Leyden, in 1646, under the title of “Huberti Langueti Epistolæ Politicæ et Historicæ ad Philippum Sidnæum.” They were reprinted by Lord Hailes, at Edinburgh, 1776; but they have never been translated into English, though Dr. Zouch gives extracts from them in his Life of Sidney.

The Letters of Sidney in reply, have always been regarded as lost, and his biographers from Fulke Greville downwards, have duly deplored their loss. A few of them are now first printed in the appendix to this volume.

The three last in the series, written in the years 1577-8, were discovered in the Public Library at Zurich, in the year 1842, by the late Rev. John Hunter, formerly of Magdalen College, Oxford, and were copied, with many other letters from England of the same period, for a work of the Parker Society. This volume is now just

completed; and I have been permitted by the Council of that Society, to make use of these letters as they came from the press.

The rest of Sidney's letters, fourteen in number, of which one is addressed to his friend the Count of Hannau, formed part of a large collection of manuscript letters belonging to John Christopher Wolff, Pastor of St. Katherine's, Hamburgh. He purchased them from the executors of Zacharias Conrad Von Uffenbach, of Frankfort, (who died in 1734,) and published a descriptive catalogue of his collection, entitled “ *Wolfi Conspectus supellectilis Epistolicæ et Literariæ, Hamburgh, 1736.* ” From this book I accidentally learnt that these letters of Sidney were in existence.

Wolff's collection is now in the public library of Hamburgh, and the copies which I possess were made by Mr. A. D. Mordtmann, the assistant librarian. The Rev. Edward Dewar, M. A. Chaplain at Hamburgh, has also kindly collated them for me. They are taken from volumes 13, 26, 48, and 49. Vol. 49 contains only copies; and five of the following letters are taken from it; the rest, like those at Zurich, are all originals, in Sidney's handwriting.

Languet's letters are 96 in number, and though Sidney did not write nearly so many in reply, still it is clear, that the seventeen now published are a

small part only of his actual share in the correspondence. I have made selections from the volume of Languet in order to fit in, and so to form, as far as might be, a regular correspondence with such of Sidney's letters as are preserved; with the same view, I have reprinted in its proper place, the letter which Sidney wrote in English to Lord Leicester from Vienna.

Towards the latter part of the volume, where Sidney's replies are few in number, or wanting altogether, I have continued to give such parts of Languet's letters as refer more particularly to the affairs of Sidney and of England. All that Languet wrote is interesting, both for the elegance of his style and the subjects on which he wrote. There is a great deal of valuable information regarding Turkey and Poland, which I have left out, because my object was to illustrate the life and character of Sir P. Sidney.

I have endeavoured to translate faithfully and closely; and indeed, since the English of the present day is hardly a fit dress for the thoughts of Sir Philip Sidney, I shall not be sorry if the reader is often reminded by the idiom, that the correspondence was carried on in Latin. In the three last of Sidney's letters, I have gladly availed myself of the translation made for the Parker Society by the Rev. Hastings Robinson, D. D.

A few notes are added to explain allusions in the letters, and are taken for the most part from the historians of the day ; and in order to make the whole more intelligible, I have prefixed an introduction, containing a slight sketch of the life of Sir P. Sidney, and the state of Europe during the period (1574—1580) at which the following correspondence was written.

S. P.

August 25,
1845.

Page 9, line 14, &c. for Abondius, read Hondius (?).
Page 79, line 28, — A writer, — Brantome quoted.
Page 79, line 33, — Catharine, — Charlotte.
Page 204, line 25, — quos, — quod.



THE LIFE AND TIMES OF SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

PHILIP SIDNEY left England, and proceeded on his travels into France, in the latter part of May, 1572. He was furnished with a license to pass into foreign lands, with three servants and four horses; and his uncle, the Earl of Leicester, had been careful to place him under the protection of the Earl of Lincoln, the Lord Admiral, who was appointed Ambassador Extraordinary to the Court of France. In his suite he went straight to Paris, where he was especially commended by his uncle to Sir Francis Walsingham, the Resident Minister of the Queen of England.

Sidney was at this time in his eighteenth year, and his boyhood already gave promise of all those graces of mind and of person, for which his riper years were so famous. He was tall and well shaped; and even at his early age, skilful in all manly exercises. His hair and complexion were very fair, and his countenance soft and pensive as a woman's, and yet full both of intelligence and thoughtfulness. Indeed, if the gifts of nature

descend by inheritance, we cannot wonder that there should be in him a rare union of fine qualities: for his father, Sir Henry, Lord President of Wales, and afterwards Deputy of Ireland, was the very type of a noble English gentleman, excellent as a soldier and a statesman, that is, upright and prudent, brave and loyal. His mother, the Lady Mary, was full worthy to be the wife of such a man. She was one of those women who are the richest ornaments of English History; one whose noble nature had been trained by the discipline of sorrow to the highest degree of excellence. She was the daughter of John, Duke of Northumberland; and when her eldest son, Philip, was born, she wore mourning for her father, her brother, and her sister-in-law, the Lady Jane, who all had died on the scaffold. “The clearness of his father’s judgment,” writes Fulke Greville, “and the ingenious sensibleness of his mother’s, brought forth so happy a temper” in their eldest son. From the father he had the stout heart and strong hand, and keen intelligence, while his mother had set on him the stamp of her own sweet and very gentle nature.

Walsingham received him with the attention that was due to his rank and connexions, and he was on the first fitting occasion presented to the king. Charles IX. had some good natural qualities, and was attracted by the person and manners of Sidney, so that he at once offered to entertain

him as long as he should stay at Paris, as one of the gentlemen of his bedchamber. The offer was accepted, for it gave him the opportunity he so greatly desired, of seeing and knowing many persons of high reputation. And thus the shy young Englishman was at once introduced to a scene of dazzling and bewildering splendour. It was not that Catherine de Medicis cared much for the pomp or the dissipation of her court; power was the object and aim of her life, and she employed the fascinations of the Louvre merely as one among many instruments in the attainment of power. Sidney had heard much of this Queen and her brilliant court; in the quiet days which he had passed at Penshurst, Ludlow, and Oxford, he had often dreamed of such scenes; often, too, he had talked over the wild doings of the civil wars in France; had his favorite heroes, and in his fancy formed pictures of them—and here he stood in the very midst of these men.

For there was peace all over France. Catholics and Huguenots had sheathed swords now nearly two years, and joined hands and were friends together; and it was not the Queen Mother only that spoke fair to the Huguenots, for she might have been suspected; but brave men who had met in battle, and crossed lances in many a rough skirmish, now shook hands with that frankness of soldiers which is above suspicion. Besides, the peace and friendship was to be confirmed by the marriage

of the young King of Navarre with Charles's sister Margaret, and all the Huguenot leaders were crowding to Paris to be present at the solemnity.

Sidney scarcely knew where to fix his attention, among so many famous men. All around him at the banquets of the Louvre, and brushing past him in the royal saloons, were living objects on which he gazed and fed his eyes, full of wonder and delight. Near the Queen Mother's person, in close and confidential discourse with Charles, was the old Admiral Coligny, the stanch and true leader of the Huguenots, happy in the peace of his country, and yet eager to draw his sword once more against his old opponents, the Spaniards. Here stands Henry of Guise, as bold and as subtle as his father before him. There Anjou, the young conqueror of Jarnac and Montcontour. And, not the least interesting in all that crowd, the two young princes, Henry of Navarre (with whom Sidney's friendship here began), and his more thoughtful cousin of Condé. They were hardly older than Sidney himself, and yet for the last three years they had been the acknowledged leaders of their party; had lived in camp, and charged at the head of their troops in battle.

There were processions too, and tournaments; and soldiers who had passed many long years in the field, had changed their battered armour, and come to show off their horsemanship and skill at their weapons, before the ladies of the court and

the citizens of Paris. There Sidney saw Teligny and Tavannes, de la Ferriere and de Retz, the best soldiers of their day, meeting in friendly sport: and foremost at all manly games, in the lists or the tennis court (they may have played together, for they were both fond of the game), young Count Lewis of Nassau, the brightest and boldest spirit of the age. There were others of a graver cast, who stood apart and looked with indifference or suspicion on all this wild gaiety: Montgomery, a hardy and faithful leader, but one who took not much delight in tilting, nor in the presence of the Queen Mother, for on a like occasion, about a dozen years before, his lance by an unlucky accident had taken the life of her husband, Henry II. He went seldom to court, and lived across the Seine, in the Faubourg St. Germain. Still more likely to fix the notice of Sidney, was Philip Mornay du Plessis, well known in French history as the leader of the religious men among the Huguenots. He was only five years older than Sidney, and already distinguished for his high Christian principles, his learning and his judgment. There are many circumstances in his history that greatly resemble that of Sidney himself; and by that mutual attraction which always exists in men whose affections are strongly engaged in the same cause, they were afterwards brought together, and formed the closest friendship. Mornay passed his time in the company

of men of letters; he cared nothing for the frivolous amusements of the court, and looked with doubt on the professions of the King. But the multitude had far other thoughts; to the very last, in spite of the atrocious attempt on the Admiral's life, they went on in the mad enjoyment of pleasure and luxury, and Sidney with the rest continued to indulge in the deceitful dream.

He was awakened rudely enough. On the evening of Sunday, the 24th of August, the King gave the signal for that massacre of the Huguenots, which has made his reign infamous in the annals of France. It lasted seven whole days, during which, as Mezerai records, “were murdered near five thousand persons by divers sorts of death, and many by more than one, amongst them five or six hundred gentlemen.” Sidney found shelter at the English embassy. Mornay du Plessis lay concealed until the danger was passed. Count Lewis and the two young Princes were spared; and Montgomery saved himself by sheer hard riding, for he was pursued by Guise and a party of horsemen many miles on the road to Normandy. But the old Admiral and his son in law, Teligny, Rochefaucault, and many more distinguished men, were among the victims of these matins of Paris.

This most cruel and treacherous deed has found its apologists. It often happens that very great crimes are mellowed and softened down by the lapse of a century or two, and fail at last to excite

that fierce indignation which blazed forth on all sides at the first news of their perpetration. But in these cases the first impressions are the safest guides to the true character of the actions; we should enquire what was the instinctive judgment of the people of the day: and we may learn in some degree with what feelings we ought to regard the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, by the narrative which the French Ambassador, the excellent La Mothe Fenelon gives, of his first audience at the English court at Woodstock after the commission of this atrocious murder. “Silence,” he says, “as in the dead of night, reigned through all the chambers of the royal apartments; the ladies and courtiers were ranged on each side, clad in deep mourning, and as I passed through them, not one bestowed on me a civil look, or made the least return to my salute.”

The effect on Sidney’s mind was deep and never effaced; and we cannot wonder if the horror with which he looked on the immediate contrivers and actors of the tragedy, was extended to the church and religion of Rome generally. For, though it cannot be proved, as Ranke has observed, that the Pope was privy to the preparations for it, still the hearty approbation with which he regarded the act and the authors of it; the thanksgiving offered up in St. Peter’s; the medal struck in commemoration of the event, have virtually involved the Roman church in a crime so monstrous, as to provoke the

abhorrence and disgust of all civilized nations. Otherwise indeed it would scarcely be fair to charge the deed on the Church of Rome, merely because it was committed by Romanists. It was no zeal for the church, but simple love of dominion that moved Catherine de Medicis in all cases, whether for peace or war, and it would be as unjust to take her as the representative of the catholic party, as to put forward the private character of Henry IV. as a fair specimen of the French Protestants.

Soon after the massacre Sidney left Paris, and proceeded through Lorraine to Strasburg, where he remained some time, and from thence through Heidelberg to Frankfort. And at this place he first became acquainted with the man who was afterwards his constant friend and correspondent, and exercised so great an influence over his mind and character. Hubert Languet, at this time in the 54th year of his age, was a native of Burgundy. He was educated in Italy, then he resided at Wittenberg in the company of Melancthon for three years, and subsequently was employed on many missions and embassies by various protestant princes in Germany. His own inclination besides had led him to extend his travels far beyond the ordinary limits, so that he was well acquainted from personal observation with the manners and character of almost all the European nations. He was one of the most learned men of the day, and at the same time was keenly observant of all

that was passing in his own age. Attached by conviction and habit to the reformed religion, he was no doubt sincere in his professions : but yet we can conjecture from his own letters, that he was not cast in the martyrs' mould ; he promoted the cause not so much by forward devotion and zeal, as by management and the arts of diplomacy. Still Languet was a man of undoubted courage, and when he was at Paris, representing a party of German protestant Princes, he had spoken out so plainly to the French King, as to place his life in jeopardy on the day of St. Bartholomew. He was at this time living in the house of Andrew Wechel the printer, a place of rendezvous for men of letters at Frankfort, and Languet had earned a peculiar title to Wechel's hospitality by giving him shelter and protection at the massacre in Paris.

Here Sidney met him, and a very short time was sufficient for the formation of a friendship that lasted until death separated them. It is remarkable that Philip Mornay had met Languet, when he was travelling like Sidney, and at Sidney's age, a few years before, and that a strong attachment had in like manner grown up between them.

After spending some time together at Frankfort, the two friends went on to Vienna, where Languet was appointed to reside for Augustus, the Elector of Saxony. Sidney gladly seized the

chance of being the companion of such a man, for he came abroad to learn and to complete his education, and he found Languet full of information, and free in communicating it: and doubtless Languet for his part was pleased with such a questioner and such a listener. To a man possessed of an ordinary share of sense and feeling, nothing is more attractive, nothing more certain of producing the purest pleasure, than the love of an intelligent and ingenuous boy. The old Diplomatist had neither son nor home, and he had found in the young stranger such a ripe understanding, such a thirst for truth, and above all such a thoughtful mind and affectionate heart, as stirred feelings in him which had long lain slumbering, and called forth many a latent affection in his breast.

Sidney stayed long enough at Vienna to become familiar with the state of affairs at the Imperial Court; to be introduced to the Society of the place, and to make many friends. He then set out with his attendants on horseback for Venice, intending to remain there only a few weeks, and then to return to Vienna and his friend Languet. They parted early in November, 1573, and the correspondence between them began immediately.

Venice, even in these days, possesses a peculiar charm for the traveller. The situation of the city, resting on the bosom of the waters, and the

traces of former greatness which are seen on all sides, appear to excite a deep and peculiar interest in all who visit it. And if this is the case with those who look at the ruin, how must Sidney have been delighted at the fabric in the day of its beauty and glory ; if the skeleton is so fair, what must have been the form when it was filled with life and vigour? Now, the standards of the three subject kingdoms remain in their place only as a sad memorial of power long since taken away ; then, they told a tale to every new comer, of war and adventure, of blood fresh spilt in defending Christian lands from the attacks of the infidel, and of the faithful soldiers who had given their lives in the vain attempt to save Cyprus. The palaces, which serve now for warehouses or are deserted altogether, were the abodes of wealth and splendour, the homes of those royal merchants who considered themselves the fellows of princes. Painting, and poetry, and sculpture all flourished in so rich a soil, and so sheltered a position ;

“Hers all the arts that wait on wealth’s increase,
Or bask and wanton in the beams of peace.”

Titian was living, in extreme old age; his pupils were in the height of their reputation ; and the last built palaces had been reared after the plans and under the eye of Palladio. Moreover, the republic was a neutral ground, on which men of all countries and creeds and parties could meet ;

Romanists and Protestants, Spaniards and Englishmen, might all be seen, and converse together, and examine each other with the curiosity which men feel who are likely one day to be enemies. There were Turks too about the canals and in the halls of audience ; for an embassy came from Constantinople to treat for peace while Sidney was at Venice ; and at this period, the interest with which an English traveller looked at the turban and scimitar, was a feeling that partook largely of respect, and a little perhaps of fear. For the conquest of Cyprus and their terrible attack on Malta were recent events ; it was a time when the rumour of a “Turkish fleet, and bearing up for Cyprus,” was enough to rouse the Doge and the Ten, and call them to Council at the dead of night.

The city therefore was full of objects that attracted the eyes of Sidney, and of matter for his thoughts. All around him were strange sounds and sights, and men who had taken part in the most famous events of those busy times. At the entertainments of the Venetian Magnificoes, Sidney met and conversed with the men who had led the squadron of Venice at the victory of Lepanto. From the French Ambassador, Du Ferrier, to whom Languet had introduced him, he heard the proceedings of the Council of Trent, where he had shortly before represented his master, Charles IX. A short row in a gondola took him to the galley

of the Turkish Ambassador, in which every object, from the Envoy himself, the Jew Solomon, down to the costume and arms of the men, was full of amusement and instruction. Then there was Titian's studio to be looked through; for the old man was still glad to show his paintings to strangers of rank; and the Foscari palace, lately finished, to be admired. Sometimes he might pass an hour in watching the pencil of Tintoretto, as he laid on his brilliant colours, and made rapid progress through his painting of Lepanto; and then an hour in sitting to Paul Veronese, and listening to the painter as he related the great contest between the seven painters of Venice, and showed the gold chain he had won on that occasion, and talked about Rome.

And Rome was a dangerous subject for Sidney's ears. He had a strong desire to see the famous city: as a classical scholar, and as one who felt a lively interest in the doings of the Pontiff, he was sorely tempted to extend his journey and indulge his curiosity. But Languet, before he parted from him, had exacted a promise that he would not go to Rome, and in his letters continually and anxiously reminded him of it. It is scarcely to be believed that Languet really feared any personal danger to Sidney, as an Englishman and a Protestant, at the head quarters of the Papacy. This indeed was the reason he gave for his anxiety on the subject, but undoubtedly the true

ground of his misgivings was an apprehension that some evil influence might be exercised on Sidney's young mind, which should steal away his affections from the pure religion in which he had been educated. He knew that Sidney was full of deep feeling, of a grave and serious cast of mind, and an imagination easily excited; and he felt that such a character was liable to very strong impressions from a religion that wears a dress of grandeur and magnificence; that avails itself of every outward circumstance, to work on the feelings and the fancy of men. The buildings, the paintings, the ceremonials, the incense, and above all, the music, were likely to produce a peculiar effect on Sidney, as they will always do on those who are like him. And as he was ever frank and open in his intercourse with men of the Roman Church, such impressions were sure to be made the most of; and perhaps Languet was not altogether unreasonable in believing that particular efforts might be made to secure a proselyte of so promising a description.

Yet Languet ought to have better trusted the good sense and the good principles of his friend. For Sidney had seen the fruits of the Roman system, and they had not been such as to prepossess him in its favour; the very tales of his nursery had been about the fires in Smithfield and at Canterbury; only a few months before, he had seen the streets of Paris literally flowing with blood, and

knew that the murderers had received the blessing of the Head of the Church. And, independently of these incidental circumstances, which formed an additional safeguard for him, if, as we have reason to believe, he was strongly impressed with the vital truths which his own church had taught him, if his conviction as well as his feelings and habits told him that the cause of the Reformation was the cause of the truth of God, it was no mere external splendour that could have led him to think lightly of the faith which he had learnt as an infant from the lips of his noble mother. If he was firmly persuaded that he possessed the true pearl, he would not soon have been tempted to throw it aside, and change it for a worthless stone, merely because the setting of the other was more brilliant.

“ He that has light within his own clear breast,
May sit i’ th’ centre and enjoy bright day.”

He might have rejoiced to gaze on the sacred subjects that Raffaelle had represented; he might have looked on at the high mass in St. Peter’s with strong emotion, and listened with delighted ears to the “Domine quinque talenta” of Palestrina,—for Palestrina was the Maestro di Cappella at the time, and Sidney was well able to enjoy his glorious harmonies; but the homely truths of England had greater charms for him than the splendid falsehoods of Rome; and he knew well that the

simple prayers and rude praises of the poor at Penhurst were a richer offering than all the incense of St. Peter's. However he had given his promise to Languet, and that was enough; though he often talked the matter over with his friend, the Count of Hannau, and his cousin, Robert Corbett, he had pledged his word to his new friend, and did not go.

Sidney's mind was not so entirely occupied with the objects of interest that surrounded him, as to neglect the prosecution of his studies. And for the better attainment of this principal end of his travels, he removed for a time from Venice to Padua, where the University afforded him many advantages, and placed him in the society of learned and studious men. Most of the eminent men of letters at that time had either received their education at Padua, or at least had made it their residence for a time. Tasso was often there, and Sarpi, who was now beginning to attract public notice. A score of years later Galileò filled the chair of astronomy in the University; and later still, by a few years, the celebrated Wallenstein was a student, and there nourished his dangerous taste for reading the stars.

Sidney had not been idle even at Venice, but had diligently pursued his favourite readings in history, heraldry and biography. At Padua he gave all his time to study, and in the course which he followed it is interesting to observe, that he

was not as a matter of form going through a regular routine of instruction, nor on the other hand, reading in a desultory way to indulge a roving and capricious taste for letters ; but that he was steadily bent on preparing for a career which he had fixed upon for himself with a cool and calm determination. He knew that his birth and his connexions opened him a door to promotion. He felt, though few men have ever been more truly modest, that his natural endowments qualified him for high employments ; and he had an earnest desire to serve his country and the cause of the Reformation, as a soldier and a statesman. Ancient history and biography, with the philosophy of Aristotle, were his principal subjects. To this he added a knowledge of the outline of astronomy, and so much geometry as he judged necessary for a soldier to know ; while, by his correspondence with Languet and diligent translations of Cicero's epistles, he endeavoured to acquire a correct and easy style of letter-writing.

But the student life alone was not suited to Sidney's character, nor to his purpose. He kept his eyes upon the events that were passing rapidly in different parts of Europe, all of which were in some way connected either with his affections or with his own projects. His letters to Languet show that he was alive to every movement in either of the two great parties that were struggling in Christendom, while the situation in which he was residing kept

him perpetually in mind of the dangers which were apprehended from the side of Constantinople. A short sketch of the state of Europe will be necessary to render the allusions in the following correspondence intelligible.

It is impossible to determine upon any one period in the history of that grand war of principles that followed the Reformation, as being on all accounts the most critical and the most remarkable. Men are apt indeed to fancy always that the time on which their own thoughts are fixed, must be the most worthy of attention. And although the calm which intervenes between the first shock of the Reformation and the Thirty-years' war, is supposed to want that strong excitement that belongs to those two great events : still it may fairly be maintained that in some respects at least the year 1574 possesses peculiar interest, and that Venice is the place in which that interest seems very much to be concentrated. However difficult it is for us to realize such a state of feeling, it is an undoubted fact that the Turks were at this time the terror of all Christendom. Their power had for many long years been advancing so rapidly and so steadily, as to bear down every check and defy all resistance. True they had suffered, only two years before, the greatest naval defeat ever known, at the battle of Lepanto ; and a few years before that, they had met with a sig-

nal discomfiture at Malta ; but these things seemed to be no obstacles whatever in their onward path. Their resources and their energy speedily supplied what they had lost ; their tone was fully as imperious, fully as confident as before ; and the mind which directed their policy was ever one and the same ; while, on the other hand, the confederacy which had been able for a time to resist them was falling to pieces, and the states which had stood fast against them, when united, were now singly bending down before them to beg for peace. Europe seemed to be at the mercy of the Porte ; and Venice from its position was like an advanced post, pushed forward on the side of the enemy, on which the attack must first fall.

Those who are well versed in oriental affairs are no doubt able to assign causes for the decline of the Turkish empire. Every power carries in itself the seeds of its own decay ; but if we happen to be ignorant of these causes and their operations, we may well be contented to refer the effects which we witness to the first cause, the will of God. The Turkish empire had reached its culminating point ; but the wisest men in Europe did not know it then, and did not see any reason then why its progress should not continue, though reasons enough have no doubt been discovered since. It had been growing for centuries into the form of a high steep mountain, and threatened to fall and crush the whole of Europe ;

and then the finger of God was laid upon it and it crumbled away ; the soil was beginning even now to sink underneath, though the bystanders could see no signs. The life had left the frame when Soliman died, but his Grand Vizier Sokolli supported it as long as he lived under Selim and Amurath ; like the fabled staff (to use Von Hammer's illustration) on which, according to eastern stories, Solomon continued to lean after his death, and his subjects would not believe that he was dead until the staff gave way and the body fell to the ground.

It is curious and interesting to those who watch the course of God's providence, in setting up one kingdom and putting down another, to compare the tone of the first despatches sent by a sovereign of England to the Porte with those which we read in our own day. Queen Elizabeth, only a few years after Sidney's visit to Venice, writes to the Grand Vizier to commend to his protection the first British consul at Constantinople, and promises if she obtains so great a favour, to show her gratitude on the first occasion. “*Magnam a nobis gratiam inieritis, pro vestra in nostros benevolentia quam omni ratione compensare studebitus.*” In 1844 Lord Aberdeen, on the subject of the execution of Christians for their religion, writes to the English Ambassador as follows, “Your excellency will therefore press upon the Turkish Government that if the Porte has any re-

gard for the friendship of England, if it has any hope that in the hour of peril or adversity, that protection which has more than once saved it from destruction will be extended to it again, it must renounce absolutely and without equivocation the barbarous practice which has called forth the remonstrance now addressed to it."

But the politicians and diplomatists of the day could foresee nothing of this great change. They only knew that discord and civil wars were exhausting the strength of the Christian nations, while the Turk seemed still ever advancing and growing, and Italy at least appeared to be ready to fall an easy prey to his fleets and armies. The time therefore that Sidney stayed at Padua and Venice was a season of hopes and fears, anxiety and watchfulness, and he could learn many a lesson in war and statesmanship from the sayings and doings of the council on this critical occasion.

If it is singular to read of a time when the Turks were keeping Europe in terror on one side, it is almost as strange to find Spain, on the other, threatening to overwhelm the west of Europe by its enormous power and ambition. Yet so it was, and Sidney's attention and interest were still more strongly attracted in this direction. Philip II. was withdrawing himself from the Turkish war, not because his spirit failed him, or because his zeal for the Catholic faith was growing cold, but he had another object in view; the heretics of the

Netherlands were to be exterminated, and to this end he now directed all his energy and all his resources. And these were immense. His generals and his soldiers were the best in the world ; his American colonies, a constant and fruitful source of revenue ; and though we have lately heard talk of the “last line of battle ship of Spain,” in Philip’s time the Spanish navy, without which his colonies would have availed him little, was larger and better equipped than that of any European power except the Turks. His faithful devotion to the See of Rome was well repaid by the encouragement and support which he received from the Pope. Spain was at the summit of her greatness, and the very crisis of her trial. She was even now being weighed in the balance, and the weight of her own wicked acts was beginning to pull down the opposite scale. The rebellion in the Netherlands had been provoked by a most flagitious course of fraud and cruelty. But Philip always disliked and despised his Belgian subjects, and never dreamed that they could seriously resist his will for any length of time. He had by this time found his mistake. Alva’s government of terror had only increased the spirit of disaffection, and alienated the minds of his subjects, Catholic as well as Protestant ; and the northern States of Holland and Zealand were wholly against him.

It is very generally true that

“ In the patriot’s country thou shalt find
A semblance ’twixt the scene and his immortal mind.”

And it is certain that in the peaceful trading towns of the Netherlands, and among the dykes and canals that alone break the monotony of that flat country, the Spaniards were not prepared to find a very warlike population, or meet with a stubborn resistance. But oppression and violence call forth of necessity the spirit of patriotism. A flood of foreign troops was poured in year after year, wave upon wave, from Spain and Italy; battles were won, and fortresses captured, with astonishing hardihood and skill; but the hearts of the people were unsubdued; what was gained in one quarter was lost in another; as the war went on, army after army was absorbed; and they found, in the rough boatmen of Zealand and the burghers of Leyden, the very same spirit that sent the Swiss Cantons down the slope of Morat, and carried the clans right through the English host at Bannockburn. Hard times and a good cause bring out great men; and William of Orange is surely one of the great men of history: nothing less than his wisdom, constancy, and temper could have kept together and guided on a right path the discordant elements of which his party was composed. He had now thrown himself wholly into the cause, and was preparing a grand effort from the side of Holland, in co-operation with his brother

Lewis, who was leading an army of Germans from the Palatinate.

Sidney watched this campaign with deep anxiety, especially the movements of Count Lewis and his party. He had known this young hero at Paris, and admired his eager enthusiasm in the Protestant cause. He was indeed the right arm of his brother and the confederates in the Netherlands; for though he did not possess the cool sagacity of William, he was a man of great abilities, prompt and resolute in action, and adorned with those more popular qualities of gallantry and generosity, which made his name honoured even among his enemies. A former enterprize which he had undertaken for the relief of his friends, had failed; and he was now making his last effort: he was marching with his younger brother and Prince Christopher, the Palatine's son, to open the campaign against Requesens the new Governor of the Netherlands. Sidney had built great expectations for the cause on this leader and his army, and heard the news of his progress from day to day, slow and unsatisfactory as it was from the first, with unabated confidence. But a single day overthrew all his hopes. In the first week of May a courier arrived at Venice, who brought word that the Spanish General Davila had met and totally defeated Count Lewis's army, and that its leader, with his brother, and his friend Prince Christopher, were among the slain.

If France had had at this time a Sovereign who could have fallen in with Philip's views; or if the King of Spain had possessed a decided and commanding influence over his cousin the Emperor, the Reformed Religion, not in Belgium only, but all over the continent, would have stood in great peril. But though the protestants in every country have each in their turn been assailed, a combined attack from all the Sovereigns who still adhered to Rome has never taken place. And so it is in vain to speculate on what might have come to pass if Philip II. had wielded the power of Spain at the time when Ferdinand sat on the Imperial throne, and Wallenstein commanded his armies. If this had been so, we can scarcely see how even the energy of Gustavus Adolphus could have saved the cause from ruin.

However it was not so. No such combination of power against the Reformation was permitted to take effect. France was fully occupied with its own troubles, and torn by civil war again. As long as Rochelle stood firm, all the blood of St. Bartholomew seemed to have been spilt in vain; and Catherine de Medicis, with the guilt of a great crime on her conscience, heavier for her to bear because it was fruitless, was overwhelmed with every kind of untoward circumstance. Her favourite son Anjou had left her to assume the crown of Poland. Charles the King was slowly wasting away to death; Alençon the

youngest, full of foolish ambition, but wanting the head to contrive and the courage to work out any feasible way to greatness, was evidently intriguing with the Huguenots, who were beginning to revive, and were making head all over the south of France ; and the family of Guise, instead of being a support to her, looked like dangerous rivals. The two princes, Navarre and Condé, were a continual source of embarrassment and fear. Perhaps Catherine's penetrating eye began already to discern the seeds of future greatness in the light hearted Henry, and still more in Condé. The former indeed may have less excited her apprehensions; for the ease with which he had been persuaded to change his creed gave little promise of any steadfastness of conduct, and was only surpassed by the unprincipled levity with which at a later period he again forsook the Reformed Religion, as a man throws off the dress which has served him well through the winter, on the first sunshine of spring. But Condé had shown a formidable constancy, that gave her just grounds to fear his influence, if ever he should regain his liberty, and appear at the head of the Huguenot party.

Before the summer Charles IX. died, stricken with the blight that was withering the family of Valois, and Catherine was appointed Regent of the Kingdom ; but she could do little to improve the state of affairs. On the contrary, things af-

sumed a worse aspect every day. Navarre and Alençon were seen to be engaged in some dangerous combination with the house of Montmorency. She placed them in arrest, but Condé escaped into Germany, and made a public profession of protestantism at Straßburg. Montgomery thought the season favourable for a venture, and made a descent from England into Normandy; but he was overpowered and taken, and died the death of a felon in Paris. Thus few days passed during this spring of 1574, in which Sidney did not hear news of importance from France.

Germany was enjoying for the most part a profound peace. The sound of arms was not heard in the land, except on the eastern frontier, where the Turks kept them always at least on an anxious watch; and on the Rhine, about which the levies for Belgium were being raised, and the Spanish troops were passing and repassing, and the parties now and then clashed. Still, when it is regarded in connexion with the past and the coming period, this season of repose is not without its interest and its lessons. The German nation was slumbering, as a giant might sleep after the fatigues of one conflict, to recover his strength for a second. “That long breathed nation, where many strokes hardly leave any print,” so Fulke Greville describes them, are not easily or suddenly roused to any political or religious excitement; but when they are stirred up, the movement is

profound and exhausting. The struggle which had just passed by, into which Luther had infused all his own mighty energy, had left the intellectual forces of the nation in a weak and weary condition; a season of languor had ensued, and though theological controversies were still fretting the minds and wasting the strength of the learned, there was no convulsion at work among the people. They were resting from the prodigious efforts of the Reformation.

And though they little thought it, they were only gathering strength for a physical conflict of a still more desolating kind. While the peaceful inhabitants of Bohemia and the Palatinate were cultivating their broad fields, building and adorning cities, and dressing out their fatherland in the garb of wealth and prosperity, they were only laying out the board on which Wallenstein and the Swede were to play their horrid game of war. It was like decking the victim with garlands, before it is led to the slaughter. The readers of Schiller will recollect the fine description he gives of the beauty of a rich and peaceful country, and then the blank desolation which an army leaves to mark its track.

“ Dreary and solitary as a church yard,
The meadow and down trodden feed plot lie,
And the year’s harvest is gone utterly.”

And if we can read on the face of the history

of this period the effects of the religious contest so lately passed away, we can also discover, without much difficulty, the germs of the events which succeeded. Maximilian the Emperor was a mild Sovereign, who loved a quiet life; and the people of Germany owed the blessings they enjoyed, in great measure, to his amiable character. He was, it cannot be doubted, more than half convinced that the Church of Rome was in error; but unhappily he was not gifted with the energy that is necessary to carry a man, especially a King, through a change of religion: there were ties to be broken, old associations to be overcome, friends to be lost, enemies to be encountered; and all this required more resolution than God had granted to him. He tolerated the Reformed Religion; and for the rest, he let events take their course, and suffered the seeds of mischief to grow up in the midst of his people.

For example, he dreaded the influence of the Italian and Spanish monks in Austria; he even went so far as to consider the propriety of expelling them altogether; but the most dangerous servants of the See of Rome, the Jesuits, he either overlooked or feared to touch. They were not attracting much notice in Vienna at this time, it is true, for they had not yet been established ten years in that city, and they disclaimed the character of monks, so long as the name of monks was unpopular at the court, and were known only as the “Spanish Priests.” But they were doing the

work of Rome, and of their order, as busily and as effectually by laying a foundation of power, as those who afterwards built on that foundation. It is a remarkable characteristic of the brethren of this order, that they are trained to labour contentedly all their lives, if need be, under ground as it were, unhonoured and unnoticed, without even the hope of ever seeing the fruit of their labours. And it is impossible to doubt that Le Jay and the Jesuits of this generation were at this time carefully constructing the framework of that absolute influence which, half a century later, Father Lamormain and his brethren exercised with such immense effect at the court of Vienna, an influence which eclipsed even the victorious star of the Duke of Friedland.

In another quarter we may connect Maximilian's irresolution even more immediately with the origin of the Thirty-years' war; namely, in Bohemia. The people of this country had a very Scottish stubbornness in the matter of their religion. They had spilt blood freely in defence of their privileges, and thought they had fairly earned the quiet possession of them; and Maximilian knew that whenever he paid his long promised visit to Prague, he must listen to importunate petitions for the confirmation of their rights. But the Utraquists of Prague were not more agreeable suitors to the House of Austria, than the Covenanters to the Stuarts; and so between his want of money and

the desire to see his son chosen King of Bohemia on the one hand, and on the other the indolent dread of treating with a turbulent Senate, he put off his visit to Prague from month to month, and so increased their discontent, and fixed them in their determination. A like policy on the part of his two sons and successors, with the addition of some double dealing, seems to have led directly to the revolt of 1618, and the election of the Prince Palatine to their throne, from whence sprung the Thirty-years' war.

This character of indolence and irresolution was enjoyed by the other German Princes in common with the Emperor. If the Pope and Philip and the Jesuits failed in stirring Maximilian to any efforts in support of Rome, those who tried to rouse the Protestant Princes to any exertion for their common cause met with equal disappointment. Sidney was surprised and vexed at their heedless inactivity; their zeal for religion seemed to have been buried in the grave of Maurice of Saxony; the Palatine alone appeared to care whether the work of the Reformation stood or fell; but he was of a singular and very rare character among princes; his heart was in the cause, and he was fully prepared to sacrifice life and fortune, his dominions, and even his sons, for the sake of the truth. But the Lutheran party suspected him; he was a disciple of the Swiss school; his correspondence with the pastors of Zurich and

Geneva, and the introduction of the Helvetic Confession into his churches and schools, was regarded with jealousy and even bitter hatred by the rest; and so, between their indolence and their suspicions, he was left to fight the battle alone. Now this state of mutual distrust and consequent inaction, continuing as it did for many years, in spite of England's endeavours to promote a vigorous union (endeavours in which Sidney and his friends Rogers and Beale were much employed in after years), entirely accounts for the miserable indecision and backwardness with which the Reformed States looked on at the proceedings of Gustavus Adolphus when he came to their aid. It will be recollected, that it was not until he had gained the most important advantages in the field, that any symptom of co-operation was shown by the very Princes in whose behalf the blood of that good King and his gallant companions in arms, was being so freely shed.

And while France was engaged in a war of factions rather than of religion; while Holland was maintaining its attitude of desperate defiance against the overwhelming power of Spain, and reaching out its hands for help, while Germany was stretched in a state almost of lethargy, what was England doing? Languet often asked the question, and Sidney felt a kind of shame when he heard it. That the moral effect of having England at their back contributed throughout to the

encouragement of the Protestants of France and Belgium cannot be doubted. But an ardent soul like Sidney's, with all the warmth of youth, could ill understand the cool policy of such men as Burleigh and Walsingham. Whether the result would have been as glorious for England and as fatal for Spain, if the more heroic course had been taken, if England had stepped forward and devoted herself for the common cause, instead of following cautiously the track of self interest, it is difficult to determine. Probably, if Philip Sidney at the time of his visit at Venice, in the twentieth year of his age, with his head full of the romance of ancient history, provoked as he was every day with the formality and pride of the Spaniards whom he met, had been invited to propose a course of policy, his counsel would have been, "Raise up the standard for God and the truth, defend the oppressed, meet the King of Spain fairly in the field, and let me be in the front." He knew that there was many a bold spirit at home that felt like himself, for he was already the friend of Walter Raleigh.

But the event which was attracting more than any other the attention of European statesmen in the autumn of 1573 and the early part of the following year, was the accession of Henry Duke of Anjou to the throne of Poland. If this Prince had fallen in battle, on the field of Montcontour, his name would have lived in history

among those who have been prevented by untimely death from arriving at the very first rank of greatness. His early career was eminently brilliant and successful, and the generalship which he displayed in his campaigns against men so distinguished as the elder Condé and the Admiral, when he was scarcely more than a boy, crowned as it was with two great victories, has earned him a reputation which even his behaviour in Poland, and his pitiful vacillation, falsehood and wickedness as Henry III. of France, have not been able altogether to efface. The Poles had elected him to be their King, in opposition to Ernest, son of the Emperor, and other powerful competitors : and in the autumn of 1573, he bade farewell to his beloved France, and proceeded, accompanied by a splendid escort and train of nobles, in a dignified progress through Germany to his new kingdom.

Sidney was very desirous of being present at Cracow at his coronation, for he delighted in magnificent spectacles of every kind ; and the display which was being prepared by the nobles of Poland for the reception of their King, promised a sight of unequalled grandeur. Besides, the country and the people were very interesting ; they were brave and intelligent, and in spite of many disadvantages of situation and constitution, seemed at this time to be pushing forward rapidly to a front place among the civilized nations of

Europe. Nowhere had the Reformation more zealous and enlightened supporters than in Cracow, where Alasco, the friend of Erasmus and of Cranmer, himself a Pole of noble birth, had laid the foundation of a Reformed Church.

Languet strongly urged Sidney to be present at the ceremony ; perhaps he was glad of an object to entice him away from Rome ; and he set before him the splendour of the coming fête in strong and tempting colours, and he did not overstate it. For from the accounts of all historians, it would seem that no Sovereign ever met with so kingly a reception as that which the Poles had prepared at their frontier for their stranger King. Forty thousand men on horseback, richly clothed and armed, are said to have formed the escort which attended him into Cracow. However, Sidney was very agreeably occupied where he was, and missed the sight. But if he did not see the glorious entry of Henry into his dominions, he had an opportunity shortly after of witnessing his departure, a far less dignified proceeding. In May, 1574, Charles IX. died, and Henry succeeded to the vacant throne of France. Heartily tired already of his position in Poland, and eager to return to his own country, he avoided all the formalities of a regular leave-taking, and actually fled away in secret from his own subjects, and hastened through Vienna and Venice to Paris. Sidney, on hearing of his design to take Venice

in his way, put off his own departure for some time, and thus had the pleasure of seeing the splendid entertainments, graphically described by Mathieu and others, with which the Doge received him.

Such were the topics of the day; events that were passing in quick succession under the eye of Sidney during his eight months' residence at Venice and Padua. There is one circumstance connected with the history of these times, which was calculated peculiarly to affect the mind of a very young man. I mean that nearly all the most eminent actors in the drama that was being played were but a few years older than himself, and most of them had gained their title to fame, actually at an earlier age than his own. Anjou's youthful achievements have been mentioned already. Still more conspicuous at this time, and indeed the first among the captains of the day, was Don John, the bastard son of Charles V. Educated privately in a monastery, he had been produced to the world at the age of twenty-one, appointed Commander in chief against the Moors in Spain, and had conducted the campaign with skill and complete success. And this promise of greatness he had amply redeemed by his courage and conduct as Commander in chief of the combined fleets against the Turks at Lepanto. As if he was decided on winning a kingdom somewhere with his sword, he had lately occu-

pied and strengthened Tunis; but a very few months saw the rise and fall of his hopes in that quarter. He was at this time engaged in collecting a vast armament of ships on the coast of Spain and Sicily. The destination of this fleet was unknown, and it therefore excited the greatest interest and anxiety among all the neighbouring nations. It was probable however that his first aim was Belgium, and that from thence, if Philip really entertained any designs of aggression on England, Don John would lead the enterprise : and already men began to talk of the liberation of Mary Queen of Scots, her union with Don John, and the overthrow of Elizabeth and Protestantism in England, before the conquering arm of this young hero of the house of Austria.

Alexander, Prince of Parma, nephew of Don John, and half a dozen years younger, had begun to show signs of that surprising military genius which afterwards made him the greatest general in Europe. He was a worthy Lieutenant, some thought already a rival of his uncle. Condé too and Henry of Navarre had been playing the parts of hardy soldiers and good commanders, at the age when boys are usually at school : and Sidney was not likely to forget that even William of Orange, on whom he looked with profound admiration, though now in the mid-day of his career, had begun his military life by commanding the entire army of Charles V. through one campaign against Coligny and Nevers, at the age of twenty-one.

Seeing then that there was a grand race for glory open to all comers, that the competitors were kings and princes, his own equals in age, and that crowns were the prizes of the day, Sidney was eager to enter the list; but he did not therefore rush hastily and rashly into action before he was ripe for it; he followed the good custom of his country and his times, and being desirous to build a lasting reputation, he began by laying a foundation; and with his breast swelling with high ambition, dreaming by night of camps and courts and battle fields, he spent his days over the illustrious persons and nations of antiquity, reading Plutarch and Cicero, mastering the sciences, and at the same time perfecting himself with toilsome industry in the use of modern languages, and in a pure and easy style of writing. Of his opportunities for intellectual improvement it is unnecessary to say much. Let it be remembered that he was ready in apprehension, observant and thoughtful, that he had Languet for his correspondent, that his most intimate acquaintances were men celebrated in their day for learning and accomplishments. And if to this it is added, that he was living in Italy, at a time when Charles Borromeo was the patron of learning, when Titian was at the head of painters, Palladio of architects, and Palestrina set the fashion in music; that the circle in which he moved was composed of the friends of Tasso and

of Sarpi, we may cease to wonder at the manifold graces and adornments with which his friends found him so richly laden on his return to his native country.

The correspondence between Sidney and Languet was continued with little interruption during the whole of this visit to Italy. Languet indeed was a more regular and copious writer than his young friend; and to the historian no doubt his letters are also far more attractive, full as they are of important matter, and shrewd remarks on the political events of the day, from the pen of a man who was acquainted with the secrets of most of the courts and the parties in Europe. But to those who have learnt, as most educated Englishmen have learnt, to admire and love the name of Philip Sidney, his youthful compositions will surely be an object of interest. They are not indeed remarkable for the elegance of their style, for he was only practising his pen in Latin writing, and there is often a restraint about them which marks the learner of a language; nor again, is it the wit or humour of his letters that renders them worthy of attention and praise; but there is such a spirit of gentleness through them all, so much manliness of thought, expressed with the greatest modesty and simplicity, that they cannot fail to please those who delight in watching the opening of a fine character. And if they do not possess that profusion of wit which loads

the pages of some modern letter writers, who (to use the words of Sidney himself), “cast sugar and spice upon every dish that is served at table,” they have a charm which no mere man of fashion, be he never so brilliant and versed in *belles lettres*, can attain or even appreciate. They are full of the quiet play of a heart overflowing with affection. Hence the offensive criticism of Horace Walpole on Sidney’s writings.

In July, immediately after the departure of the French King, Sidney left Venice, returned into Germany, and almost without stopping proceeded into Poland, where, as Aubrey relates, he took part in the wars; perhaps he was present at one of the skirmishes which were frequent enough on their frontier towards Muscovy. In the letter which he wrote from Vienna on his return, to his uncle the Earl of Leicester, he makes no mention of any such circumstance, but only alludes to the embarrassed state of the Polacks, left as they were without a King.

At Vienna he remained from November 1574, until the early part of the next year, and passed his time in very diligent study, which earned from him the highest praise of Languet. His companion at this time was Edward Wotton, Sir Henry Wotton’s brother, with whom he shared his studies and his exercises, particularly that of the art of horsemanship, which they practised together, under the instruction of one Pietro Pugli-

ano. This worthy professor has had the good fortune to have his name perpetuated in his pupil's delightful treatise, the Defence of Poesie. So enthusiastic he was in the praise of the horse, that Sidney writes, “If I had not been a piece of a logician before I came to him, I think he would have persuaded me to have wished myself a horse.” Nevertheless his pupil caught a spark of this enthusiasm, if he had it not before; he was afterwards one of the best horsemen of his day; and has left behind him, in the 2nd book of the Arcadia, a description of a horse and his rider, that is scarcely surpassed in the English language.

Early in the spring, the Emperor set out on his long proposed journey to Prague. Languet followed the court, and Sidney went with him. On the day on which they entered Prague, they witnessed the opening of the Bohemian diet, and here the two friends parted; Sidney's term of absence had expired, and he returned straight to England, giving up a plan which he had for some time entertained of paying another visit to Paris. He arrived in England on the last day of May, 1575.

The first year after Sidney's arrival in England he spent principally at court; a visit to Ireland to see his father, and the marriage of his sister Mary with the Earl of Pembroke, are the only events to be remarked in this period. His correspon-

dence with Languet was resumed, although Languet complains that his letters were very few and very short. Such as they were, they are lost, and from himself we have no account of the manner in which he passed his time. But from many other sources we hear of him “as the glass of fashion and the mould of form ;” as the all accomplished gentleman, whose graces of mind and person won the admiration, and roused the emulation of all the young men of rank in England.

He had derived great and solid advantages from foreign travel, and having brought home with him large stores of information and accomplishments, he could very well afford to despise those poor arts of affectation, which many travelled men of the day assumed, only to draw attention to the opportunities which they had abused. Shakespeare no doubt had his eye on a class of men, when he put into the mouth of the witty Rosalind, “Look you lisp and wear strange suits, disable all the benefits of your own country, be out of love with your nativity, or I will scarce think you have swam in a gondola.” And Nash, in his bitter attack on Gabriel Harvey, the friend of Sidney and of Spenser, exposes his ludicrous weakness in the same matter. He says he travelled in Italy “to fetch him twopenny worth of Tuscanism, quite renouncing his natural English accent and gestures, wresting himself wholly to the Italian punctilio.” And in another place, “making no bones of taking

the wall of Sir Philip Sidney, in his black Venetian velvet." Sidney's character was far above foibles of this kind; his letters sufficiently prove, that even if in his studied compositions he delighted to borrow from the quaintness and conceits of the Italians far more than modern taste can bear, yet in his ordinary life and conversation he was always frank and manly; he had too much good sense and good principle to be ashamed of his country, or to become a mere imitator of foreign habits. "Marry," he writes to his young brother, "my heresy is that the English behaviour is best in England, and the Italians' in Italy."

In September 1576 Sidney was entrusted with a public service of some importance. He was sent as envoy from the Queen to condole with the new Emperor Rodolph on the death of his father. Had it been only a formal mission, the services of his father, the interest of Leicester his uncle, or the will and pleasure of Elizabeth, who already condescended in stately pleasantry to call him "her Philip," would be sufficient to account for his appointment. But something more than display was intended. For though the policy of the Queen and her ministers allowed as yet no open declaration of sympathy with the Protestants of Germany and Belgium, still Burleigh and Walsingham knew that the welfare of England was bound up with the cause of the Reformation on the Continent, and they were seriously desirous to

strengthen and consolidate that cause. This was the real object of Sidney's mission, and this makes it probable that he was selected as the fittest man at hand for the service, notwithstanding his youth. His intimate knowledge of the state of the court at Vienna, the attention he had paid to the affairs that passed during his stay on the Continent, and his friendship with Languet, were not likely to escape the notice of Walsingham, who already had the means of knowing Sidney's judgment and intelligence.

He proceeded on his mission with great pomp and grandeur, attended by his friend Fulke Greville, and a large company of young English gentlemen. With respect to the manner in which he performed the duty entrusted to him, it will be enough to mention that he obtained the approbation of the Queen and even of Lord Burleigh, who was never profuse in his commendations, and by reason of family differences was not much inclined to favour Philip Sidney. From his own simple account of what he did and said, it is clear that he acted with diligence and discretion both at Vienna, and at the court of the new Prince Palatine; for the good Frederick had died nearly at the same time with Maximilian.

The messages of condolence seem to have been left very much to his own taste and feeling. And it was to him a matter of feeling, not of form. There was one person especially in the Emperor's

family whose condition excited Sidney's sympathy. This was Elizabeth, a daughter of Maximilian. Sidney remembered her only a few years before the Queen of France. As the wife of Charles IX. she had conducted herself so as to win the esteem of all parties in her husband's kingdom; and here he met her again, a widow, and mourning for her father's death. He writes to Walsingham, "Then did I deliver the Queen of France her letter, she standing by the Empress, using such speeches as I thought were fit for her double sorrow, and her Majesty's goodwill unto her, confirmed by her wife and noble governing of herself in the time of her being in France. Her answer was full of humbleness, but she spake so low, that I could not understand many of her words." Had Shakespeare ever heard of this young Queen of France, when he drew the character of Cordelia?

He sent Walsingham short notes regarding the dispositions of the Emperor and his several brothers; pronouncing Rodolph himself, and Ernest, who had been educated in Spain, to be "both extremely Spaniolated," and the young Cardinal Albert "of the best wit of them all;" a description which this Prince's performances in Belgium in later times abundantly verified. In the Palatinate Sidney laid the foundation of his friendship with Prince Casimir.

During the greater part of his residence in Germany on this business, he enjoyed the society of

his friend Languet, who eagerly encouraged his endeavours to bring about the union of the Protestant Princes. Greville records that these efforts were successful. “This master genius did quickly stir up their cautious and slow judgments to be sensible of the danger which threatened them hourly by this fatal conjunction of Rome’s undermining superstition with the commanding forces of Spain.” There was besides a certain important proposition made to Sidney at this time on behalf of a party of Protestant princes, to which Languet afterwards makes repeated allusions, but in so mysterious and guarded a manner that it is difficult to conjecture what the precise nature of it may have been. It is however an additional evidence, that even at his early age, Philip Sidney had now taken his place among the leading men of Europe.

At Cologne, in the spring of 1577, the two friends parted, and their correspondence began again. Sidney returned through Belgium to England. On his way through this country to Vienna, he had made the acquaintance of Don John, the pride of the House of Austria, and now Viceroy for the King of Spain in the Netherlands. Fulke Greville, who was an eye witness of the meeting, describes well the coldness of the proud Spaniard melting gradually at the sight of Sidney’s graceful and winning manners, till at length “the beholders wondered to see what ingenuous tribute that

brave and highminded Prince paid to his worth." He now turned aside from his route, at the Queen's command, a command which only confirmed a private resolution made before, to pay his respects to William, Prince of Orange, a person whom Sidney regarded with the deepest respect. Fond of splendour as our young hero was, and magnificent in his own equipment and retinue, he must have been a little shamed at the appearance of the great man, if at least Greville has described it aright. " His uppermost garment was a gown, yet such as (I dare confidently affirm) a mean born student in our Inns of Court would not have been well pleased to walk the streets in. Unbuttoned his doublet was, and of like precious matter and form to the other. His waistcoat, which showed itself under it, not unlike the best sort of those woollen knit ones, which our ordinary watermen row in ; his company about him, the Burgeses of that beer brewing town (Delft)." It was not the first time in the history of the Netherlands that the counsel and courage of beer brewers had been a match for princes with all their chivalry, as the story of Jaques Artevelde and his son can testify.

Sidney returned to England, full of admiration of the Prince, and with a strong desire to serve under him. He gave account of his mission, received the thanks and praises of the Queen and her ministers, and returned to private life again.

From this time until the year 1585, when he received his command in the Netherlands, Philip Sidney remained in England ; and this is the period on which his biographers have most delighted to enlarge ; wherefore it will be unnecessary to dwell much upon it here. And indeed there are few events worthy to be recorded ; for by a strange and disappointing perverseness, those who lived with him, and were the companions of his daily pursuits, have left scarcely any record of his private life. While they scrupulously relate all the particulars of a foolish quarrel with Lord Oxford in a tennis court, which only shows that with all the graces of chivalry, Sidney unhappily retained one of its deformities : they tell us nothing of his life at Penshurst. His dress and armour at a tournament are minutely described, but his familiar conversations with his friends are left to the imagination of modern writers to report.

That his life must have been full of the highest interest, it is impossible to question. His seasons of repose and retirement were passed either at Penshurst, among the beautiful scenes of his early infancy, or at Wilton, the new abode of his noble sister, the Countess of Pembroke. Here he delighted to pass his time, shaking off the stiff formality of the court, hunting on Salisbury plain, reading or writing with his sister, or going over places and scenes which only a few years before had been the favourite haunts of the great Bishop

Jewel. And when he returned to the court, he stood in the centre of that glittering group of illustrious figures, which is found on the very edge of the new page in European history which was opened with the reign of Elizabeth. In England the artists and men of letters made him their patron, soldiers and statesmen their friend and counsellor, while the most distinguished leaders of the Protestants on the Continent were proud to have the honour of his correspondence. The short period in which he lived is adorned by the names of many men who have scarcely yet found their equals in the several kinds of excellence for which they are famous. Henry of Bourbon in war, Drake and Raleigh in naval adventure, Spenser in poetry, William of Orange in statesmanship, form a brilliant constellation ; and the paler star of Sidney shines steadily in the midst of them with a soft and gentle light ; he was the friend and the darling of them all.

To the excellence of Sidney's writings, the testimony of men of letters in every succeeding age has been given most plentifully ; Shakespeare condescended to borrow from his plot, and Dr. Johnson has made him, with Spenser, his authority for "the dialect of poetry and fiction." And no doubt this commendation is perfectly just ; still it would be unfair to estimate the capacity of such a man by the works he has left behind him ; for this reason, that writing, whether sonnets or ro-

mances, was not his vocation, and he felt it. He used his pen to rest and amuse his mind, while all the ardour of his spirit was directed to a totally different object; he panted for action; he knew that nature had formed him, and his habits and education had prepared him for a life of action, not of contemplation, and it was only when he was sick at heart of disappointed hopes and weary of the frivolities of a court life, that he poured forth the fruits of his rich imagination, as the humour seized him, in sonnets, or in the *Arcadia*. To compare him therefore as a poet with his dear friend Spenser, would be as unfair as to contrast the notes of a free tenant of the woods, with the song of a bird fresh caught, imprisoned in a cage, vainly longing and struggling for liberty. “If his purpose,” writes Greville, “had been to leave his memory in books, I am confident, in the right use of logic, philosophy, history, poesy, nay, even in the most ingenious of mechanical arts, he would have shown such traits of a searching and judicious spirit, as the professors of every faculty would have striven no less for him, than the seven cities did to have Homer of their Sept. But the truth is, his end was not writing, even while he wrote; but both his wit and understanding bent upon his heart, to make himself and others, not in words or opinion, but in life and action, good and great.”

Still there is a beauty in his writings which places them far above the criticism of ordinary

men. He tells us, his Muse's direction to him was "Look in thine heart and write." And so in all his works, not excepting the beautiful Defence of Poesie, though it is purely a critical work, we can trace the same deep respect for sacred things, and the same gentle and noble spirit, that never failed to catch the love of all good men who came near him.

If the Arcadia is not a fair evidence of Sidney's genius, his manners have been still more misrepresented by those who have judged of him from his imitators. Languet could not help remarking on the conventional foppery in language and behaviour, the "*affectata comitas*" of the Euphuists at the court of Elizabeth. Perhaps, in his short visit, he had himself been "pestered by those popinjays." And because this class of persons proposed the peerless Philip Sidney for their leader and model, he has gained the unenviable and undeserved glory of being the founder of the school. We might in reality as well judge of the figure of a man from the grimaces of a monkey, as take our notion of Sidney's conversation from Osric, or even the most exquisite Piercie Shafton. This last character, (which we owe to a singular anachronism; for if we are guided as to dates by the battle of Langside, Sir Walter Scott has introduced the Euphuist knight talking of the court of Elizabeth and of the divine Astrophel, some years before Sidney was born, or Queen Elizabeth on

the throne)—this character is perhaps a fair picture of a disciple of Lilly. But Sidney had no need to affect courtesy or gallantry ; he was rich in real accomplishments, and ruled by the highest principles, and constantly occupied by grave and important views and speculations.

His biographer, Fulke Greville, has given a very full account of the political considerations which occupied Philip Sidney's mind while he was living unemployed in England. The first object that met his eyes, as he turned them to a survey of the state of the world, was the great and growing danger that threatened Europe from the alliance of Spain and Rome. And it was the fixed persuasion that his country and the Reformed Religion were in peril together, with a strong desire that the energies of England should be more decidedly exerted to meet the emergency, that is the key to all the thoughts, and acts, and proceedings of Sidney. Thus his correspondence with Orange and Henry IV. was not the working of an ambitious desire to rise into eminence through a connection with princes, but it sprang out naturally from the feeling that his heart was enlisted in the common cause of which they were the champions. His desire to serve in the Netherlands before his country had embarked in the quarrel, and his readiness to assist Don Antonio in his struggle for Portugal, was not merely the ardour of a volunteer in search of glory, not the

false fire of knight errantry, as Languet suspected, but a steady resolution to meet the power of Spain in any place and in any manner that was open to him ; as a public servant, if it might be, and if not, then as a private adventurer. So, once more, his project of a voyage with Gilbert, and again with Drake, though at first sight it seems, more than any of his undertakings, to have been suggested by the want of excitement, was only another plan of carrying out the same policy. Thus he wrote to Sir E. Stafford, “ Her Majesty seems affected to deal in Low Country matters, but I think nothing will come of it. We are half persuaded to enter into the journey of Sir Humphrey Gilbert very eagerly.” And Fulke Greville records, that Sidney believed “ there were but two ways left to penetrate the ambitious monarch’s (Philip’s) designs, the one, that which diverted Hannibal, and by setting fire on his own house, made him draw in his spirits to comfort his heart ; the other, that of Jason, by fetching away his golden fleece.” If he could not persuade his countrymen to carry war into the heart of the Spanish dominions, he would establish colonies for England, that should be an equivalent and a counterpoise to those, which fed the power of Spain with constant supplies of wealth ; so as either to “ stop his springs of gold, and so dry up the torrent which carried his subduing armies everywhere, or else by the wakeful providence of

threatened neighbours, force him to waft home that conquering metal with infinite charge."

If we are to believe his biographer and intimate friend, such were his views in projecting a voyage to the West. It was designed with the forethought and patriotism of a good statesman, rather than the restlessness of an adventurer; though, of course, much allowance must be made for the desire of fame in a very young man.

His favorite object, however, was throughout, to persuade the English Government to the generous policy of declaring openly for the oppressed and overmatched Belgians. He could not yet enter into the cool state craft of the sagacious men who wielded the power of his country at the time. He doubted the wisdom of their plans, he was sure that the other course was more noble and more worthy of England. And he may have been right. Though nothing could have been more triumphantly successful than the result of England's struggle with Spain at this time, though all ages will admire those counsellors, who, foreseeing that their turn must one day come, suffered the enemy to beat himself about and spend his strength on another object, while they were husbanding their own resources, and gathering fresh vigour every year; and then when at last he collected his forces into one unwieldy and ill-concerted enterprise, were prepared at all points, so that the enormous wave dashed upon a rock, and

fell back broken and dispersed ; still it may be, that if Sidney's more generous impulse had guided the proceedings of his country, if England had advanced and boldly taken up the good cause, as Gustavus Adolphus did fifty years later, and as England herself did in the parallel case when the terror of Europe was Napoleon, no one can say that her courage and good faith might not have met with equal success. That Elizabeth did eventually make a forward step to succour the Belgians is said to have been owing to Sidney's urgent advice of the measure ; and it is certain that during the whole time that he passed without employment, while Languet reproved him for indolence, while he seemed to be only the peaceful and retired man of letters, or the leader of court fashions, he was intent on watching “the commanding forces of Spain, and the undermining superstition of Rome.” He wrote to his brother in 1580, “Portugal, we say, is lost ; and to conclude, my eyes are almost closed up, overwatched with tedious business.”

There were two political questions of some importance nearer home, in which Sidney took a very leading part. The first was the defence of certain measures of taxation which his father, the Lord Deputy, had proposed for Ireland. Sir Henry had been attacked on this ground in the House of Lords by the Earl of Ormond, and Philip Sidney stepped forward and defended his absent father with ability, and perhaps an undue

measure of warmth. Indeed his vehemence was so great that it would surely have involved him in a quarrel, if his opponent had not been a man of temper and moderation, and able to make allowance for the circumstances in which Sidney was placed.

A portion of this defence remains in his own handwriting, in the British Museum, from which it appears that Sir Henry's measure interfered with the interests of certain great men, who were possessed of privileges which had before exempted them from all such payment. He writes, "This toucheth the privileges forsooth, and privileged persons be all the rich men of the pale; the burden only lying on the poor, who may groan, for their cry cannot be heard." Apparently, he had not formed a favourable judgment of the Irish character at that time. "Little," says he, "is lenity to prevail in minds so possess'd with a natural inconstancy ever to go to a new fortune, with a revengeful hate of all English, as to their only conquerors, and that which is most of all, with so ignorant obstinacy in Papistry, that they do in their souls detest the present Government."

The other matter was the proposal of marriage made to the Queen in 1580, by the Duke of Anjou (formerly Alençon) the weak and ambitious brother of Henry III. On this occasion Sidney seems to have been encouraged to come forward by a party in the Government, who shared his aversion to

another alliance with a Romanist. He then wrote his famous letter to Queen Elizabeth, dissuading her in strong and plain language from the measure. The courage with which he took this invidious task upon himself, and the ability with which he performed it, make this act of his one of the most honorable in his whole life. His conduct in this case, as well as that before mentioned of Irish affairs, shows clearly enough that he was anxious for the welfare of his country, and that it was neither indolence nor indifference that kept him for so long a period from taking a more active part in the contest, which he viewed all along with great and increasing interest.

But he was in reality doing better service to his country at home, than he could have done by any personal exertions or risk abroad. I do not mean the service he was daily rendering, by keeping men's eyes open to the dangers that were impending, nor that other kind of good which his country derived from his liberal encouragement of letters and the arts. But his example, the pattern he set before all England by his private life, we may well believe to have been of inestimable value. He had a right to the very first place among the young noblemen of the day, from his many accomplishments, his person, his education, knowledge of languages, skill in music, in poetry, and in every kind of scientific attainment. His superiority too, in all manly exercises,

as a horseman and swordsman, was sure at that period to add greatly to his influence. All things conspired to make him the leader of the fashion ; and with the characteristic singularity of a man who seems to have used well all his gifts, he did not lead his friends into folly, and dissipation, and sin ; but he set the fashion, new and strange as it was, to be sober, chaste and religious, loyal and devoted to his sovereign, courteous to his equals, and ever kind and gentle to his inferiors and to the poor. “ His very ways in the world did generally add reputation to his prince and country by restoring amongst us the *ancient majesty of noble and true dealing* ; his heart and tongue went both one way, and so with every one that went with the truth, as knowing no other kindred, party or end. Above all, he made the religion he professed, the firm basis of his life ; for this was his judgment, that our trueheartedness to the reformed religion at the beginning, brought peace, safety, and freedom to us.” It must surely have had an effect on the habits of the court, to know that the man who was on all sides acknowledged to be its richest ornament, passed his time in the country with his admirable sister, not in the dull listlessness of a mind worn with dissipation, but in the active exercise of Christian benevolence, and in the close contemplation of divine truth, at one time employing his pen in the translation of the Psalms of David, at another turning into English the splen-

did treatise on Christian truth by his friend Du Plessis Mornay.

It would be better for England than all her commerce and manufactures, if she had many such now among her young noblemen ; gifted men, with talents and rank to give them the right to be heard, with the love of God in their hearts, and practical wisdom to guide them, who would take to the rough work that our busy times and our manifold corruptions in Church and State afford ; who would protect and befriend the poor, and stand firm against the mammon worship that is threatening us with even a more dangerous despotism than the image worship of Rome ; “ making the religion they profess the firm basis of their lives ;” not wasting energy and ability in weaving impracticable theories, or fighting after times and institutions which are long past by and would not fit our state if they could be recalled, but willing to

“ meet the times where best they may,
And mould and fashion them as best they can.”

It is a very encouraging symptom in our present condition, that some such characters do adorn the families of our nobility : may their numbers increase, and may they prosper in all that they undertake for the good of their countrymen.

During the greater part of the time that passed

between Sidney's return to England and the year 1581, Languet was moving from place to place on the Continent, at first following Prince Casimir and acting as his confidential adviser, with respect to his plans for campaigning in France or the Netherlands; latterly residing almost entirely in Belgium, and employed by the Prince of Orange. His letters to Sidney were numerous and copious, far more so at first than Sidney deserved; for his letters in reply were very few; of these few however, three are preserved, all written within a short time of his return from his embassy. The principal subject referred to in them is, the first voyages of Frobisher, of which he derived information from Richard Hakluyt, an old Christ Church acquaintance of Sidney, the friend and companion of Frobisher in his second voyage, and the chronicler of the several expeditions of discovery in the reign of Elizabeth.

Languet's letters throw some light on the pursuits and feelings of Sidney throughout his season of inactivity, and contain references to almost all the incidents mentioned above. He reproves him gently for his quarrel with Lord Oxford, applauds his magnanimity in the affair of Anjou's marriage, exhorts him to avoid the temptations to indolence, which his position and his love of letters exposed him to, and again earnestly dissuades him from engaging in the war in Flanders, or any foreign expedition as a volunteer.

Their correspondence was interrupted for a short time at the beginning of 1579, by the visit which Languet paid to England, in company with Prince Casimir, who came over to induce the Queen to assist him in his enterprise for the assistance of the States of the Netherlands. Languet had now a fair opportunity of observing the manners of the English court, and sounding the disposition of the Queen's ministers, and what was far more pleasant to him, he saw Sidney in his natural position, in the midst of loving and admiring friends, under his father's roof, at their noble mansion at Penshurst. No display of wealth and luxury could have impressed the mind of a foreigner so strongly at that time, with the idea of England's peace and security, as the sight of the hospitable country seat of an English gentleman of Sir Henry Sidney's stamp; standing in the midst of broad pastures and noble timber, with clusters of decent cottages nestling around it. No doubt Languet had in his thoughts the scenes he had lately left, and was contrasting the dreary look of war-worn Belgium with the blazing hearths and the rich Christmas cheer of Kent, when he wrote shortly after to Sidney, and spoke of "Happy England, the abode of peace and hospitality." His stay in England was very short, not more than a month, and when he went away he took with him Sidney's brother Robert, who was going to finish his education on the continent, after leav-

ing Christ Church, as Philip had done before him.

From this time we have none of Sidney's letters, and all that Languet wrote to him are occupied almost entirely with two subjects ; the education and management of Robert Sidney, whom he took to Strasburg, and who proved scarcely so tractable a charge as his brother had been ; and the state of affairs in Belgium, whither now Languet earnestly invited his friend to come ; either he had changed his opinion on the subject of volunteering, or the open encouragement which Elizabeth had now begun to give to the Belgians, rendered that lawful and proper which he had condemned before.

Sidney was strongly inclined to go. Besides the warm solicitations of Prince Casimir, the friendship of the Prince of Orange, and the celebrated soldier La Noue, who was now serving in Belgium, was already secured to him, and assured him of some distinguished employment ; but he yielded to the wishes of his father, and waited until it should please the Queen's government to give him an appointment. And so he never saw Languet again, for his good friend died at Antwerp, on the last day of September, 1581, deeply regretted by his friends, and by all who were concerned for the cause which he had served with so much zeal and fidelity through his whole life. His virtues and his learning have been fitly celebrated, after his own especial desire, by his friend Du Plessis

Mornay, in the preface to his treatise “*de veritate Christianâ* ;” and, as Dr. Zouch records “Erasmus, Buchanan, Melancthon, Thuanus, Vossius, Camerarius, the first and most enlightened scholars of the 16th century have concurred in giving a full and incontrovertible testimony to his exalted merits.” And so ended the remarkable friendship and correspondence of Philip Sidney and Hubert Languet.

The closing events of Sidney’s life must shortly be noticed, for he was not permitted to survive his old friend many years. In 1583 he received the honour of Knighthood, being appointed proxy for Prince Casimir, who was then presented with the riband of the Garter. In the same year he married the daughter of his old friend Sir Francis Walsingham. The issue of this marriage was a daughter, who afterwards married into the family of the Duke of Rutland, and died without children. In the following year, his old passion for adventure came back upon him, and he engaged in an enterprise with Drake and a party of other gentlemen, to found a colony, and to attack the Spanish settlements in South America. The Queen discovered his design, notwithstanding every endeavour to conceal it, and he was forced to give up the project. To compensate for this disappointment, and to satisfy in some measure his craving for action, she appointed him

to the government of Flushing, which had been placed in the hands of the English, by virtue of the treaty which bound Elizabeth to supply the States with troops and money.

He entered upon his new duties in November, 1585, and Leicester soon followed to take command of all the English forces in the Netherlands. He found his nephew an active and very able lieutenant; indeed, the position in which Sir Philip found himself, was one that demanded great ability, temper, and patience. He had continual difficulty in getting any pay for the troops under his command, and the misconduct and incapacity of Leicester, added to his intolerable arrogance, disgusted the Belgian officers, and reduced both armies to a state of the greatest disorder. In these trying circumstances the noble character of Sir Philip shone forth conspicuously. He writes to his father in law, entreating him not to be uneasy on his account: “I had before cast my count of danger, want, and disgrace, and before God, Sir, it is true in my heart, the *love of the cause* doth so far overbalance them all, that with God’s grace they shall never make me weary of my resolution. . . . Methinks I see the great work indeed in hand against the abusers of the world, wherein it is no greater fault to have confidence in man’s power, than it is too hastily to despair of God’s work. *I think a wise and constant man ought never to grieve, while he doth play, as a man may say, his*

*own part truly,** though others be out: but if himself leave his hold because other mariners will be idle, he will hardly forgive himself his own fault. For me, I cannot promise of my own course, because I know there is a higher power that must uphold me or else I shall fall; but certainly, I trust I shall not, by other men's wants, be drawn from myself; therefore, good Sir, to whom for my particular I am more bound than to all men besides, be not troubled with my troubles, for I have seen the worst in my judgment beforehand, and worse than that cannot be."

With this sure trust in the goodness of his cause, he laboured patiently in his appointed station, and succeeded in maintaining discipline and good order among his own men. He inspired them, moreover, with the strongest affection for his own person, and confidence in his judgment; and an enterprize against the town of Axel, planned and conducted by himself, in company with Prince Maurice, was crowned with complete success. In another way he did good service to the cause, by the reconciliation which he effected between his uncle and Count Hohenlo, the Lieutenant General of Prince Maurice; for William of

* 'That man is not most in tribulation
Who walks his own way, resolute of mind
With answerable skill to pick his steps.
Men in their places are the men that stand.'

Philip Van Artevelde.

Orange had been assassinated two years before, and his son Maurice, who succeeded him, was now only twenty years of age. The Count was a blunt soldier, who could ill endure the pride and ambition of the English Lord, but Sidney's gentleness, as usual, entirely subdued him.

A brilliant career was now opening before Sir Philip Sidney, but it was to be a brief one. At Zutphen, on the 22nd of September, 1586, the English forces which were besieging the place were attacked by a body of Spanish horse far more numerous than themselves, and Sidney was among the foremost to meet and repel them. It is reported that in a spirit of rash emulation, he exposed his person needlessly; for seeing the Marshal of the camp riding into action without greaves, he cast off his own. The action was hot and bloody. Sidney saw his friend Lord Willoughby, of whom he had written shortly before as his "very friend, and indeed a valiant and frank gentleman," hard pressed and surrounded by the enemy. He led a party to rescue him, and his impetuosity carried him on within reach of the musketry from the walls of the town. There in the third charge which he led, he received his mortal wound; a musket ball struck him in the left thigh, a little above the knee. "The horse he rode on," says Greville, "was rather furiously choleric than bravely proud, and so forced him to forsake the field, but not his back, as the

noblest and fitteſt bier to carry a martial commander to his grave. In which ſad progreſs paſſing along by the reſt of the army, where his uncle the General was, and being thirſty with exceſs of bleeding, he caſted for drink, which was preſently brought him, but as he was putting the bottle to his mouth, he ſaw a poor ſoldier carried along who had eaten his laſt at the ſame paſt, ghaſtly caſting up his eyes at the bottle; which Sir Philip perceiving, took it from his head before he drank, and delivered it to the poor man, with theſe words, ‘Thy neceſſity is greater than mine.’ And when he had pledged this poor ſoldier, he was preſently carried to Arnheim.”

“Sir Philip Sidney,” writes Stow, “ſo behaved himſelf that it was wonder to ſee, for he charged the enemy thrice in one ſkirmiſh, and in the laſt charge he was ſhot through the left thigh, to the great grief of his Excellency and the whole camp, who being brought to the Lord Lieutenant, his Excellency ſaid, ‘Oh Philip! I am ſorry for thy hurt.’ Sir Philip anſwered, ‘This have I done to do you honour, and her Maieſty ſervice.’ Sir William Ruſſell coming to him kiſſed his hand, and ſaid with tears, ‘Oh noble Sir Philip, there was never man attained hurt more honourably than ye have done, or any ſerved like unto you.’”

A full account of his death-bed is given in Dr. Zouch’s life of Sidney. He lingered for fifteen days in a ſtate of acute ſuffering, preſerving never-

theless, throughout, the most perfect serenity of temper and clearness of understanding, and looking at the approach of death calmly and steadfastly. There is something peculiarly affecting in the description of the severe bodily pain which was thus inflicted on a man, who had up to this time been indulged with every blessing, and had scarcely known suffering of any kind. His biographer writes, "The very shoulder bones of this delicate patient were worn through his skin, with constant and obedient posturing of his body to the art of the Chirurgeon." And the night before he died he wrote to one of his Physicians, "Come dear Weier, come to me, my life is in danger and I long for you. In death or in life I shall never be ungrateful. I can write no more, but I earnestly entreat you to come speedily. Farewell." *

There are incidents recorded of this last period of his life which appear strange, and hardly befitting the death-bed of a Christian. The ode which he composed on *La cuisse rompue*, and the music to which it was sung at his bed side, are things entirely at variance with modern notions of decency and seriousness, and yet they were quite in harmony with Sir Philip's character, and the age in which he lived. There was a gravity and solemnity about him, which are a sufficient pledge that these things were not applied to distract his

* Mi Weiere, veni, veni, de vitâ periclitior et te cupio. Nec vivus nec mortuus ingratus ero, plura non possum, sed obnixe oro ut festines. Vale.

thoughts from the reality of the approaching change, but were only the expedients that naturally occurred to him to compose his mind and relieve his bodily suffering. His bed side was attended by many anxious and affiduous friends; his wife, and his brother Robert,* who had borne a distinguished part in the action, scarcely ever left him, and he derived much satisfaction and comfort from the conversation of Mr. Giffard his chaplain.

This gentleman has left an account of his last days, which is printed in Dr. Zouch's work. It is a very interesting narrative, and shows in a convincing manner that Sir Philip Sidney's religion was something more than a profession; that the ruling principle of his life had been not a mere spirit of opposition to Popery, but that he possessed that positive and real ground of hope, which not only keeps Christians from desponding, but fills them with confidence and joy in their last moments.

He returned thanks to God that "he did not strike him dead at once, but gave him space to seek repentance and reconciliation, and that he did chastise him with a loving and fatherly coercion." He expressed his unfeigned repentance, and his resolution not to "walk as he had done, for he had walked in a vague course." To a

* Their Father and Mother, Sir Henry and Lady Mary, had both died in this same year.

friend who could speak no English he expressed himself in Latin, saying that some godly men at the hour of death might take satisfaction from remembering how by their lives they had glorified God. “It is not so in me. I have no comfort that way; all things in my former life have been vain, vain, vain.” At another time he said, “I had this night a trouble in my mind, for searching myself methought I had not a full and sure hold on Christ.” Then again of a sudden he brake forth with vehement gesture and great joy into expressions denoting his sense of the wretchedness of man, “a poor worm,” and the mercies of God. To the last he listened eagerly to the words of Scripture, that were repeated in his ear by his friend; and even when the bystanders thought his soul had parted from the body, “I spake thus unto him,” says Mr. Giffard: “‘Sir, if you hear what I say, let us by some means know it, and if you have still your inward joy and consolation in God, hold up your hand;’ with that he did lift up his hand and stretched it forth on high, which caused the beholders to cry out with joy, and so at last he yielded up his spirit into the hands of God unto his most happy comfort.”

The praises of Sir Philip Sidney, left on record by his contemporaries, would fill a volume. The universities of Oxford and Cambridge poured forth their lamentations over the kindest patron of learning. Kings put their courts into mourn-

ing for him ; even the cold heart of Philip II. is said to have melted for a moment at the news of his death. Scholars and soldiers, enemies and friends, Englishmen and Foreigners, all vied with each other in paying tribute to his memory. Raleigh, Camden, Fuller, Osborne have exhausted the powers of the English language in his praise, and above all his dear friend Spenser, lamented him with the genuine feeling of a kindred genius and a grateful heart, as

“ that most heroic spirit,
The heavens’ pride, the glory of our days,
Who first my muse did lift out of the floor
To sing his sweet delights in lowly lays.”

Tears of true sorrow were shed for him in the camp before Zutphen, and in the cottages about Wilton and Penshurst, for he was always good to the poor, peasants and soldiers ; and the most bitter satirist of that or any other age, Tom Nash, writes sadly and sincerely when he addresses the “ gentle Sir Philip Sidney,” and tells how kindly he used to sympathize with the woes of poor authors.

Sir Philip Sidney was buried with great pomp in Westminster Abbey, but there is no monument to mark the spot ; he is one of the few men that ever lived whose memory is in no need of an epitaph. “ Such as he was,” says an eloquent writer in the *Retrospective Review*, “ every Englishman

has reason to be proud of him. He exalted his country in the eyes of other nations, and the country he honoured will not be ungrateful. England will ever place him among the noblest of her sons." "Indeed," says Lord Broke, "he was a true model of worth; a man fit for conquest, plantation, reformation, or what action soever is greatest and hardest among men; withal such a lover of mankind and goodness, that whosoever had any real parts in him found comfort, participation, and protection to the uttermost of his power; like Zephyrus, he giving life where he blew. The Universities abroad and at home accounted him a general Mæcenas of learning, dedicated their books to him, and communicated every invention or improvement of knowledge with him. Soldiers honoured him, and were so honoured by him, as no man thought he marched under the true banner of Mars, that had not obtained Sir Philip Sidney's approbation. Men of affairs, in most parts of Christendom, entertained correspondence with him. But what speak I of these, with whom his own ways and ends did concur? Since to descend, his heart and capacity were so large, that there was not a cunning painter, a skilful engineer, an excellent musician, or any other artificer of extraordinary fame, that made not himself known to this famous spirit, and found him his true friend without hire, and the common rendezvous of worth in his time."

His friends could not repine at his fate ; so far more favoured as he was than the most illustrious of his friends and contemporaries ; than Raleigh, Henry IV. Anjou, William of Orange, Count Lewis. Yet imagination will go astray ; and while we know well that Sidney's position and career were appointed by infinite Wisdom, we cannot help placing our favourite picture, the noblest portrait of an English gentleman and Christian, in what seems to us a better frame, and more fitting light. We fancy that, had he lived half a century later, he might have found a sphere of action more congenial to his disposition ; not fretting and idling at home, not serving in a country where he was vexed daily by the intrigues of parties, and the supineness of all in the cause which he had so much at heart ; not acting under the cold and selfish Leicester, who scarcely knew how to value his talents, and only smiled at his enthusiasm. He might have met with a leader such as his spirit looked for in vain in his own times : a man whose genius was large enough to embrace all those designs which he had but faintly imagined, and whose heart was bold enough to carry them out. We delight to fancy Sidney serving under the great king of Sweden, so worthy as he was to sit at his council board, so fully able to appreciate the nobleness of his motives and the vastness of his plans, so becoming a companion for him as he rode up the hill of Breitenfeld,

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and dispersed the last squadron of Pappenheim's dragoons.

And if he must needs fall in battle, though Zutphen was truly a brave affair, and long remembered for the obstinacy of the contest, Philip Sidney would have found a more worthy termination of his honourable life by the side of Gustavus on the plain of Lutzen.





THE
CORRESPONDENCE OF SIR PHILIP
SIDNEY AND HUBERT
LANGUET.

LANGUET TO SIDNEY.

CHAT care and anxiety, nay what fear had you spared me, if you had written to me only once or twice on your journey! I did not desire a laboured letter, only a word or two, as, “this day we arrived here in safety,” or the like. You remember how earnestly I begged this of you when you were leaving me. But you will say, “it matters little to you whether you hear or not: when I arrive at Padua or Venice, then I will write to you.” You might have done both, and if you had, I should have thought myself greatly obliged by you. However I would rather suppose that you have met no one to whom you could trust a letter for me, than either that you disregard your promises, or that your affection for me has begun to fail. That it was strong when you left me, I knew by the tears which hardly suffered you to say farewell. I forgive you this crime, and every other which you shall henceforth commit against me, if you will only be careful not to let your thirst for learning and acquiring informa-

tion, lead you into danger. You remember how often and how solemnly you have promised me to be cautious. If you fail in this I shall charge you with a breach of the contract that is between us, and you will be forced to confess that you have broken the terms of our friendship. To offend *me* is of little consequence, but reflect how grievously you would be sinning against your excellent Father, who has placed all his hopes in you, and who being now in the flower of life, expects to see the full harvest of all those virtues, which your character promises so largely to produce.* Satan is beginning to gnash the teeth, because he sees that his throne is tottering. Things do not turn out to his mind either in France or Belgium, wherefore we cannot doubt but he will stir up his servants to acts of cruelty; hitherto this has been his only means of maintaining and upholding his kingdom, and so I am sure that if you trust yourself to their honour now, you will run a greater risk, than you would have run a few years ago. Pardon the love which makes me so often remind you of this. But enough of such grave discourse.

I send you an epistle of Pietro Bizarro† of Perugia, that you may have before your eyes his surpassing eloquence, and make it your model. You will now perceive how unwisely you English acted in not appreciating all this excellence, and not treating it with the respect it deserves.

* “ This eminence, by nature and industry, made his worthy Father stile Sir Philip in my hearing (tho' I unseen), *Lumen familiæ suæ.*”—Fulke Greville.—*Life of Sidney.*

† “ Pietro Bizarro, a man of learning, entertained divers years with the Earl of Bedford; and expecting preferment here, failing of it he departed and lived abroad.” In a letter to Lord Burghley, he gives some account of his own works, namely, the *History of the War in Cyprus and Pannonia*, of the *Republic of Genoa*, of *Persia*, and lastly “ a Latin work of the four chief monarchies, very clear.”—*Strype, A. iii. 1. 660.* De Thou derives his details of the conquest of *Cyprus* from *Bizarro*.

You judged yourselves unworthy of immortality, which he surely would have bestowed on you by his eloquence, if you had known how to use the fortunate opportunity of earning the good will of such a man. How much better we Saxons have done. We have shown more judgment in an hour than you in fifteen long years. We saw at once how to gain his favour, and did not lose the chance. Show me any one of your countrymen of whom he thinks so highly, as of the person to whom this letter is addressed, and from whom I stole it, for your amusement and gratification. Take care to use it discreetly, and do not put your hand in the wasps' nest, and so give me trouble. I will give you leave to cull a few flowers from it, which will serve for the adornment of your letter if you should ever write to the author. He certainly deserves to be painted in his own colours. I sent your letter to the noble Baron Schuendi,* and begged him to answer it. I hope he will do so. Farewell, and greet your people from me.

Vienna, 19th Nov. 1573.

SIDNEY TO LANGUET.

NAY, but I do not say “it matters little to you whether you hear or not,” for I am well aware how that “love is full of anxious fear.” But this I will say, and say with truth, that I met literally no

* Lazarus Schuendi, was appointed by the Emperor Maximilian in 1565, commander in chief in Hungary against the Turks; he was even then, says de Thou, highly distinguished for skill and courage. In a letter dated 18th June, 1574, Languet expresses a wish that Sidney

one who was going towards Vienna. But inasmuch as you tacitly charge me with some slackening of the affection with which I have regarded and ever shall regard you and all your noble qualities, while I acknowledge your kindness, I beg of you seriously and earnestly, that whatever be the distance which separates us, you will be satisfied of this, that I am not so possessed either with the folly of a boy, or the inconstancy of a woman, or the ingratitudo of a brute, as not to seek eagerly the friendship of such a man, and hold it fast when I have gained it, and be thankful for it as long as I have it. I would I were sufficiently at home in Latin, or you in English, you should see what a scene I would make of these suspicions of yours.

Since I came to Venice, I have received two letters from you, and I have written two before this; will you agree that we shall hold converse by letters once a week? I will give heed to that which you say about danger as I do to all your advice. You will however, as I told you in my last letter, very soon have me with you. I read through the charming epistle of Pietro Bizarro of Perugia, and culled certain flowers, which, as I could do nothing better, I imitated. I have written only once as yet to Master Vulcobius. I will write to him oftener when I have somewhat improved my style, in the mean time greet him and Master Bouchetell in my name. The French†

might serve his first campaign under this commander, whom he speaks of as an excellent soldier. There is extant a treatise of his, written some years later, on the best method of defending the Empire against the Turks.—See Sidney's letter, March 10, 1578.

† Arnaud du Ferrier. One of the representatives of Charles IX. at the Council of Trent in 1562, in which capacity he pronounced a very vehement protest against the Pope Pius IV. principally on account of his decree that the Ambassadors of Spain should have precedence of those of France. He was then sent to Venice. Afterwards he was

ambassador received me with great kindness. Perrot \ddagger has returned into France, but his brother read the letter. Lasczky (?) is gone into Poland. Of the Dane I have heard nothing as yet. Pray write to me soon about yourself, and tell me when his Majesty of Poland || intends to relieve France of his presence, that I may make preparations for my journey.—Farewell, yours heartily,

PHILIP SIDNEY.

Venice, 5th December, 1573.

LANGUET TO SIDNEY.

 WAS meditating a very sharp remonstrance, when the letter came in, which you wrote on your arrival at Venice: that at once dispersed the cloud from my mind, and made me happy indeed, for I learnt from it that you had reached your journey's end in safety, and had not forgotten me. I was delighted

made Chancellor to Henry of Navarre, and died in 1585. He was a learned man, and a friend of Fra Paolo Sarpi, whom he is said to have assisted with materials for his History of the Council of Trent. Before his death he openly declared himself a Protestant.—De Thou, ii, 374.

\ddagger Francis Perrot, a Frenchman, who passed most of his life in Italy, and was a very accomplished Italian scholar. He was a friend of Sarpi, and of Du Plessis Mornay, whose work *De Veritate Christianæ Religionis* he translated into Italian. He is also supposed to have been the author of the protest, written and posted at Rome, in behalf of Henry of Navarre and the Prince of Condé, when they had been excommunicated by Sixtus V.

\parallel Henry, Duke of Anjou, third son of Henry II. and Catherine de Medicis, born in 1551. Elected King of Poland 9th of May, 1573, succeeded to the crown of France on the 31st of May, 1574.

too with your promise not to lose any opportunity of writing to me. See that you fulfil it. I am glad you find that I only spoke truth of the courtesy of the Count of Hannau and his party. My object in writing to him was merely to give you an occasion of meeting those who can admire and love goodness wherever they find it, because I am sure that your character will at once make them your friends, and wherever you go, you will always find good men who will receive you with hearty kindness, if only you are true to yourself, and do not permit yourself to be transformed into another person.

In a former letter I told you that the 17th of January was named for the inauguration of the King of Poland, for which immense preparations are being made at Cracow. I am at present intent on making friends for you there, so that if you have not changed your mind, when you arrive there, you may find those who will pay you the attentions which your worth deserves. We suppose that the King of Poland has by this time reached the frontiers of the empire, but we cannot say it for certain. He has sent an Envoy to invite the Emperor and the King of Hungary* to the coronation. I hope you will deal plainly with me, and if you have made any new arrangements for your movements since you were here, you will let me know. I do not ask you to do anything for my pleasure, which does not seem agreeable and useful to yourself. Nor do I wish you to consider yourself tied by any promise made to me, except that which binds you to take good care of your health and wellbeing, and not to follow your own inclinations, or the arguments of those who make light of the risk you will run if you go to the place

* Rodolph, eldest son of the Emperor Maximilian II., succeeded to the imperial throne two years later.

we have so often talked about. On this point I will stand by my right, and if you fail of your promise, I will complain to our common friends, in whose good opinion you would be sorry to lose ground. In every other matter, I will waive my right, and be as indulgent as possible. I should not have stayed here through the winter, but that I hoped to see you, or at least converse with you at a moderate distance by letter.

I am much obliged to Master Coningsby* for gaining me the good will of your people, by proclaiming a great deal of kindness which he never received from me. I wish I could do anything for him worthy of his goodness. Pray give my service to him, and to Master Brusket too, to whom I am greatly obliged for conducting you to Venice in safety. About the money which was paid twice to your host, I advise you to proceed thus. Let Master Coningsby write to him, and explain the whole affair, how it took place, and let him have his letter translated into German. If the man has any shame he will restore what he took from you unfairly. I do not understand the case, and your letter does not fully explain it, so I should lose my labour if I tried to deal with him, and therefore I will wait for your next. I beg you will not show any one the foolish letters I send to you. I write without selection all that my mind in its changing moods suggests to me, and it is enough for me if I succeed in making you believe that you are very dear to me. I hope you will tell me what you think of the persons to whom I gave you letters.—Farewell.

Vienna, 4th Dec. 1573.

* This gentleman afterwards married Sir P. Sidney's cousin Philippa, daughter of Sir W. Fitzwilliam, Lord Deputy of Ireland.—Zouch's Life of Sidney.

SIDNEY TO LANGUET.

YOUR letter of the 4th Dec. arrived yesterday. It brings me another instance of your singular affection for me, which suffers all suspicions to be removed by one short note. And now about my own affairs. If the King's inauguration is to take place so soon, it is impossible I should be there; but if it should be put off for a month or two, then if it please God I will surely come. I am sorry that various engagements so hamper me, that I must be absent from a place where there is so much to be seen and learnt. But however it may turn out now, in the spring I shall make the tour of all that country with the noble count of Hannau, who tells me that he too intends to leave Italy and go into Poland, Bohemia, and your own Saxony. And then, my very dear Languet, I shall see you, and one conversation with you would give me more delight, than all the magnificent magnificences of all these magnificos.

Meantime I shall stay here for a fortnight, and pass the rest of my time at Padua. At present I am learning the sphere,* and a little music.† My pen I only practise when I write to you; but in truth I begin to find that by writing ill I only learn to write ill, and therefore I wish you would give me some rules for improving my style, and at the same time you may send me those other admonitions which you said‡ you had put off till I should come to you; for I am sure that you will never exhaust

* See the letter of Sir Philip Sidney to his brother Robert, 18th Oct. 1580, in the Appendix.

† Ibid.

‡ In a letter dated 27th Nov.

your stock of counsel, and that my blunders will give ample scope for your lectures. I have sold all the horses; if I had not, they were not good enough to be worth their cost in keeping. For yours I received twenty crowns, which I owe you, with many other debts. As to the money which they took twice at Racchel's, I did not mention it to give you any trouble about it, but only to exculpate Coningsby, whom I formerly charged wrongfully with the act. We should only make ourselves ridiculous if we said anything to our host about it; for the man who had impudence enough to take the money twice, will have more than enough to deny it. When you tell me the proper time I will procure a present for Master Abondius, and I shall be glad to know how he has been going on. I wish you would send me Plutarch's works in French, if they are to be bought in Vienna; I would gladly give five times their value for them, and you will be able to send them no doubt by the hand of some trader. Tell me too, in your next, if you have got *L'Historia del mondo di Tarchagnota*,* *Lettere de Principi*,† *Lettere de tredici illustri homini*,‡ *Imprese di Girolamo Ruscelli*,|| *Il stato di Vinegia scritto da*

* Dell' istorie del mondo, le quali con tutte quelle particolarita che bisognano, contengono quanto dal principio del mondo fin a tempi nostri è successo. Published at Venice in four volumes in 1562. The book went through seven editions in a few years.

† Lettere di Principi, le quali o si scrivono da Principi, o a' Principi, o ragionan di Principi. Lib. 1. Nuovamente Mandato in luce da Girolamo Ruscelli, all' Ill^{mo} et Rev^{mo} Cardinal Carlo Borromeo.— Venice, 1562.

‡ Published at Venice, 1560, containing letters of Bembo, Manuzio, Boccaccio, Lorenzo de Medici and others.

|| Le imprese illustri, con esposizioni e discorsi, published 1566. A description with plates of the devices or emblems borne by the most illustrious men of his age, a curious and interesting volume in 4to. Ruscelli was a friend of Tasso, and was one of the first to discover the merit

Contarini e da Donato Gianotti.‡ All of these are interesting books, and if there are any others you would like to have, I can easily have them sent to you. There is one thing more which I have often wished to ask of you, but shame has always prevented me; however, as Cicero says, “a letter doth not blush.” I have a very strong desire to possess your history of the Polish election, which you once were good enough to show me. I pray and beseech you either to send it to me now, or at least when you write again, to pledge me your word that you will give it me when we meet in Germany, when you must add something else of yours by way of interest.

Many rumours are going about here. Amongst others, the principal thing reported is, that there is to be a league between the Spaniard and the Turk, or once more between the Turk and the Venetians, or between the Turk, the Queen of England, the King of Poland, and your Elector of Saxony. Are you not amused to find that we Saxons begin to moslemize. All this I have been told by a sensible and trustworthy man. May God grant you long life for my sake.—Farewell, wholly yours,

P. H. SIDNEY.

Venice, 19th December, 1573.

of his earliest poems: he died at Venice, 1566.—Sidney's fine taste in the choice of mottoes and devices both for himself on various occasions and for his heroes in the Arcadia, may have been assisted by these studies.

† Contarini, a Venetian, was much employed by Clement VII. and other Popes; he was a Cardinal and the Pope's legate to the diet of Ratisbon in 1540, where he presided at the theological discussions. He died in 1542. The title of his history is “*de Magistratu ac Republica Venetorum.*”

‡ Gianotti was Secretary to the Council of State at Florence, Machiavelli being the unsuccessful candidate for the office: he retired to Venice, where he wrote his *Repubblica di Vinegia*, and died in 1560.

Coningsby and Brusket* greet you as their best friend and patron. Witfeld I cannot find: Lasczky is I hear in Poland, Perrot in France. All the others are excellent men and my very good friends.

LANGUET TO SIDNEY.



TOLD you in a former letter that the Emperor and the King of Hungary were invited to the inauguration of the Polish King, and that a young Pole had come hither for that purpose. I heard that he was a man of understanding, and I took pains to become known to him. I easily made his acquaintance, and even formed an intimacy with him, and I hope I may now call him my friend. I was particularly desirous to do so, because in beauty of mind and gentleness of character, and indeed in noble bearing, he is not unlike yourself, and only a few years your elder. He has studied letters in Italy, and takes especial delight in history, above all in that which tells of events not remote from our own times. His dress, and the number of his attendants declare him to be a man of high birth. Why do I say all this? I will explain. I have mentioned you to him. I told him of your character and your birth, and said that I still hoped you would go to Cracow for the King's inauguration, and begged him kindly to show you such attention as is due to your worth. He instantly conceived a strong regard for you, and said to me, "If

* A few years later we find Lodovic Briskett clerk of the Council at Dublin under Sir H. Sidney.

you can persuade him to make me his host, I will do my best that neither you nor he shall have reason to repent." So you see you have a reception prepared for you, and an occasion of being known to many distinguished men, and, as I hope, of forming a friendship with some of them.

I judge from your letter that the splendour of Venice does not equal your expectation; nevertheless Italy has nothing fit to be compared to it, so that if this does not please you, the rest will disgust you. You will admire the wit and sagacity of the people. They are in truth witty and keen, and yet most of them carry more on the surface* than they have within, and they very generally spoil their attainments by display, and make themselves offensive. The talents of our friends the Germans, are indeed less versatile, but in solid judgment I doubt if they are at all inferior to them. But I have been so many years away from Italy that I have no right to give an opinion on the subject. I will hear yours when you return.

I will now tell you what I can of public affairs, that you may now and then have matter for a letter to your noble Father, and conversation with your friends; but be sure you show no one my letters. They say the Muscovite† has invaded Lithuania with sixty thousand men, and is now at Polotzk, which he took from Lithuania eleven years ago. He has sent troops also into Livonia, but not nearly so many in number. The new King will

* See Sidney's letter to his brother in 1579, in the Appendix.

† The reigning Prince of Russia at this time was John Basilowitz; he had taken Polotzk in 1563, and behaved with the most savage cruelty, "inauditâ crudelitate," says De Thou. He was afterwards beaten and driven out of Lithuania by Henry's successor, the brave Stephen Bathori.

have wherewith to keep his courage in exercise ; but it is shameful conduct of the Russians, for only a few months ago a truce for a year was made between them and the Poles. Your merchants have often proved how well they keep their engagements. The Emperor hopes to obtain from the Turks an extension of the truce ; some say he has obtained it. The arrangements between the Turks and Venetians are not yet quite completed. Some write word that the Turks are trying to squeeze certain cities* out of the Venetians. It is certain that they still disagree about their frontier, and that the Turks carry things with a high hand. The Spaniard seems to be playing a part unworthy of his dignity, and by no means consistent with the great hopes he seemed to entertain of taking Constantinople. He has now sent an envoy thither, to ask for peace or a truce from the Sultan, and buy it of the Pashas. But the success of John of Austria† in Africa will render this more difficult, unless the Turks are to suffer in reputation. In this place we seem less than ever inclined to be obsequious to the Pope ; the States of Austria have assembled. Such of them as profess the Reformed Religion, are going to beg the Emperor to grant them a church in this city for the performance of their service, and they hope he will accede to their request.† They say too, that he has made up his mind

* The peace was concluded after some delay ; the Venetians gave up Cyprus and Suppoto in Albania, and paid 100,000 ducats for three years. Voltaire has observed that by these conditions it appeared as if the Turks and not the Christians had gained the battle of Lepanto.

† Don John had taken Tunis early in October, and was building fortifications on a large scale with a view to the foundation of an independent sovereignty. It was retaken the next year by the Turks, under the Pasha Sinan.

† Their request was granted in spite of a strong remonstrance from the Spanish minister.

to expel all the Italian monks, and then the Monasteries will be left empty ; for it is said that there is not a German monk in the place, for the Jesuits think themselves grossly insulted if they are called monks. The King of Poland has at last torn himself from his friends, and, I believe, passed the Rhine five or six days ago, for he left Nancy the 24th of last month. My unhappy country France is falling headlong, and you English look on idly at the ruin,* and make your market of the folly of our people, and of the Belgians, or rather the Spaniards. Alva† leaves Belgium without any great triumph. I believe nothing vexes him more than that he has left any survivors of his cruelty. His successor‡ is pretending the greatest moderation. He has just given a beautiful instance of his wisdom, for he has taken as a motto for his colours “ *Debellare superbos.* ” It is the mountain in labour. The threads of his net are too coarse, and he will not catch many birds. He promises impunity to all who shall give themselves up to be tortured. Orange’s§ affairs are not altogether unpromising, for Holland and Zealand make so much of him, that they consider their

* “ In so rare a government where neighbours’ fires give us light to see our quietness.”—P. Sidney to Queen Elizabeth.

† When Alva retired from the government, he boasted that during his six years’ administration, 18,000 Protestants had been executed.

‡ Don Luis Zuniga y Requesens, Commander of the order of Malta, Commendator of Castile, succeeded Alva. He had served under Don John against the Moors in Spain, and was second in command at Lepanto. His government of the Netherlands was for the most part unfortunate, and he died March 5th, 1576.

|| William the 1st, Prince of Orange, had now, after several unsuccessful attempts, established himself in the Northern Provinces, where the Reformed religion was almost universally professed. He had the supreme control of the Confederate States until 1584, when he was assassinated at Delft, by Balthasar Gerard.

wellbeing to depend on his safety, and therefore they do not allow him to encounter the risks of war, but will have him preside at their councils, and let others execute his commands.

If I were to follow my inclination, I should never stop writing to you. Again, I beg you not to show any one my letters. I throw into them at random any thing that occurs to me, so that the subjects are generally unconnected, and no doubt the same thing often repeated, for I do not remember what I have written to you before.— Farewell, and greet my friends, especially the noble Count of Hannau, if you have returned to him.

Vienna, the Winter Solstice, 21st December, 1573.

SIDNEY TO LANGUET.

MY very dear Languet, I write you these few words now, only that you may see how strictly I observe this trifling condition of our friendship. I have nothing to write to you but what I know you will be glad to hear, that I am in excellent health. I have received your letter dated the day of the winter solstice; in which, besides many other agreeable contents you tell me of the young Pole Dioderi. This certainly makes me more sorry that I cannot go, as I told you in my last letter. But if the king would fall sick for but one month, or any other such fortunate event should fall out, heavens, how gladly would I fly to you! I have already taken a house at Padua, to which place I shall go in less than a week. The Count of Hannau has sent me a letter for you, and some one else (who, I cannot say), has done the same. I shall give them presently with mine

to Camillo. Master Vulcobius and Bouchetell have written to me. I pray you to commend me to them, and make my excuse that I do not answser their letters. I have been busy the whole day, and am just now come home very late, and I must give my letters to Camillo very early to-morrow. In fact I hardly know what I have been writing to you, but you will take all for the best, and continue to love me as you ever have done.—Farewell, yours from my heart,

PHILIP SIDNEY.

Venice, Christmas Day (Jan. 6), 1574.

LANGUET TO SIDNEY.



* * * * *

AM truly pleased that you again promise to lose no opportunity of letting me hear from you, and that you make so much of your diligence in writing; you say you have received only two letters from me, and written three. If that is fair ground for boasting, I am now writing my seventh, and up to this time have received only three from you. You will be employing yourself well and usefully, if you practise writing diligently while you are absent from your home, for when you return it will not be in your power: and unless you have acquired the art of writing with ease, you will have lost the principal object of your studies and labours, and you will be less able to keep up any friendships you may contract with foreigners; for as you are formed by nature for kindliness, I suppose you would wish them to last.

Our friend, the King of Poland, has at last bidden a long farewell to his family, at Blamont in Lorraine. His mother,* his brother Alençon,† the Duke of Lorraine, and other nobles attended him so far. From thence he went to Sarrebourg, Pfalzburg (saluting its rising walls), Saverne, Hagenau, Weissemburg, Landau, Spires. On the 12th of this month he passed the Rhine at Spires, and went to Heidelberg to the Elector Palatine,‡ who is out of health. He had sent his son Christopher, attended by the Count of Hannau the elder, and Lewis|| of Nassau as far as Blamont to meet the King. My most noble Prince§ I hear is to give him a splendid reception at Torgau, and for that purpose he has with

* Catherine de Medici.

† Afterwards Duke of Anjou; for a short time the leader of the Huguenots; then a suitor, and apparently a favoured one, of Queen Elizabeth. In 1580 he accepted the sovereignty of the United Provinces, but his falsehood and folly soon made it necessary for him to retire, and he died in 1583, in the 29th year of his age. Henry IV. says of him, “ Il a si peu de courage, le cœur si double et si malin, le corps si mal bâti, si peu de graces dans son maintien, tant d’inhabiliter à toutes sorts d’exercice, que je ne scaurois me persuader qu’il fasse jamais rien de grand.”

‡ Frederic III. “ A Prince,” says De Thou, “ inferior to none of his age in good faith, liberality, courtesy, and beneficence.” He was devotedly attached to the reformed religion, and introduced into his dominions the Helvetic confession. He was the only one of the Protestant princes of Germany at this time who actively assisted the Protestant party in France and Belgium.

|| Commonly called Count Lewis, second brother of the Prince of Orange. He had served with the Huguenots in France, and was in Paris at the time of the massacre, where Walsingham knew him, and speaks of him as the “ rarest gentleman” he had met in France. He had made one campaign in Belgium, and was now engaged in raising troops with Christopher the Palatine’s son for his last expedition, and he is said to have made this journey in order to confer with Catherine on the subject.

§ Augustus, Elector of Saxony, brother of the celebrated Maurice.

him his son in law Prince Casimir.* I should have been an eyewitness of the ceremony if my regard for you had not kept me here, where I prefer to remain that I may hear from you often, and see you if you go into Poland, and be useful to you as best I may. The escort of the King of Poland is divided into three parties, the first commanded by Marshal Retz;† the last by Nevers;‡ in the centre the King has with himself the Prince of Condé.§ The 17th of next month was named for the inauguration, but they will be obliged to put it off till February, because the King cannot possibly reach Cracow before the end of January. The Emperor will send thither as Ambassador the Duke of Teschen, of the family of Monsterberg, whom I believe to be grandson of George Pogebratz, King of Bohemia. The King of Hungary will send Brauner whom you know. It will be a noble cortège. I suppose they will have forty or fifty carriages, and a vast number of horsemen, for all the nobility of the land are anxious to be present at so splendid a spectacle. The King of Hungary and the Archduke Ernest|| are to go from hence the day after

* Another son of the Palatine, famous afterwards for his campaigns in France and Belgium. He visited England in 1579, bringing Languet with him, and was very desirous that Sidney should take a command under him.

† Albert de Gondi, a Florentine, one of the principal designers of the massacre of St. Bartholomew.

‡ Louis de Gonzague, son of the Duke of Mantua, afterwards a friend and officer of Henry IV., but not so vigorous a man as his master. Sully describes him in one of his campaigns “ Le Duc de Nevers de tous les hommes le plus lent, s’achemina au petit pas, les mains et le nez dans son mouchoir, et toute sa personne bien empaquetée dans son carrosse.”

§ Condé was not with the King; he remained in France; probably the Duc de Mayenne commanded part of the escort.

|| The Archduke Ernest had been an unsuccessful candidate for the crown of Poland.

to-morrow to Prague to convene the States of Bohemia, in which I hear nothing will be said about the kingdom, only about a contribution of money. They are to come back to this place at the beginning of February, for about that time the States of Hungary will assemble at Presburg.

At the beginning of the month letters arrived here from Lower Germany, stating that your Queen was dead, but as long as the truth was doubtful, I would not mention it, for fear of distressing you. I hear since from Heidelberg that it is a false report, and that the Elector Palatine has lately received a letter from her. We hear now that the King of Scotland* has been poisoned. I should be sorry if it were so, and I hope this too is a fiction. Master Vulcobius greets you kindly, and bids you be careful of your health. Since you wrote that you should not stay long at Venice, he seems to fear some evil. The French Ambassador in his letters to him, shows that he has the highest opinion of your abilities, and thanks him for the letter which gave him the opportunity of obtaining your friendship. It is a good thing “*laudari a laudato viro*,” as Hector says to his father. Be sure you thank them both, and do something to make a friend of that Camillo Cruci who forwards our letters. Pray salute him from me, and offer him my services, though he does not know me. I love all who are attentive to you. Greet Master Brusket and Coningsby. I have been writing half a sleep.

Vienna, 24th December, 1573.

* * * * *

You ask me to tell you how you ought to form your style of writing. I think you will do well to read both

* James VI. of Scotland was at this time in his 7th year; his mother was in confinement in England.

volumes of Cicero's letters, not only for the beauty of the Latin, but also for the very important matter they contain. There is nowhere a better statement of the causes which overthrew the Roman Republic. Many persons think it very useful to take one of his letters and translate it into another language ; then to shut the book and turn it back into Latin ; then again to refer to the book and compare your expressions with Cicero's. But beware of falling into the heresy of those who think that the height of excellence consists in the imitation of Cicero,* and pass their lives in labouring at it.

I not only approve of your putting off the journey to Poland, but I wrote before to advise you to do so. I wish that your hopes of the Count of Hannau may be fulfilled. His company would soften all the difficulties of the road, and you would be amused and instructed by each other's talk. If the works of Plutarch were to be bought here, I would spare no money to gratify your desire. I have not ventured to ask Master Vulcobius for the copy which he possesses, because I see that he is his favourite author ; but if you desire it, I will get rid of my modesty and ask. When you begin to read Cicero's letters perhaps you will not want Plutarch. You are right to pay attention to astronomy ; without some knowledge of it, it is impossible to understand cosmography ; and he who reads history without a knowledge of this, is very like a man who makes a journey in the dark. The advice I wished to give you is not of a kind which can be safely trusted to writing, and it is not your faults (as

* Languet had probably heard Erasmus speak in the same manner of Cicero. In 1580 Philip writes to his brother Robert, " So you can speak and write Latin not barbarously, I never require great study in Ciceronianism, the chief abuse of Oxford, *qui dum verba sectantur, res ipsas negligunt.*"—See Appendix.

you allege) which give me matter for advice, but your good qualities, which will soon I hope be so conspicuous that men will take notice of what you do and say, and therefore you will have to be careful in whose presence you talk about your affairs at home;* you are mistaken if you think that goodness will silence envy, nothing excites it so much.

But more of this when we meet. I sometimes gratify myself at our kind Abondius' with the sight of your portrait, and then forthwith I suffer for it, because it only renews the pain I felt at losing you. I do not think I possess a copy of my letter on the Polish election, which I showed to you; but if such trifles give you pleasure, I will take care to let you have the speech which I delivered before the King of France three years ago in the name of certain German Princes, in which there are some matters so plainly spoken, that in the massacre of Paris I greatly feared they would cause my death.

I wonder who told you what you say about the Turkish treaties. I do not think a man can understand the present state of things who makes allies of Turks and Spaniards; or Turks, English, Poles, and Saxons. The people from Constantinople say that the Emperor has a good prospect of an extension of the truce, but on somewhat harder terms than before. They say too that the Venetians have at length some hopes of concluding peace with the Turks. The Spaniards are doing their best to buy peace at any price, and to say the truth, I hope they will not succeed; for it would be small gain to you English, or to the French, or to the Protestants of lower Germany. The Archduke Ernest is gone to Prague to hold

* In a subsequent letter Languet speaks to him of a book which he possessed, written in answer to some of the charges against Mary Queen of Scots, and warns him that such things might bring him into trouble.

the States of Bohemia. The King Rodolph is detained here by a fever and cold which he caught after dinner on Christmas Day. He had fasted the day before, after the Spanish* rule, and had assisted at the nocturns. I hear that his health is improving. Master Vulcobius greets you kindly, and begs you to pardon him for not answering your letter, for he had to write to France and Poland. If you love me do not break off your habit of writing. I cannot tell you what pleasure your letters give me. I wish you and yours a happy new year.

Vienna, 1st of January, 1574.

SIDNEY TO LANGUET.

BEHOLD at last my letter from Padua ! not that you are to expect any greater eloquence than is usually to be found in my epistles, but that you may know I have arrived here as I purposed, and in safety ; and I think it right without any delay to write you a few words from hence, for your satisfaction and my own, as far as communication by letter can be satisfactory. Here I am then, and I have already visited his excellency the Count, and the Baron Slavata† your worthy young friends,

* Rodolph had been educated in Spain.

† In a very curious book entitled “ Itinerarium Germaniæ, Galliæ, Angliæ, Italiæ, a Paulo Hentznero,” see vol. 1. of the Retrospective Review, the Baron Slavata is mentioned as Envoy to Queen Elizabeth in 1598. Slavata was the name of Wallenstein’s uncle. He was one of the Emperor Ferdinand’s commissioners, sent to the meeting of the Bohemian States at Prague in 1618, when he and his colleague and their secretary were cast out of a window forty feet from the ground. It appears from a subsequent letter of Languet, that Sidney lent his young friend some money, which he had some difficulty in recovering.

and while I enjoy their acquaintance with the greatest pleasure to myself, I am perpetually reminded of your surpassing love of me, which you show in taking so much care not only for me, but for all my concerns and conveniences, and that without any deserving on my part. But you are not a man to be thanked for such a thing; for you are even now meditating greater kindness still, and, in truth, as far as I am concerned, much as I am indebted to you, I am only too willing to owe you more. But enough of this.

Your last letter, written on the 1st of January, reached me on the 13th. It brought me no news, for it was filled with instances of your affection, ever pleasant indeed, but long since known and proved, a kind of letter which is above all others delightful and acceptable to me, for while I read, I fancy that I have the very Hubert himself before my eyes and in my hands. I intend to follow your advice about composition, thus; I shall first take one of Cicero's letters* and turn it into French; then from French into English, and so once more by a sort of perpetual motion, (but not of Abondius's sort) it shall come round into the Latin again. Perhaps, too, I shall improve myself in Italian by the same exercise. For I have some letters translated into the vulgar tongue by the very learned Paolo Manuzio,† and into French by some one else. The volumes of Cicero I will read diligently. There are some things also which I wish to learn of the

* The celebrated Lord Mansfield pursued nearly the same plan with great diligence two centuries later.

† The family of Manuzio held the same place at Venice as that of Stephens at Paris; they were the great printers and patrons of learned men. Paul was the son of the famous Aldo Manuzio. He published a fine edition of all Cicero's works with a commentary of his own. He died at Rome on the 6th of April, 1574.

Greeks, which hitherto I have but skimmed on the surface. But the chief object of my life, next to the everlasting blessedness of heaven, will always be the enjoyment of true friendship, and there you shall have the chiefest place. You quite made me laugh at your sumum bonum ; for it brought to my mind the definition of my countryman. As to what you say of the copies of Plutarch, I should be sorry that for so small a matter you should throw off the modesty which nature has implanted in you, nor am I so presumptuous as to disregard the pleasure of my friends, while I seek my own convenience. About Abondius, I am anxiously thinking what I shall send to him in return for the great kindness he has shown to me, but I will see to it shortly. In the mean time I beg you will give him my service.

I shall take absolutely no excuse for your not giving me your letter on the affairs of Poland, and now I must have in addition that other discourse of yours which you mentioned in your last letter. They must needs be most interesting to me, being the works of an eminent writer and of Hubert Languet. In truth I think you ought to set about some work, which may go down to future ages as a worthy memorial of the greatness of your genius. But more of this when we meet. We have no news here. I look for some from you. Look to your health, for the sake of your friends and all Christendom, as well as your own.—Farewell, yours with all my heart,

PHILIP SIDNEY.

Padua, 15th of January, 1574.

To the most excellent and illustrious Hubert Languet,
Always my much esteemed friend, at Vienna.

LANGUET TO SIDNEY.



AM glad you have decided on going to Padua, where you will easily find better lodging than at Venice, and, I hope, have better acquaintances to amuse yourself with, and to converse with about your studies. You were quite right to learn the elements of astronomy, but I do not advise you to proceed far in the science, because it is very difficult, and not likely to be of much use to you. I know not whether it is wise to apply your mind to geometry, though it is a noble study and well worthy of a fine understanding; but you must consider your condition in life, how soon you will have to tear yourself from your literary leisure, and therefore the short time which you still have should be devoted entirely to such things as are most essential. I call those things essential to you, which it is discreditable for a man of high birth not to know, and which may, one day, be an ornament and a resource to you. Geometry may, indeed, be of great use to a man of rank, in the fortification or investment of towns, in castrametation and all branches of architecture, but to understand it sufficiently to make it useful would certainly require much time, and I consider it absurd to learn the rudiments of many sciences simply for display and not for use. Besides, you are not over cheerful by nature, and it is a study which will make you still more grave, and as it requires the strongest application of the mind, it is likely to wear out the powers of the intellect, and very much to impair the health; and the greater the ability, the more intense is the interest excited, and therefore the more injurious; and you know you have no health to spare.

About the Greek language I cannot advise you. It is a beautiful study, but I fear you will have no time to carry it through, and all the time you give to it will be lost to your Latin, which though it is considered a less interesting language than the Greek, is yet much more important for you to know. And therefore as I said before, I do not venture to advise you on the subject. I only recommend you to learn first what is most necessary and most suitable to your condition. You are now acquainted with four languages. If in your hours of amusement you can learn enough German to understand it anyhow, I think you will be employing yourself well. Next to the knowledge of the way of salvation, which is the most essential thing of all, and which we learn from the sacred scriptures, next to this, I believe nothing will be of greater use to you than to study that branch of moral philosophy which treats of justice and injustice. I need not speak to you of reading history, by which more than anything else men's judgments are shaped, because your own inclination carries you to it, and you have made great progress in it. But perhaps you are occupied with other matters, and my tedious letters only weary you. I must however remind you to take good care of your health, and not to injure it with too much study. Nothing excessive lasts long, and a sound mind is not enough unless it dwells in a sound body. Since you are somewhat serious by nature, you should choose companions who can enliven you with becoming entertainment. The noble Count of Hannau and all his suite are greatly attached to you. I advise you to make yourself most intimate with them. There will always be good men who will esteem it a favour if you will seek their friendship, and, as long as you remain what you are, you will find men all over the world to love you and show you kindness.

It is supposed that the Emperor will go to Prague within two months, and therefore I begin to fear that I shall be unfortunate enough to lose the sight of you when you come back into Germany, which would be a most bitter disappointment to me. And even if things so fall in with my desire, that I may see you once more, I shall not enjoy the pleasure long. I foresee what pain I shall suffer in parting from you, and I would gladly find some remedy for it; but nothing occurs to me, unless a portrait of you might perhaps be a relief to me. And though your likeness is so engraven on my heart, as to be always before my sight, yet I beg you kindly to indulge me so far as to send it to me, or bring it when you come back. One reason why I wish to have it, is that I may show it to those friends to whom I say what I think of your worth, and what hopes I entertain of your character; for they feel that no man can possess such a gifted mind, without showing marks of it in his person, and especially in his face; and therefore they desire greatly to see you. But I hope you will consider yourself at liberty to say no, without offending me; for I should be sorry to make a request that could be disagreeable to you. The sight of your portrait at our friend Abondius', wrought upon me so, that when I came home I wrote these verses, which I send to you, though from my earliest youth I have never tried my hand on anything of the kind. I venture to expose myself to your mirth, and to say that I do not consider them altogether from the purpose, and to request therefore that they may be written under the portrait which you will cause to be painted, if there shall be room for them.

I return my warmest thanks to Master Brusket for his very kind letter, which I would have answered, if I had had time; but in truth I have been much engaged,

and even while I write this, I have in my chamber my good friend Dr. Andreas Paulus, a counsellor of my most noble prince, a man of eminent abilities and truly attached to me; who loves you though he never saw you, and sends you his dutiful service.—Farewell.

Vienna, 22nd January, 1574.

SIDNEY TO LANGUET.

OUR last letter was on many accounts most delightful to me, full as it was of your affectionate regard for me. I am glad you approve of my intention of giving up the study of astronomy, but about geometry I hardly know what to determine. I long so greatly to be acquainted with it, and the more so because I have always felt sure that it is of the greatest service in the art of war; nevertheless I shall pay but sparing attention to it, and only peep through the bars, so to speak, into the rudiments of the science. Of Greek literature I wish to learn only so much as shall suffice for the perfect understanding of Aristotle. For though translations are made almost daily, still I suspect they do not declare the meaning of the author plainly or aptly enough; and besides, I am utterly ashamed to be following the stream, as Cicero says, and not go to the fountain head. Of the works of Aristotle, I consider the *politics** to be the most worth reading; and I mention this in reference to your advice that I should apply myself to moral philosophy. Of the German language, my dear Hubert, I absolutely

* In 1579 he writes to his brother, “ I think you have read Aristotle’s ethics; if you have you know it is the beginning and foundation of all his works.”—See Appendix.

despair. It has a sort of harshness,* you know very well what I mean, so that at my age I have no hope that I shall ever master it, even so as to understand it; nevertheless to please you, I will sometimes, especially at dinner, practise it with my good Delius. I readily allow that I am often more serious† than either my age or my pursuits demand; yet this I have learned by experience, that I am never less a prey to melancholy than when I am earnestly applying the feeble powers of my mind to some high and difficult object. But enough of this.

I am both glad and sorry that you ask me so urgently for my portrait; glad, because a request of this kind breathes the spirit of that sweet and long-tried affection with which you regard me; and sorry that you have any hesitation in asking me so mere a trifle. For even if there were not between us that true and genuine friendship which throws into shade all other feelings, as the sun obscures the lesser lights, still I have received that from you, which gives you a right to demand from me as a debt greater things than this. As soon as ever I return to Venice, I will have it done either by Paul Veronese,‡ or by Tintoretto,§ who hold by far the highest

* “The Dutch so (full) of the other side with consonants, that they cannot yield the sweet sliding fit for verse.”—Sidney’s Defence of Poesie.

† “The curious wits, seeing dull pensiveness

Bewray itself in my long settled eyes,
Whence those same fumes of melancholy rise
With idle pains and misfing’ aim do gues” &c.—

Astrophel and Stella, xxiii.

‡ Paolo Cagliari of Verona, born in 1532.—Titian’s most celebrated pupil.

§ Giacomo Robusti, son of a dyer, hence called Tintoretto, born in 1512; he painted with great rapidity. In comparing him with Veronese, Pilkington says, “If Tintoretto was allowed to imitate nature with superior force and vivacity and more truth and colour, Veronese was

place in the art. As to your lines, although it is truly a thing to boast of, “ to be praised by one so full of praise,” and though they are most welcome to me as testifying your undying affection for me, yet I cannot think of finning so grievously against modesty, as to have such a proclamation of my praises, especially as I do not deserve them, inscribed on my portrait. Therefore in this thing I pray you to pardon me, in all else command me, and I will satisfy you as far as I can ; the will at any rate shall not be wanting. Forgive me this letter, full as it is of blots and scores, for I write in haste.—Farewell, your most loving and dutiful,

PHILIP SIDNEY.

Padua, 4th of February, 1574.

Meantime I give you with pleasure the likeness which Abondius drew, and I will either send or bring him a token. Once more farewell.

To the most noble and excellent Master Hubert Languet,
My much honoured master and friend, at Vienna.

LANGUET TO SIDNEY.



SHOULD be glad, as I wrote to you before, if you could acquire such a knowledge of German as to understand the language when you hear or read it : learn it perfectly you cannot without

acknowledged to have a finer invention, more grace in his figures, more dignity in his characters and more elegance.”—Tintoretto was also a pupil of Titian, who is said to have been jealous of his ability and driven him from his studio.

much time and labour. You English have more intercourse with the Germans than with any other people, and their authority and power as a nation is already the greatest in christendom, and no doubt will yet be increased by the folly of my own country and other neighbouring states. It seems to me quite absurd that your countrymen should make such a point of speaking Italian well, since, as far as I know, you derive no advantage from them ; on the other hand they derive the greatest from you, and therefore they ought rather to learn your language. Perhaps you are afraid you will not persuade them to take your money, unless you speak with perfect fluency. See, my dearest Sidney, how I trifle with you ; and now that I am in the vein, I am going to give you something still more trifling.

As my ill luck would have it, I chanced the other day upon two most charming writers, one of whom describes France, the other England. The former is Robert Cœnalis,* Bishop of Avranches, a very silly and ignorant person. The other would think himself greatly affronted if I called him English, since he repeatedly proclaims himself a Cambrian, not an Englishman. His name is Humfrey Lhuid,† and if he is not learned, he is a man

* Robert Cœnalis, or Cenau, sometimes called by a play on his name, le Soupier, among several other works, published at Paris in 1557, " Gallica historia in duos distincta tomos, quorum prior ad anthographiam Gallici Principatus, posterior ad foli chirographiam pertinet." Critics seem to agree fully in the opinion expressed by Languet. Humfrey Lhuid finds fault with him for saying that the Britons of this country are an offshoot of the people of Brittany.

† " Britannicæ descriptionis fragmentum, auctore Humfredo Lhuyd Denbyghensi Cambro Britanno. Written in Latin by H. Lhuid of Denbigh a Cambre Britayne, and lately Englished by Thomas Twyne ... London 1573." In 1584 David Powel published "The superior say of Cambria now called Wales, a part of the most famous Yland

of extensive reading, but now and then forms his judgments in such a way that he seems totally destitute of common sense. He scourges the unfortunate Hector Boetius* and Polydore Virgil† so cruelly that even if they have grievously erred, the punishment seems greater than the fault. It is well for you that your ancestors drew their blood from France : for he says that the Saxons, from whom the English are descended, were nothing but pirates and robbers. You know that the German writers have plundered us poor Gauls of the empire which they declare we never possessed. They say that the expedition of Godfrey of Bouillon to Jerusalem was theirs : and that the Greek and Latin writers, early and late, are talking nonsense when they say that the Gauls made so many irruptions into Italy, burnt Rome, penetrated into Greece and even into Asia, since these all were undoubtedly Germans. But the good Welshman is so far from being touched with these our misfortunes, that he adds

of Britaine, written in the British language above two hundred years past, translated into English by H. Lhuid Gentleman." Dr. Powell published this book at the request of Sir H. Sidney, Lord President of Wales, father of Sir Philip, to whom it was dedicated. He speaks of Maister Lhuid as a " painful and a worthy searcher of Brytish antiquities."

* Author of the History of Scotland, published at Paris in 1526. Lhuid says of him (I use Mr. Twyne's translation) " And here I cannot marvel enough what came in mind to that Hector, not the Trojan but the Scotte, impudently to affirm that Caractacus was a Scot, seeing that there was no such nation at that time in the worlde, but if there were, it was so enfolded in darknesse, &c."

† "An Italian by birth," says Strype, "that had served both the Henries, 7th and 8th, and was made Archdeacon of Wells. He wrote the English History in twenty-six books." Lhuid says of him, "He defameth the Britaynes themselves with scandalous lies * * * most impudently calleth them dastards ; but an impudent beggare groome full fraught in envie and hatred, what dareth he not do or say ?"

insult to them ; some of the Germans had left us the incendiary Brennus, in consideration of his sacrilege and horrible death ;* but he takes him away from us and makes him a Welshman.† And now hear the man's wretched fate, or rather the vengeance of the Gods ; for I conclude that Vulcan, grateful for his wife's detection, desired to make some return to Apollo, who was still angry with Brennus and all his admirers for the sacrilege perpetrated at Delphi. I had gone on half asleep reading my good Welshman till very late at night ; and somehow or other it fell out that the flame of my lamp caught the book, and before I could put the fire out, it was well nigh burnt up, for it was not bound. I was distressed at first, but when I recovered myself I began to laugh, and reflected that it was a good thing for me, as it deprived me of the occasion of wasting my time on such follies. I was on the point of sending you the scorched remains of my poor Cambrian, that you might desire your Griffin his countryman to perform his obsequies, while you offered a laugh to appease the ghost. But I beseech you tell Griffin to write him an epitaph in Welsh and send it to me.

The Archduke Ernest is on his way back, having

* “ His army was wholy almost miraculously slain by the fal of a mightie great cliffe, wherewith Brennus beeynge strooke w. sorrow, a most courageous gentleman as he was, flewe himselfe.”—Lhuid.

† That is a Kimbrian or Cymry. “ Diodorus says that these Kimbri were the people who took Rome and sacked Delphi. * * * * * When we see that the people now calling themselves Kymry, namely the Welsh, do actually differ in language and customs from the Keltic tribes of Ireland and Scotland, the statement of Diodorus does appear to contain a real truth.”—Arnold's Hist. of Rome, I. ch. 24.—Lhuid derives the name of Wales from the German Wälsh, foreign—usually applied by Germans to the Italians.—See a note in Coleridge's translation of Wallenstein, page 102.

failed, they tell me, in the purpose for which he had been sent into Bohemia. The Bohemians will make no bargain with the son ; they must have the man who can not only take what they offer, but give them something in return. It will, therefore, be necessary for the Emperor to go to Prague, which I suppose he will do about the latter end of March. I wish you could be with us by that time ; we would travel together to Prague, perhaps farther, and go over whatever is worth seeing in Moravia and Bohemia, and cheat the time on the road in conversation that might not be unpleasing to you, and to me would be delightful. This I write to you, and to you only. They say the King of Poland has arrived at Posen.* The fifth of next month is named for the funeral of King Sigismund Augustus, and the 10th for the inauguration of the new King. My letters are trifles, which I fear will soon weary you. Farewell, and greet my friends.

Vienna, 28th January, 1574.

SIDNEY TO LANGUET.

ERILY our poor Cambro-Briton, who has drawn on himself the wrath of Apollo and Vulcan for the fault of Brennus, has met with handsome treatment at your hands ; and yet I think I observe a slight failing of your usual benevolence. For, as if you thought his crime not fully atoned for in the fire, you proceed to rob him of that which he is proud

* The historians of the day give a full and magniloquent description of the reception of the King by his subjects ; a train of 40,000 gentlemen on horseback is said to have met him.

to claim as his own by right of inheritance. As to his assertion that the Saxons were pirates and thieves, see you to that: I am strong in the consciousness of my French blood, and grant it with all my heart. My regard for you however urges me to bid you reflect, and it is a serious matter, that our unknown saint, whoever he may be, who is of the same country and quality, may be ill pleased that you should raise such a laugh at his cousin after the flesh: and so perchance in his anger may wield against you his hieroglyphical monad,* like Jove's lightning. Such is the wrath of heavenly Spirits.

Griffin† had a good deal to say in memory of master Lhuid, and made him a sort of funeral oration, while I appeased his ghost with a hearty laugh. Among other things, in order to efface the brand of folly which you had stamped on the worthy Lhuid, he says that as far as regards Brennus he is quite right, and proves it from the name, for in their language, the ancient Briton, Brennus‡ means King, and was as much in vogue with

* I cannot find a satisfactory explanation of this expression. The ancient Welsh legends are called Triads; perhaps Sidney, who was acquainted with Welsh literature from his residence at Ludlow, may intend to designate by the term Monad, Master Lhuid's single history: or can it be intended to compare the leek, the emblem of Wales, with the bolt that painters put in the hand of Jupiter?

† In the will of Sir Philip Sidney, a legacy of £40 a year is left to his faithful servant Griffin Madox. Sydney Papers.

‡ “If we believe that the name of Brennus was really borne by the leader of the attack on Rome, and that this word is no other than the Kymrian Brenhin, which signifies King or Leader, then we must conclude that although the mass of the invaders were Gael, yet that not only were there Kymrians joined with them, but that a Kymrian chief commanded the whole expedition.” Arnold. Hist. Rome. Lhuid argues farther, from a word or two of their language, reported by Pliny and Pausanias, which he identifies with the Cambrian, viz. *Mor morus*-*sum* the Dead sea, in Welsh, *Mor morw*, and *trimarchbifia*, a party of three horsemen, from *tri* three, and *marcb* a horse.

them as Pharaoh or Ptolemy with the Egyptians, Arfaces among the Kings of Parthia, and Hubert among hunters. And from this argument, not so strong as it might be, he concludes that this most notable robber was a countryman of his own. And let me entreat you grant him so much. But enough of jesting: seriously, let me say that I am very desirous to see you again, and if the Almighty shall grant my request, I shall soon be with you, perhaps before your intended journey to Prague. In the meantime, if you please, I beg you will write to me of all your own affairs, and send me any news that you may hear. For in your letters I fancy I see a picture of the age in which we live: an age that resembles a bow too long bent, it must be unstrung or it will break. And therefore do me this favour, my dearest Hubert, and as far as you can safely trust your sentiments in writing, let me have them. For your letters are most delightful to me for many reasons: and the one reason which includes all the rest, is that they are yours.

We have received no news from England, except that your friend* Walsingham, is made joint secretary with Smith, and has been admitted a member of the Privy Council, as we call it; a pretty strong testimony of the high estimation in which our Queen holds him.

With this letter of mine, you will also hear from the Count of Hannau, and all his people. I trust you will answer them, for they are marvellously attached to you. Pray give my humble service and much greeting to Master Vulcobius. I would write to him more fre-

* Walsingham was Ambassador at Paris, at the time of the massacre, and there Languet had known him. Strype says he was made Secretary jointly with Sir T. Smith, in January, 1573. Smith said of himself at this time, that "he was thoroughly weary, tam animo quam corpore, and could scarce endure any longer," and he died in 1577.

quently, but that I feel I have no worthy matter for writing ; and I leave to the men of Perugia to trouble men of business with their nonsense ; do not forget the same civility to my excellent friend Bouchetell. Nothing more occurs to me to say at present, and so I will make an end, only exhorting you to continue to love me. Farewell, your most loving

PHILIP SIDNEY.

Padua, 11th February, 1574.

Brusket commands him to you with all duty.

To the most excellent Master Hubert Languet, my ever honoured master and friend, at Vienna.

LANGUET TO SIDNEY.

* * * * *

 WROTE to you lately what I thought of your studies. I entreat you make an effort to improve your pronunciation. Nothing is impossible to your abilities. You will find some little trouble at first, but believe me you will not need much time to accomplish it, and you will gain the more credit, because so few of your countrymen take any pains about it. Find out some man of letters, whose pronunciation pleases you, and converse with him alone daily for half an hour on various subjects. Take at first the pronunciation of the letter A to correct, and desire your friend to check you whenever you say it wrong, and every time you are checked, pay him some little fine in money, or what you please. I am sure that in five or six days you will find you have spent your time well and will go on to the rest with more alacrity. I would not recommend it to a dull man, but you can do what you wish, and so you need not

answer me with your favourite line* about “ nature recurring ;” for if you will not do as I ask, I shall lay the blame on the want of will and energy, not on poor innocent nature. Scarcely two months have passed since you began to write to me, and yet in that short time you seem to me to have improved more than many men would in a year. I have watched you closely when you were speaking my own language, but I hardly ever detected you pronouncing a single syllable wrongly ; I entreat you, my dear Sidney, for my sake, try this one thing, and then the most ill-natured censors will have no fault to find with you. Pardon the love which makes me trouble you with these admonitions.

I send you the speech which I mentioned to you, rather to comply with your request, than because I think it worth your reading. It has certainly been published without my knowledge, and much against my will. Our King of Posts has at last reached Poland safe and sound ; his inauguration is again put off to the 17th of this month ; while I write, I hear it is once more put off to the 21st. The reports of the invasion of Lithuania by the Russians are untrue. Their king sends a splendid embassy to Poland, consisting they say of 1000 horsemen ; the ambassadors are at Smolensko on the Borysthenes, where they are waiting for *literæ commeatus*, safe conducts as they are called, which I hear have been sent to them. It is supposed they will make proposals for a truce or a peace. The Emperor's health is growing troublesome ; he is afflicted with calculus and has lost his appetite. Of my poor France I can only say what Petrarch says : “ Pace non trovo e non ho da far guerra.” They who say that several towns of Holland have given themselves up to

* *Naturam expellas furcâ, tamen usque recurret.* Horace.

the new governor of Belgium are greatly mistaken ; I do not believe a single goose has been surrendered ; he is diligently fitting out a fleet for the relief of the Middleburghers,† who are suffering from the want of supplies ; he will not do it without a battle, for the Gueux‡ are at the mouth of the Scheldt and seem most desirous of fighting. The Prince of Orange is at Flushing that he may be at hand to manage matters. Farewell ; love me, greet my friends, and remember what I wrote about your portrait.

Vienna, 5th Feb. 1574.

* * * * I wonder you say nothing in your last letter about your return, as you always did before. I dare not say that you are so fascinated by the alluring splendours of Italy, as to have forgotten us and ours, for you would be angry with me as you were formerly. But yet if there is any reason why you think you ought to change your plans, I should wish you to let me know in good time, that I may not nurse the vain hope, and feel it the more when I find myself deceived. They write word constantly as I told you before, that the King of Poland is to be inaugurated on the 21st of this month, but some are beginning to doubt about it, and suspect the ceremony will be put off until April. If it should turn

† The siege of Middleburgh had lasted now two years ; it was the only town that held out for the Spaniards in Zealand.

‡ When on the 5th of April 1566, the confederate nobles of Belgium, headed by St. Aldegonde, De Brederode, and Count Lewis, presented their manifesto to the Duchess of Parma, Berlaimont, one of her counsellors, observed that she had nothing to fear from such a band of beggars (*tas de gueux*). The saying was reported among the confederates at the grand supper given that evening by De Brederode, and the name of Gueux was adopted by them with the greatest enthusiasm. De Brederode himself flung a beggar's wallet at his back, and proposed the toast " Long live the Gueux."

out so, I would advise you not to lose such an opportunity, unless you have resolved not to come back at all to this part of the world. We have hopes too, that about that time King Rodolph will be elected to succeed his father as King of Bohemia. But when we have certain information on these points, I will write to you at once. In the mean time, you might make your tour through such parts of Italy as you have determined to visit, so that there may be nothing to delay you when you shall be called upon to hasten away.

Vienna, 13th Feb. 1574.

SIDNEY TO LANGUET.

“  UST in time,” as I believe Davus says in Terence. I was quite prepared to display all my authority in remonstrating with you, because this Friday, contrary to custom, had almost passed without a letter from you; when lo! it comes. It soon made me give up my fierce resolution, and indeed, from a vehement prosecutor turned me into a trembling defendant. You bring many charges against me, but the worst of all is, that in my last letter I said nothing about my return, as if it was necessary to repeat it now, when I have so often assured you of it before. If indeed I should change my plans, it would be a want of courtesy in me, not to acquaint you with the change; but while I continue in the same mind, why should I go on dinging into your ears the same story, trifling as it is? But I know this comes of your regard for me; that you are never weary of hearing any thing that concerns me in the smallest degree. And therefore, unless you will have me

to be ungrateful, in other words a monster, you must not believe it possible that I should either forget your affection, or suffer your friendship to be supplanted by any new connections.

The rumour of peace made between the Turk and the son of Mahomet* has sunk into a whisper, yet there is some mischief in it without doubt; for the Venetians are being very roughly dealt with. One thing is clear, that they will be glad of a peace on the hardest terms. You have of course heard of the naval battle and the complete victory of the Gueux.† In France, they say that the Huguenots‡ are moving without a check all over Languedoc, Dauphiné, and Provence; and that Montmorency has been trying to remove the king by poison.§ “Such are the fruits of royal friendships.” Pray write me word if these reports are true, my dear Hubert. I shall hunt

* Tahmasp, the reigning Shah of Persia, and his family, called themselves descendants of the Prophet.

† This action took place on the 29th January, at Shackerloo. The Spanish fleet under Romero and De Glimes was sailing to the relief of Middleburgh. Louis Boisot, admiral of Zealand, met them and totally defeated them under the eyes of Requefens, who stood on the dyke of Shackerloo. Middleburgh surrendered on the 19th February.

‡ De Thou says this name was given to the Protestants at Tours, where he says the goblin that frightens children is King Hugo, and the Protestants used to meet at night, in places frequented by ghosts. Dupuy adds in a note, “Les Huguenots pretendent que ce nom leur est honorable, puisque ils defendoient la postérité de Hugues-Capet contre les Guises.”

§ This refers probably to the charge shortly after brought against De la Mole, who was apprehended with Montmorency, Alençon, and Navarre, on suspicion of conspiracy; namely, that he had in his possession a “little wax figure, framed with certain incantations, and having a needle stuck through the heart.” “La Reigne Mere vouloit qu'on creust qu'elle avoit été faite pour devouer le Roi.” Mezerai. Charles IX. was lying in a hopeless state at the time.

out all that you have written, private or published, about the Polish inauguration.

This day one Paul of Verona has begun my portrait, for which I must stay here two or three days longer. Love me, and farewell. Venice, 26th Feb. 1574.

I have written this letter half asleep.

Yours from my heart,

PHILIP SIDNEY.

To the most excellent Hubert Languet,
My ever honoured Master and friend, at Vienna.

LANGUET TO SIDNEY.

YOU advise me in your last letter, not to be so careful for the safety of others, while I disregard my own ; for that you know many Papists entertain no little hatred against me. My very dear Sidney, I am anxious for your safety, because I consider your birth, your disposition, your thirst for goodness, the progress you have already made—and I know what your country has a right to hope of you, if it shall please God to grant you life—with me it is a very different matter, since the lowliness of my station and abilities, as well as increasing age, does not suffer me to be useful either in public or in private, although the will is not wanting. And therefore I fear no danger, since I see that my life is of no good to any one, and that death will but deliver me from the wretchedness in which I live ; for what can be more distressing to a man, who has the feelings of humanity, than to be a witness of such crimes, as for 10

or 12 years have been, and still are, perpetrated in my unhappy France and in Belgium? The hatred of the Papists which you speak of, does not disturb me; my life and my death are in the hands of God, and they can do to me no more than God shall permit. But one advantage I obtain from their hatred of me, namely, that I shall feel less pain than I otherwise should have done when I see their overthrow.

The Roman Pontiff transforms himself into every shape to prop his falling throne; but God turns his wicked counsels to his ruin. From him and him alone, came the plan for executing the nobles* in Belgium, for that monstrous massacre of so many innocent men in France, and for the Polish election.† But mark what profit these plots have brought to the plotters, and to the princes who follow them. When Alva came to Belgium he found every thing in peace, the religion of the Pope restored all over the land, and the country abounding in wealth, from which his king was drawing vast revenues. But acting on the persuasion that the religion of Rome could never be established there, unless all those were removed who seemed inclined to fall away, he brought things to this pass, that Pope and Spaniard are in no small danger of losing the country altogether. Two years ago France, as you saw yourself, was in perfect peace, and was beginning to draw breath after all that

* The brave Counts Egmont and Horn were beheaded in the great square at Brussels, June 5, 1568.

† In September 1572, the Pope, Gregory XIII. ordered a public and universal thanksgiving for the victory gained over the Turks at Lepanto, the successes of Alva in Belgium, and the destruction of the enemies of the Church in France, with prayers for the appointment of a Catholic prince to the crown of Poland.—De Thou. He also had a medal struck to commemorate the Massacre of St. Bartholomew.

bloodshed, and to recover itself to a certain extent. Our friends were allowed to preach in some places, but the whole administration was in the hands of the Papists ; yet the Pope, not contented with this, was the deviser of that notable plan for making away with the poor remains of our friends, such as survived all those wars and cruel defeats. The Admiral was killed, and many good men † perished with him ; and then the Pope thought that he had fairly established his supremacy in France. What was the result ? Instantly war burst forth in various quarters of France, and even reached the dominions of the Pope himself. I fear the consequences will be still more awful ; nor can I have much hope from the peace which is now proposed.

Again, the Pope contrived that Anjou should be preferred to the Austrian in the Polish election, because he thought he would be more rigid than the other in maintaining the religion of Rome ; for he was afraid the Emperor would recommend to his son milder measures. Anjou obtained the crown, that is, from a state of great happiness he was plunged into no small troubles. But the Pope has lost a support of his power in France, such as he will hardly find again. So you see that the wicked devices of the court of Rome find a very different result from that which they hoped. Yet he does not cease stirring up troubles in all directions. What will be the end ? I will tell you what I think, though I hope I may be a false prophet. These civil wars which are wearing out the strength of the princes of Christendom, are opening a way for the Turks to get possession of Italy ; and if

† Among the most distinguished were Francis de la Rochefoucault, and Teligny, the son-in-law of the Admiral : whose widow was married to William, Prince of Orange, and was eyewitness of the murder of both her husbands.

Italy alone were in danger, it would be less a subject for sorrow; since it is the forge in which the causes of all these ills are wrought; but there is reason to fear that the flames will not keep themselves within its frontier, but will seize and devour the neighbouring states. Farewell. Vienna, 26th March 1574. I have requested you more than once not to show my letters; once more I make the request.

* * * * *

Of my unfortunate France I shall say nothing, because I suppose you hear more from thence than we. In Belgium the war rages more and more; Orange is said to have found a rich booty in Middleburgh. Mondragon, the governor of the place, was sent to the Spaniards, to treat with them for an exchange of prisoners, and promised if he failed to return to Orange within two months, and bound himself by oath and by hostages. But when he reached Antwerp, the commander* desired a Spanish Jesuit, Father Strigosa to absolve him from his oath, saying that no promise is to be kept with heretics. I think the Gueux had better henceforth bind their prisoners with a rope instead of an oath. The Prince, when he had settled matters in Zealand, returned to Holland with 40 ships. Fifty more failed to the westward, and about the straits of Calais fell in with 27 sail, Spanish, Portuguese and French; of which they took 22, the rest escaped.

* Requestens. The story however is not true; Mondragon's parole extended to six months: he was faithful to his engagement, and was exchanged for St. Aldegonde and three others. He served 30 years in the Netherlands, and led many dangerous exploits; yet he was never wounded; he fought and won his last battle in 1595, in which Philip of Nassau was killed, and soon after he died, aged 92, as Watson writes; De Thou says "octogenarius."

We do not yet know whether Christopher the Palatine and Count Lewis of Nassau have crossed the Meuse with their army. They were encamped for some time between Aix-la-chapelle and Maestricht ; holding that part of Maestricht which is on the right bank of the Meuse. The Spaniards here say that Sancho Davila has cut off near 700 of their men. A fleet of sixty sail is being fitted out in the bay of Biscay, which they say John of Austria is to take to Belgium.* If he does so, perhaps he will find some one to salute him on his way ; but I hardly think the King of Spain will take them away from Italy, which is in no small danger from the Turkish fleet.

Bizarro has written to Master Vulcobius, that something has happened in England which has made the Queen increase the number of her body guards, but he does not explain ; if you know any thing of the matter pray tell me. Farewell, and greet my friends.

Vienna, 1st April, 1574.

SIDNEY TO LANGUET.

 HIS last letter of yours has so distressed me, that I can hardly summon courage to reply to it. Alas ! my dear Languet ! is it possible that you are unhappy, when you are admired and loved by every man who has a spark of goodness in him ? If it were any thing in your private concerns which thus disturbs you, I should beg and beseech you by the love I bear to you, and by our

* The destruction of Philip's fleet in the harbour of Antwerp by the Zealanders put an end to these preparations ; for the two fleets were intended to act together.—Watson.

sworn friendship, which I shall cherish as long as I live, to let your advancing age repose on my affection (true, it has not much power, yet inclination of itself may effect something), and be assured that there is nothing I call my own, to which you have not by the same title a prior claim. But as I have long known your strength of mind; and as I perceive from this very letter, that your grief arises from the state of the good cause and your own dear country, I have nothing more to write. What if I should offer you consolation, by citing from remote history examples of other kingdoms, which have not only recovered from a far more desperate condition, but have afterwards mastered the world? My youth and my deficiencies forbid this. Then must I hold my peace, and pass over that part of your letter in silence? Surely that would be to neglect my friend, and break every law of friendship. And so, since I am ashamed to speak and ashamed to hold my peace, I think it better to say a few words, so as to do the duty, as far as may be, of a modest man, and at the same time a loving friend.

In the first place then, my very dear Hubert, let me advise you to consult yourself more frequently, and listen to your own judgment on these matters. For your own understanding is so vigorous, that no man living can give you more wholesome counsel than you can give yourself. In the next place, and especially, I entreat you to look at the wounds from which the Church of God is now suffering, singly and separately, that you may not by an accumulation of ills be tempted to despair. I mean, for example, that you should consider the troubles of France by themselves, and not crowd into the same picture, your own misfortunes and those of Flanders too. I think by this means, you will be more likely to discover any hope that may fairly be entertained,

amidst so many dangers. For my part (but this is probably but a weakness that belongs to youth), I have begun to be in better spirits, since I heard that the King of Poland had rid France of his presence, and that the cause of the Huguenots is succeeding as we could wish in Aquitaine. But then I know that you look far into the future, and see not only these bare facts, but their consequences too; and therefore I hope you will receive what I have said, not as advice, but as the expression of my very great regard for you.

With respect to Belgium, truly I cannot see how it could have happened better: for though that beautiful country is all on fire, you must remember that the Spaniards cannot be driven from it without all this conflagration: and for my part, I think it is far better that Saguntum should burn, than that false Hannibal* should possess so much without dispute. The last part of your lamentation, is upon the danger which seems to threaten Italy from the Turk; and yet, if this should come to pass, what could be more desirable. First of all that rotten member will be removed, which has now so long infected the whole Christian body; and the forge in which, as you observe, are wrought the moving springs of all these ills, will be swept away: then will the Princes of Christendom be forced to wake up from their deep sleep; and your countrymen, who are now cutting each other's throats, will be driven to join forces, and stand fast against the common foe: just as fighting dogs when they see the wolf at work among their sheep. But there is more behind; I am convinced that this baneful Italy would so contaminate the very Turks; would so ensnare them with all its vile allurements, that

* Philip II.

they would soon fall down of themselves from their high place ; and this, if I am not mistaken, we shall see in our days.

But that which makes me wonder most of all is, how it could occur to you that you can no longer be of any use to your country or your friends, and therefore that you have no motive for desiring to live. I will say no more, nor will I attempt to express what I think on this subject, further than this, which I declare and will maintain as long as I live, that I have derived more advantage from my acquaintance with you, than from all the time I have spent on my travels. This is enough for the present. But my dear Hubert, do not think it is either arrogance, which I hope is not one of my faults ; nor mere loquacity, which, however, Xenophon thought no fault in young Cyrus ; but an inclination or rather impulse of my mind that has moved me to write thus much to you : I was desirous to do what I could to relieve you from that distress, which I perceived was somewhat disturbing you ; and yet I readily allow that all this simply comes under the proverb, *Sus Minervam.*

But now for a lighter strain. In the same letter you are careful to clear yourself of a certain Italian crime of writing too much, which was very unnecessary ; your time to defend yourself will be when you do not write at all. For I am well aware that you Burgundians are not such nice geniuses as to take over much delight in writing ; you may fairly concede that honour to the Perugians, from whom have issued, as you tell me in the letter I received with this last, certain news of the number of guards in our palace being increased : which news, as it seems to me, smells of the lamp of Pietro Bizarro, with due respect I name him. For as Tigranes said of Lucullus's army, they are enough and too many for the

purpose to which they are destined: but if any new danger is apprehended, other means must be applied. This much is certain, that the Queen is making greater preparations both by sea and by land than ever before, and has lately commanded all foreign artizans, as they are called, and these are nearly all Belgians, to leave London. She has done it with this view, that they may thus be forced to return into Belgium and defend their own homes; which, doubtless, will be a great gain to Orange, for they are as many as 20,000 in number. Besides this, there is no news, except about the Biscay fleet, and the splendid banquets of the Pope; for he is quite what men call a “Good Fellow.”*

With this letter I send you some from the Count of Hannau and his people, which he sent to me last week, but later than he ought; you must not answer them until you hear from me, for he is gone to make a tour of the midland parts of Italy; here you see your unfairnes, but I must hold my peace, for I have promised him; however, be pleased to remember the logical argument a majori. In a few days you will see two noble Englishmen, to whom I shall give letters of introduction to you, and therefore it seems well to write a few words to precede their arrival, and prepare you to receive them with your wonted courtesey. The one, whom I especially commend to you, is master Robert Corbett,† my very greatest friend, a man of high birth, but one who, as Buchanan says,

In excellency of parts outdoes his birth.

* He died at the dinner table, in 1585, “a prandio deceffit.”

De Thou.

† Afterwards Master of Her Majesty’s posts, and one of the Chamberlains of the Exchequer: “Sent from the Queen to the Governor for the King of Spain, October, 1575.”

He is of the right side in religion, and not unpractised in the art of war ; he speaks only Italian. The other is Master Richard Shelley,* my cousin, as also is Corbett, but nearer to me in blood as the other in friendship ; he is a man of erudition, knows well Greek and Latin and Italian, and has some slight acquaintance with French ; but he is sadly addicted to Popery ; when they reach you, if you please you will learn their names from themselves. Farewell, and continue to love me. Venice (I shall return to Padua on Monday), 15th April, 1574. Your truly devoted

PHILIP SIDNEY.

To the most excellent Master Hubert Languet,
My friend much to be respected.

LANGUET TO SIDNEY.

 DO not believe your mind could so soon be tainted with the morals of the people whom you have visited, as to forget utterly one who loves you better than himself, and grudge him the intense pleasure he will feel at hearing you have returned safe to Padua,† to your good friends there. Still, as

* Sir R. Shelley, of Michel Grove, in Sussex, was a stanch Roman Catholic, but a loyal subject of Queen Elizabeth ; he lived many years at Venice, where he was called Signor Conchilio, and gave private information to the Queen's ministers of the movements of the Spaniards. In 1582, he petitioned for leave to return to England, which was granted. His nephew, Richard Shelley, in 1585, presented a petition in favour of the Romanists. See Strype, A. iii. 1. 185.

The Shelleys of later days have intermarried with the Sidneys of Penshurst, and adopted their surname.

† Sidney had made a short tour to Milan and Genoa.

you write not a word of your return, you would give me some grounds for suspicion, if my regard for you, which absolutely rules me, would allow it. And if it should be so, I should not wreak my fury on the Etrurians and Savoyards, from whom my misfortune took its birth ; but I would straight attack the English, and aim all my weapons at them ; and if I should find nothing to charge you with except inconstancy in friendship, I would search out and scrape together, from every quarter, all that could hurt or lower the character of your country, and so satiate myself with sweet revenge. But I will do nothing hastily ; I will command my temper until I am more certainly informed of your disposition towards me, and then I will act according to circumstances. But now let us cease fighting. If I thought that my advice would have any weight with you, I should recommend you as I have before, to keep clear of those places which are under Spanish government. For we hear from many quarters, that troops and other supplies are being sent every day from England to the enemies of Spain, so that no one doubts the Spaniards are irritated against you. Genoa itself is so devoted to Spain, that I doubt if it will be safe for you to stay there long. But perhaps you enjoy the sight of ships fitting out, which is always going on there, and the music of the fetters that bind the poor rowers ; or you are kept there by the desire to see John of Austria on his return to Spain, where I fear he may find only jealousy as his reward for all he has done for his country. For these two natural sons of the King of Spain, who have lately made their appearance, as if from the grave, seem to threaten something of the kind. Doubtless the King will do all he can to honor them, that Don John may have some rivals of consequence. How beautifully every thing is

being made ready for acting in Spain, after the King's death, such a tragedy as we had in France the other day. Perhaps, indeed, the actors, being in the heat of youth, will not wait so long. In France, the crop is ripening which was sown when you and I were there: I hope those who exulted at the sowing will reap in tears. The unhappy King has been reduced by a few evil counsellors to such a state, that he is not only in terror of those whom he has injured, but even of those who have received the greatest benefits from him. I observe that all these things are coming to pass just as I foretold to a friend of mine, in that long letter which you read about the journey of the King of Poland. * * * *

I wish you all good fortune, and beg you not to be so hasty in forgetting your friends.

Vienna, 10th April, 1574.

SIDNEY TO LANGUET.

 NEVER could be induced to believe that Machiavelli was right about avoiding an excess of clemency, until I learnt from my own experience, what he has endeavoured with many arguments to prove. For I, with my usual vice of mercy, endured at your hands, not only injustice, but blows and wounds; hoping that such gentleness would at last bend the most hardened obstinacy. But I am disappointed in my hopes, and seeing that my remedy, far from diminishing, even increases the malady, I shall use it no longer, but I shall substitute wholesome severity for this empty show (for so in truth it is) of clemency. What! have you really persuaded yourself, that

you may not only in safety laugh at the Welsh, paint the Saxon character in its true colours, set down Florentines and Savoyards for thieves and robbers, but you must go a step farther and threaten the English? I should be sorry to pour out my wrath, just though it is, on the Burgundians, out of respect for your patron saint, Hubert, and that sage Duke of yours, Charles* of pious memory, whom the Swis treated with such consideration: but I wish you to answer me this, What has England done to deserve so fierce a persecution at your hands? And not content with this, you challenge me on a private quarrel, as if my country's was not enough to move me; and produce some new suspicions against me, of which the heaviest of all is, that I neglect my duty of writing because I forget you. Oh! I love you! like Geta in the Phormio, you have tried a man's honesty with money, and yet cannot trust him with words. But I shall settle this matter with you in person, and in a very different manner; at present I should be sorry to cast off my usual lenity altogether, because I hope to see by your next letter, that you are duly penitent for so grave a fault.

Monsieur d'Acqs† has returned to Venice. I will endeavour to make his acquaintance, for he is, or at least is said to be, distinguished for every virtue. I hear he brings word that the Turks are making great preparations this year, so that I hope the Spaniards will have to think more about defending their own homes than attacking other men. And hence many persons begin to doubt whether John of Austria will return to Spain.

* Commonly called le Temeraire. The battles of Granson and Morat, in which he was defeated by the Swis, took place in the year 1475.

† Francis de Noailles, Bishop of Acqs, at this time French minister at Constantinople.

Cosmo,* Duke of Florence, died the other day ; his people lament him greatly, with the same feelings as those of the woman of Syracuse, who prayed long life to King Dionysius. His successor is even now busily treating with the Turk, that his Etrurian subjects may have free access to trade in Greece. Whether he will obtain his suit I know not.

As the time approaches for me to keep my promise of returning, that you may not some day, as you have done before, accuse me of inconstancy, I place in your hands the free choice and right of deciding, whether I shall wait until the Count of Hannau goes back, or set out at once on my journey to you, my dear Hubert. I have nothing to add except that Messieurs du Ferrier and Zindelini† continue to show me the greatest attention. Farewell, and if you love me, see that you be not over anxious. Your most loving and dutiful

PHILIP SIDNEY.

Padua, 29th April, 1574.

I beg that you will kindly greet master Vulcobius and Bouchetell from me. Brusket salutes you. I write half asleep, and in the same state I have written a letter which I am sending to Lobetius.

To the most excellent Master Hubert Languet,
My much respected Friend, at Vienna.

* Cosmo, son of John de Medici, was the first Grand Duke of Tuscany, and died on the 21st of April, 1574. He had two or three years before resigned the government to the hands of his son Francesco, “dont le caractère,” says his biographer, “était plus sombre encore et plus sévère que le sien.” Francesco’s life is a history of continual profligacy, and his wife, the notorious Bianca Capello, is supposed to have destroyed herself and him, with the poison she intended for his brother.

† Afterwards a friend and correspondent of Sir Henry Savile.

LANGUET TO SIDNEY.

* * * * *

HE Spaniards have begun to talk more grandly than ever about their affairs, since they lost Zealand ; meantime the Gueux have taken from them the town of Berghem, which is only eight miles from Antwerp, and are now fortifying it ; and the troops of the Palatine Christopher and Lewis of Nassau are laying waste their lands. And yet the Spaniards are so courteous a race, that they not only submit to this, but seem not even to disapprove of it ; they do even the same as their enemies, aye and as I hear, bear harder on their subjects than they. All this time they chatter a great deal about an enormous fleet which is being fitted out in Spain, with which they say they not only intend to recover Holland and Zealand, but in order to take revenge for their disobedience, they will break down the dykes, and let the sea overwhelm them. And they will raise Spanish, Italian, Swiss and German troops in such numbers, that they will not only chastise the rebels, but the neighbouring states too, who have helped to keep alive the war. You English, they will fall upon first, as the chief authors of their misfortunes. See therefore that you fail not your country at so great a need. I would not however have you be too hasty, for they will not, I hope, lay siege to London this spring, for their motto seems to be “ On slow ” (Festina lente). They have been compelled to withdraw the troops which they had in Holland, to meet the enemies’ forces which are attempting to pass the Meuse. And so the Prince of Orange

has marched into Holland with his army, and it is said intends to besiege Amsterdam. Do what they will, the Spaniards will either be driven from Belgium, or will be compelled to end the war by a treaty, of which the first condition will be that they shall all evacuate the country, and that will be a sore thing for them. When first they went there they found it a very warm nest, and did not think they could easily be made to leave it. I hope if you have not done what you promised me, about correcting your pronunciation, that you will do it now. I think it is most essential and yet perfectly easy.—Health and happiness to you.

Vienna, 18th of April, 1574.

* * * * *

I hear that in your part of the world there is a book privately on sale, written in Italian, entitled the Stratagem of the King of France. If you can get a copy or two of this work, you will confer a great favour on myself and Master Vulcobius by sending it to us; but take care to fold it in a small pacquet, and give it to the person who usually forwards your letters. You will settle about your portrait as you please. If you had hopes of coming to us soон, it would be needless to send it to me sooner, but your speed in this matter is very slow. I wish you all health and happiness, and give you joy of your safe return to your friends. Greet Master Brusket and your other attendants from me.

Vienna, 23rd April, 1574.

SIDNEY TO LANGUET.

ALTHOUGH I have no doubt you have received from many quarters, and even from rumour itself, far more certain intelligence than I can give you, writing at this date and from this place, yet I think it my duty on so important a subject to have a few words with you by letter. For as I have always thought it the most delightful fruit of friendship to converse freely with one's friend, that is, with a second self, on any subject, public or private ; so this present occasion of itself seems to demand of all who care for the true religion, to dismiss every other thought, and concentrate on it alone the full powers of their mind. Why all this preface ? Because I would have you believe that I am deeply and sincerely distressed. For I have heard, and that from no obscure persons, but even from the Council of Ten, that Count Lewis* has been defeated and mortally wounded, his brother taken, and a great number of his people slain, among whom the most distinguished are Christopher, son of the Palatine, and certain Counts of the Rhine, as they are called. And they say that such a panic has arisen from this in Belgium, that unless some Christian prince comes to the rescue, affairs are tending to a surrender. I hope indeed, and hope because I wish, that this is a false rumour, spread about to please the Spaniards, who desire nothing

* On the 15th of April, D'Avila forced him to an action at Mook, near Nimeguen. Lewis and Henry of Nassau, and Prince Christopher, were killed. The death of Lewis is variously related. There was a report, says Strada, that he was killed by some countrymen the day after the battle, as he was washing his wounds in the Meuse.

so much as that men should believe they are prospering. But howsoever it may be, my dearest Languet, this at least is certain, that our princes are enjoying too deep a slumber ; nevertheless, while they indulge in this repose, I would have them beware that they fall not into that malady, in which death itself goes hand in hand with its counterpart.

I lately saw a work written with some skill (if I can get it I will send it to you), in which the author strongly urges the princes whom he calls Catholic, to carry out the decrees of the Council of Trent ; and he finds occasion for this especially in the disgraceful indolence of the German princes ; for while some of them are engaged in carousals, others in absurd hunting parties, others again in turning the course of rivers with lavish expenditure, and all except the Palatine have made up their minds to neglect their people and ruin themselves, he is confident that they may easily be crushed. Good heavens, how I wish that I could pass only one hour with you, for I have much to say which I cannot possibly trust to writing. It will soon be in my power, for the count I hope will shortly return, and will make no stay here, but at once begin the journey to you, and this somewhat calms the vehemence of my desire.

I have written to day to my uncle the Earl of Leycester, and have told him all the results which the Spaniards promise themselves from this victory. Perhaps some good may come of my letter, and if not, at any rate for my own part, I would rather be charged with lack of wisdom than of patriotism. Believe me, my dear Hubert, when I tell you that I have never seen a silly woman exulting at an unexpected piece of news more than some of these Spaniards are doing at this ; and yet they pretend to the character of great moderation ; God grant they may laugh

with a wry face ! But enough of this. I have taken measures about that French stratagem, and before Thursday two copies will be made for me ; it is not printed, because the Pope was moved by the urgent request of the French ambassador to forbid it. For where the Author praised to the skies certain Italian virtues* in the king, the stupid Frenchman thought his master was being insulted instead of praised. As soon as I have it I will send it to you, with a letter to Master Vulcobius. I do not write to him now, both because I am much engaged, and because as he is always busy, I would not trouble him needlessly. Pray greet him heartily, and thank him much for his kind letter to me. Finally, whatever news you have, let me hear it, if so it please you. Farewell, and love me. My Lewis commends him to you in all duty.

Your most loving
PHILIP SIDNEY.

Padua, 7th May, 1574.

To the most excellent Master Hubert Languet,
My very dear friend, at Vienna.

* Mr. Macaulay in his *Essay on Machiavelli*, draws a contrast between the virtues of the Italians and those of the northern nations. "By these," he says, "the excesses of haughty and daring spirits have been treated with indulgence, and even with respect; while the Italians regarded with corresponding lenity those crimes which require self-command, address, quick observation, fertile invention, and profound knowledge of human nature. With the Italian, the most honourable means are those which are the surest, the speediest, and the darkest." Languet, in one of his other letters gives precisely the same view of Italian character.

LANGUET TO SIDNEY.



THE success of Orange against the Spaniards had somewhat cheered us, but this unfortunate battle, in which the army of the Palatine Christopher and Lewis of Nassau has been defeated, has again beaten down our hopes. If it is true that Christopher has fallen, as the Spaniards say, (and they only have received letters about it,) what a blow it will be to that excellent old man, his father, who only permitted him to expose himself to such dangers, through his zeal for the propagation of the true religion, and for the relief of those who are unjustly oppressed by the Spaniards. You judge rightly about Italy; whenever the Turks gain possession of it, all the ancient virtue that remains in them will soon be lost, and so the rest of Christendom will reap a double benefit from its fall. It only remains that I should thank you for so kindly and liberally offering me your aid. I would without hesitation accept it, if I was not sufficiently supplied from other quarters; I have so learned to be content with a little, that I hope I shall never be a burden on my friends; still as a mark of your regard for me, it is most grateful, and I esteem it a kindness.

Vienna, 1st May, 1574.

* * * * *

I admire the candour with which you warn me to beware of you, for that is the meaning of your fierce threats. But there you do not follow the advice of your friend Machiavelli, unless perhaps it is fear that has extorted

those big and sounding words, and you thought that so I might be deterred from my intentions. I wonder it did not occur to you that the Burgundians are men of a high and indomitable spirit, and rise, like the palm,* against pressure from above. But a great man, as he does not give way to the insolence of an enemy, so is easily moved to compassion towards those who are struggling with misfortune, or threatened with danger. So I will lay aside my quarrel, and in the character of a friend I will advise you to look out quickly for some pains-taking man, to instruct you carefully in Maranism,† for without an acquaintance with the science, it is impossible that any one should henceforth, as he might hope to do, attain any high station in England. For the Spaniards say that they are sending John of Austria into Belgium, to crush the Gueux, to subdue the English by the terror of his name, restore the Queen of Scotland to her liberty, marry her,‡ and receive the kingdoms of Scotland and England as her portion. I wish that name Philip, which you are so proud of that you do not spare even St. Hubert, could be changed to John, that you might be a namesake of your future prince, which might open you a way to his favour; and therefore I recommend you to consult your canonists on the subject, and especially your friend Delius. If the thing can be done by indulgence or dispensation, or any other means, spare no expense, that so you may return to your friends with so noble a name. But to speak seriously; the Spaniards, puffed up with their late success, are threat-

* Erasmus in one of his epistles uses this illustration, alluding to Pliny, *Nat. Hist. xvi. 42.*

† Marâna-Broussailles, bruyeres . . . se dit figurément pour entortillement, tromperie.—*De Sejournant. Dict. Espagnol.*

‡ It is generally believed that Don John entertained this ambition, suggested to him perhaps by common report.

ening dreadful things, not only to the Gueux, but also to you English and the Palatine. They say that John of Austria is to lead great reinforcements of Spanish and Italian troops from Milan into Belgium. The Spaniards are also enlisting great numbers, cavalry and infantry, in Germany, and are applying to the Swiss for troops. Besides this, a fleet is being fitted out in Cantabria, so strong that they expect Gueux, English and French will be unable to bear even the sight of it. What say you of all this? The mountain in labour. I entirely believe that they are thinking of peace, since they see that up to this time they have gained nothing by war, and all these big words have this object, that they may buy it as cheap as possible; but they will find more difficulty in that than they anticipate. It is not so hard to raise large armies, but to support them for any length of time, *hoc opus, hic labor eſt*, this is the difficulty. They have very few men in Belgium, and yet they are in mutiny for their arrears of pay, and have put their officers in confinement. I believe the fate of the Roman pontiff will be that of Priam, namely, that he will survive all his friends. This seems to be the determined object of those princes, who wilfully and knowingly are giving themselves over to ruin, to prop his dignity and authority. You English, like foxes, have flunked out of it, with a woman too for your leader, which makes it the more disgraceful and discreditable to us.

I think you err in saying that the French ambassador has returned from Constantinople. Others who write, do not mention it, and his brother who is to succeed him, is still in Poland. We had already heard that the Duke of Florence had descended to Rhadamanthus. Pluto will have enough to do for some days with his new subjects. That man will one day be spoken of as a sagacious and

fortunate prince.* The good hope you give me of your return, has quite made me happy. I forgive you and all the English every sin you have ever sinned against me, and I am almost sorry I have foretold you the misfortunes which are to befall you. It will be far more convenient for you to travel through Germany with the Count, especially as none of your people speak German ; and therefore it is better that you should wait for his coming, so that he comes away before Midsummer ; for I fear the heat for you, spare framed as you are, and knowing as I do your voracious appetite for fruit ; and therefore I forewarn you of fever and dysentery, if you stay there during the summer. I never feel relief from the low spirits, which I suffer for good reasons, but when I read your letters, and so I write at random any thing that comes into my head. Wherefore I pray you to excuse it, and to believe that I have no evil intent in what I write. When you have decided on coming away, I beg you will let me know, that I may not write to no purpose. Farewell, greet my friends, especially master Brufket.

Vienna, 13th May, 1574.

SIDNEY TO LANGUET.

 YOU certainly have behaved with a good deal of temper, seeing that I sent you so fierce a challenge, and I applaud your meekness ; doubtless you were conscious, after so grievous a sin, that it was better frankly to confess your fault than to persist in the

* "In quo summa felicitas cum rara prudentia certavit." De Thou.

error. You have attempted to stir up the wrath of Saint George. I approve your determination.

But my dear Languet, what are we doing? Jesting in times like these? I cannot think there is any man possessed with common understanding, who does not see to what these rough storms are driving, by which all Christendom has been agitated now these many years. If there is any one who sees what is to follow, and is not moved by it, I say that such a man should either take his place among the gods, or be classed with the brutes in human form, *ὡς ἐι θηρίον ἐι θεόν*. But here we have the true enjoyment, or rather the true fruit of friendship, namely, that the recollection of a dear friend is not only a great relief under all sorrow, but that it doth in the midst of most grave affairs, force a man to descend to a certain relaxation of his mind. And this refreshing of the mind consists, more than any thing else, in that seemly play of humour which is so natural, and so ingrafted, so to speak, in the characters of some of the wisest men, that neither Socrates* nor our own More could lose their jest even in the hour of death. So let us even be merry.

“Afric’s parched land rings with the din of war.”

The holders of Goletta† and Tunis are, I believe, Spaniards, but men say they are shivering in spite of all the

* Socrates, before he drank the poison, asked the executioner if he might spare a part for a libation to the gods. More, as he ascended the scaffold, said to the Lieutenant of the Tower, “I pray you see me safe up, and as for my coming down, you may let me shift for myself.”

† Goletta was the seaport of Tunis, and had been fortified by Don John in the last year. The Turkish fleet appeared before it on the 13th of July, and the place was taken after a siege of six weeks. Tunis fell shortly after, and the governor, Zerbelloni, a very brave man, was carried in chains to Constantinople.

heat, but that the Turk can make no great movement this year for want of seamen ; and the same is commonly reported of our Queen. I think I told you that all our English sailors have for some time past found employment in the Prince of Orange's ships. The Spaniards have many stories to tell, some that John of Austria is to go into Flanders with a large force of Italians, others that he will be sent for to Spain ; others again that he will stay in Italy. My belief is that Philip is using him as a Delphian sword,* so as to let the world see he has a leader of such fame in hand, either for the Turk, or for France, if they have any designs against him ; and to keep down by his presence any movement among his Italian subjects, which he begins to be afraid of, while at the same time the prospect of his coming may keep the Flemings to their duty. I hope, while he has all this to do, he may do nothing. The people of Ragusa† contributed forty ships to fit out that Biscay fleet for Philip.

De Foix§ the French ambassador at Rome, is held there in high honour : a common phrase enough, but one that peculiarly suits his case ; for he is *held*, as I have learnt from a person whom I can trust, so fast, that he cannot get away even if he wishes it. But enough of this. I conclude the Count of Hannau is by this time at Padua, for three days ago he was at Ferrara. I am

* Made to serve all purposes,—See Aristotle, *Polit.* I. 1.

† Ragusa was a free state, but had for some time paid an annual tribute of 12,000 ducats to the Sultan. It had a large trade, and the name Argofy, applied to “those vast carracks which are so much famed for the vastness of their burthen and bulk,” is a corruption of Ragofie.—Ricaut. See note by Steevens to the *Merchant of Venice* ; Shakspere's pirate is named Ragozine.

§ Paul de Foix, sent to acknowledge the messages of congratulation from the Pope and the Italian states on the election of Anjou to the crown of Poland. Thuanus (De Thou), the historian, went in his suite.

this day expecting a letter from my father; if it brings any news I will let you know: but I hope I shall be with you before my next letter, though, as I have not yet spoken with the Count, and therefore can form no certain plan, I hope you will answer this; and if your letter should come after my departure, I will take good care that it shall be sent after me to Vienna, and so the collection be increased. Corbett set out for Vienna yesterday, though I expect he will be forced to leave his servant behind him, for he is too unwell to bear the fatigue of such a march. Give my warmest greeting to Master Vulcobius, and to my good Bouchetell. What I wrote to you in a former letter about the French ambassador was a mistake. I had misunderstood du Ferrier who told me of it. Farewell. Venice, 28th May, 1574.

Brusket sends you his humble duty. Since I wrote the above, I hear that the Count has arrived in safety at Padua.

To the most excellent Master Hubert Languet,
My very dear friend, at Vienna.

LANGUET TO SIDNEY.

 ADMIRE the kindness and good feeling, my dear Sidney, with which you sympathize with the misfortunes of good men, while you fear lest the victory which the Spaniards have gained, should prove the ruin of those who oppose their power in Belgium. I told you in my last letter what I think on the subject. What we hear has since happened there, confirms my opinion more and more, since I see that the Spaniards are turning war into robbery, and are more

intent on betraying and plundering their allies, than beating their enemies. I suppose you have heard in what a shameful manner they obtained possession of Antwerp after that victory of theirs, in which business I am at a loss to say whether the Commander is to be charged with folly or treachery. Who will ever trust him again? What discipline can a man ever preserve in his army, who has untied its strongest band? An army that has tasted the plunder of friends, will never run the risk of winning it from an enemy. Though Alva did many things there which might be found fault with, not one of his acts was so disgraceful, nor would he ever have so sinned against the honour of a soldier. Champigny, the brother of Cardinal Granvelle, who commanded at Antwerp with 500 men, has earned himself a glorious name, by thus betraying a city committed to his keeping, though he denies that he had anything to do with the surrender, and complains of those who contrived it, and says that he will go to Spain and lay the whole affair before the king. And to free himself from all suspicion of treason, he wished to lead his men to meet the Spaniards as they rushed into the city; or at least he pretended to wish it, but the Commander ordered him to leave the city with his people. We will acquit him of treachery because he is a Burgundian, still he will never lose the character of a fool, for taking such poor care of the city which was entrusted to him. I am sorry for the fate of the beautiful city, but I hope that its misfortune will be useful to the Prince of Orange, for the Walloons are beginning to be disorderly, and fiercely demand their arrears of pay, and were very near taking possession of Louvain the other day. They are now at Brussels, plundering the environs, and trying to extort money from the citizens by threats.

In the mean time Orange is making the most of his

circumstances. He has lately occupied the town of Ni-meguen, on the right bank of the Meuse, so as to make incursions into Brabant without interruption ; they say that he is laying down a bridge there. Three or four years ago that town came by inheritance to the son of Berlaimont, who was distinguished among the nobles of Belgium for his devotion to the Spaniards, and for the fatal counsel he gave them ; and so Orange, in seizing the city, not only makes a good move, but in a manner takes revenge for the injuries of his country and himself. Thus you see that our party in Belgium is not in so desperate a case, as your friends at Venice say.

When you receive this letter, if you have not yet made arrangements for your journey, I entreat you to let me know about it, and also within what time you are likely to come hither, and whether I am to expect you here (if the Emperor should happen to leave this place before your return) or at Prague. For we hope that the Emperor will go in less than a month, and I hear that he has already sent into Bohemia with orders to summon the states on the 1st of July. But as this is generally done with the consent of the nobles, perhaps they will not agree to the day, and so the thing will be put off again. You will inform his Excellency the Count of this when he comes back to you.

We feel the heat here severe enough ; wherefore I doubt not it troubles you where you are. You will be wise if you follow the example of the storks, and look out for better summer quarters. Four days ago a runner arrived here who left Constantinople on the 5th of this month. I received a letter from Ungnad, the Imperial ambassador, in which he tells me that Sinan Pasha, who lately succeeded in quelling the disturbances in Arabia Felix, is to command the fleet, which will sail from Con-

stantinople about the beginning of next month. I shall say nothing of the tragedies in France, since I have no doubt you hear all that news sooner than we. I thought the “Stratagem of the French king” was printed, otherwise I should have been sorry to trouble you about it. When you come, I will tell you the occasion on which it was written, and by whom, which I must not trust to writing. Farewell. Vienna, 21st May, 1574.

Nevers suffered here from severe pain in his leg, where he was wounded some years ago, but suppuration has taken place and he is getting better, so that I suppose he will go away in a few days.

SIDNEY TO LANGUET.

 HIS is the 29th letter I have received from you, my dearest Languet, since I came into Italy, and yet I have ever found the last more acceptable and more delightful than any former one. And hence I discover, what I had conceived to be impossible, that my affection for you, which I thought did not admit of increase, has received a great augmentation in this interval of time and space. You are the same person, and your noble genius produces the same fruit as ever ; and yet, loving you as I do, I always find, that although your former letters gave me such pleasure as I do not believe our merry friend Pietro found in his history of Pannonia, nevertheless the last are so far superior in this respect, that I fancy I have only sipped the former, while I quaff the latter with the draught of a Saxon. And so I entreat you, for a few days more reward me for my diligence ; for his Excellency the Count has resolved not to leave this place

for the next three weeks, and if I am to endure the privation at all, I would rather that a letter of yours should come hither after my departure, than that I should have to stay here even for a day or two without the pleasure of seeing you in your handwriting, especially as I have taken good care that your letters shall be sent back without risk to Vienna. I am sorry indeed that the Count has reserved, as it were, his journey for all the heat. It has been only moderate hitherto ; but then without doubt it will be far otherwise. But that is his affair. For myself, as I have determined to be his companion in the march, I have no doubt I shall bear it all as well as he.

I send you a letter from him, with one from Welsburg and one from Goetz. They are all marvellously attached to both you and me. We have here a very noble German, the Baron and Burgrave of Donau* in Prussia. He has heard so much of you that he greatly loves you, and desires to be acquainted with you. To this end he has been earnestly begging me to commend him to your regard, which I do most particularly for his satisfaction, though I am sure it will be as great a pleasure to you as to him ; for, in one word, he is far superior in every kind of excellency to all the Germans who are staying here. I have just been interrupted by Monaw, a sensible and good man who greets you kindly.

You tell me to write you word whether I would rather meet you at Prague or at Vienna ; be assured that nothing will please me more than to see you as soon as possible, provided it falls in with your convenience ; and therefore I wish you would look at the case thus. Think of me as one who is truly attached to you, who therefore, while

* The Baron of Donau, or Dhona, commanded the army that was sent from Germany in 1587 to the assistance of Henry of Navarre.

he desires to enjoy your company with all speed, is still anxious that your advantage may be consulted ; especially as it will make little difference, since if the Emperor is not at Vienna, wherever the court may be thither the Count will forthwith proceed. I am delighted at what you say of the Spaniards. There is no news in Padua, except that our doctors are altogether out of fashion, and that is no news. I do not like the excessive politeness of that expression “you would not have troubled me about the book, if you had not believed it to be in print.” Why, even if I felt only ordinary affection for you, this sort of thing is so little and insignificant, that it really does not merit thanks. But you have deserved so much of me, that I doubt whether I shall ever feel such gratitude as I ought ; and as to making return, I shall be utterly unable, unless God grant me more than I dare to hope. And therefore use not such elegant speech any more, unless we are to have a new quarrel ; and if so, be sure it will be more perilous than the former. Pray tell Master Vulcobius that I do not write to him now, because I have nothing worth writing, and I doubt not he is somewhat disquieted at the present. He may be sure that I return his kindness with gratitude and love. Commend me to my two English cousins, who I suppose are still with you. Do not forget Bouchetell. Farewell. 4th June, 1574.

Your most affectionate and dutiful

PHILIP SIDNEY.

LANGUET TO SIDNEY.

HOUGH I have received no letter from you, I do not like to break my rule of writing to you, for now that the greater part of my friends have sunk under various misfortunes, almost the only pleasure I have, comes from the recollection of your friendship, and that is most strongly impressed on my mind when I write to you or read your letters. But as I fear this may reach Venice after your departure, I shall write so as not to be much concerned if it falls into other hands ; and such subjects as I should have discussed more freely, I will keep till you come. The Spaniards are working their will at Antwerp, for neither the citizens nor foreigners could produce as much money as they demand. Those too who hold the new citadel are in mutiny : they have killed some of their officers, and keep the people of Antwerp in great alarm by firing the great guns. The deputies of those provinces which adhere to the king have assembled at Brussells ; the Commander called them together to consult them on state affairs, especially on the means of raising money to pay the troops. But the Commander has not gone thither because the state of Antwerp detained him, and the people of Brussells are in the greatest terror of the Walloons, who are plundering the villages round about the city and try to extort money from them by horrible threats. The Spaniards, Germans, and Walloons, who are in Holland, the bishopric of Utrecht and Gueldres, follow the example of the rest, and demand their pay mutinously ; and wherever they march, plunder the country. They tried to seize Utrecht,

but the citizens had learnt a lesson from the fate of Antwerp ; they flew to arms and bravely repulsed them, killing 40 or 50 of them. Thus the victory which the Spaniards gained over the enemy, seems to have brought more mischief than profit to the king. Meantime Orange has laid down a bridge over the Meuse near Bommel, so as to have his line of march open into Brabant, and at each bridge head he has built a fort for its protection. After that he went into Zealand, to fit out his fleet, because he heard the Spanish fleet was coming, and is determined to give them battle. I believe you had heard that Count Annibal of Ems, brother of the Cardinal of Constance, had raised two legions, or, as we call them, regiments of foot for the King of Spain, which he was to take into Belgium. A party of the French cavalry, who were going to join the Palatine Christopher, but retired when they heard of the defeat of his army, fell upon Count Annibal as he was marching from Strasburg to Saverne in Alsace, killed some of his men, and pursued him as he fled wounded in two places, as far as Saverne.

* * * * *

Vienna, 28th May, 1574.

SIDNEY TO LANGUET.



HAVE received your letter, my dearest Huber, in which, though you say nothing which clearly expresses your feelings, fearing I suppose lest it should fall into other hands in my absence, still I, who know you so well, easily perceive the extreme sorrow under which you labour. There are many circumstances

which make me sure of it, and this especially, that your pen, which is wont to overflow with its current of eloquence, now seems to glide on as a quiet stream may, with a kind of gentle murmur ; and though it is employed on a different subject, lets me see plainly enough, what it is you have in the depths of your heart. I should be unworthy of the nature of man, if I did not lament from my soul this suffering of my best friend, and therefore I will not thus attempt to relieve your distres, I mean by enlarging on my own. You know me well, that I am neither a brute, nor a man of bronze. But as I have done in former letters, I entreat you most earnestly, leave that ungrateful soil which you have cultivated now so many years, and reaped no fruit, or almost none ; and come to those who love you most truly and are no Laodiceans. And be not deterred by the dangers which, it may be, are hanging over my country ; for you who have in your head all the story of all the nations in the world, are well aware that the only persons who have ever suffered injury from that quarter are the English nobles themselves.

But more of this, my dear Languet, when we meet. Certain intelligence reached this city the day before yesterday, which confirmed the report of the French King's* death, adding that the Queen, his mother, was appointed Regent, until the King of Poland shall be able to return. Meantime Alençon, Navarre, and Montmorency remain prisoners. It is a strange event. I am at a loss what to think of it, whether his death is a wound to our cause, or, as I hope, a healing salve. The Almighty is ordering Christendom with a wonderful providence in these our

* Charles IX. died on the 30th of May, 1574, having executed a deed the day before his death by which his mother was made Regent until his brother should return from Poland.

days. It is said that Montpensier has taken Montgomery prisoner ;* but I do not believe it.

To-morrow Selim's physician,† a Jew, is to treat with the Venetians of concluding a peace on settled terms. I will write you word what takes place. The illustrious Commander is endeavouring to repress the disorders of the Spaniards, or, at least, pretends to do so. This is the man who prized so highly the opportunity of displaying his own folly. I do trust that, before many years are past, the virtues of these Spaniards will be understood by the whole world. They were born slaves, and have done nothing ever since (as if to make bad worse) but change their masters ; for they have always been servants of Carthaginians, Romans, Vandals, Goths, Saracens, or Moors : of late, indeed, they have been somewhat raised by the character of one man, Charles ; and he was a Belgian : and since his death all the world sees with what speed they are hastening back to their original condition.

The Count of Hannau has not received your letter from the Palatine, but has been waiting for it to the present time. Count Solms ‡ who came from thence the

* Montgomery was taken, but not by Montpensier. He had landed in Normandy from England with a small force and occupied St. Lo and Doufront. At this last place, after a gallant defence, he gave himself up to the Sieur de Matignon, was taken to Paris, and there executed.

† He was physician to the celebrated grand Vizier Sokolli. Two or three years later the terms of the peace were finally arranged, says Von Hammer, by the aid of the Sultana Safyé (a Venetian lady of the house of Baffo). “ Ils furent aussi aidés par l'influence du medicin Juif Salomon Nathan Eschinasi, qui à cette époque se mêlait de toutes les affaires extérieures, et qui envoyé auparavant en ambassade à Venise, avait voué une sincère reconnaissance au doge pour avoir protégé ses fils, habitans de cette ville.”—Von Hammer, traduit par Hellert, vii. 49.

‡ Of Solms in Lower Alsace. There were several distinguished soldiers of this family. One Count Solms, probably the one here men-

other day, says, indeed, that it will soon be sent hither; neither have I received the letter which I told you my father had sent for me. For the merchant who had it went to Rome, but he will be here again in ten days.— Farewell, my dutiful respects to Master Vulcobius and to Bouchetell, yours from my heart,

PHILIP SIDNEY.

June, Venice, 1574.

LANGUET TO SIDNEY.

MASTER Corbett showed me your portrait,† which I kept with me some hours to feast my eyes on it, but my appetite was rather increased than diminished by the sight. It seems to me to represent some one like you rather than yourself, and, at first, I thought it was your brother. Most of your features are well drawn, but it is far more juvenile than it ought to be, I should think you were not unlike it in your 12th or 13th year. Master Corbett gave me another copy of that noble stratagem, for which I thank him and you. The one which you sent me before I gave to Vulcobius in your name. The ancients gave the name of stratagem to any wise counsel by which the commander of an army

tioned, served with Prince Maurice in the Netherlands; another had a command under the King of Denmark in the campaign of 1627, and was distinguished for the gallant defence of Wolfenbuttel against Pappenheim; a third came to England with William III.

† I cannot find that this portrait of Sidney, by Paul Veronese, is known to be in existence. Perhaps the notices of it contained in these letters may give a clue to its discovery.

brought about the preservation of his own men when in peril, or the overthrow of his enemy. But, now-a-days, after your Italian school, we give to vices the names of virtues, and are not ashamed to call falsehood, treachery and cruelty, by the names of wisdom and magnanimity. The conflagration which rages in France, I believe can only be extinguished by its fall. I know not whether your countrymen have consulted their own interests in letting Montgomery be overpowered in their very neighbourhood. His capture is exulted in by the Papists as much as if the war was ended ; but if it is true, as we hear, that the King of France is dead, their joy will be diluted, lest they be too much intoxicated. * * *

Vienna, 11th of June, 1574.

LANGUET TO SIDNEY.



WOULD gladly give all that is dearest and most precious to me in the world, to have you here with us now, that you might be made known to the King of France, and form an acquaintance with some of his suite. It would be useful to you, if ever you return to the French court, as you seem to intend. I mentioned you to Mont-morino, who is here, and begged him to regard you as a friend if you go back to France. He replied that wherever he met you he would shew you all friendly attention ; and he offers to receive you in his own house, if you cannot find better lodging at the court (which will often be the case), and he requested me to send you his humble service. My dearest Sidney, I wish more than ever to talk with you on certain subjects which concern yourself, and which I may not trust to writing.

I greatly fear the death of the French King will still more inflame religious animosities among Christians, and the Princes who differ rush still more violently to their destruction. We shall see what this King will do when he returns to France. Those who know him well, say that he has resolved to grant free pardon to all offenders, and to embrace all who are willing in his friendship. I hope he may mean what he says, and do it; but men do not frighten birds when they wish to catch them. I wish he would follow the example of his ancestor, Louis XII. He had, in the life time of Charles VIII. many enemies, and some who put his life in peril; yet when he became King, he frankly forgave them all, and when his friends wondered that he took no revenge for all his wrongs, he answered that the King of France had nothing to do with the wrongs of the Duc d'Orleans. A saying well worthy of a highminded, wise, and good Prince, as I believe him to have been, so much so that I prefer him to any other King France ever had. Our present King will find great difficulty from the religious dissensions. He has written already, I hear, to the Prince of Condé,* and made friendly offers to him, and urged him to return into France, which I suspect he will hardly persuade him to do, for I hear from Strasburg that Condé has there made a public profession that he grievously sinned against God, when after the massacre of Paris, under

* When Navarre and Alençon were placed in confinement, Condé had escaped from France. He was now in his 21st year. A writer in the *Biographie Universelle* says, “C'était un Prince très libéral, doux, gracieux, et très eloquent, et il promettait d'être aussi grand capitaine que son Père.” And De Thou, “In eo humanitas cum fortitudine, constantia cum comitate, prudentia cum liberalitate, facundia cum gravitate certabant.” He married afterwards the celebrated Catharine de la Tremouille, and died, as many believed, by poison, in the 35th year of his age.

fear of death he went to mass, and entreats pardon from God and the Church. They say he is raising troops; I suppose to take them into France with him. The King arrived here yesterday, at four o'clock, in the same carriage with the Emperor, who met him at Tabor, a place on an island in the Danube, where the river dues are paid. The Archdukes Mathias and Maximilian met him beyond the Danube. King Rodolph and Archduke Ernest will be here soon, for the Emperor desires them to hasten their return. The King stayed a day in the fort of Wolkerdorf, three miles from this place, that his servants might have their mourning made for them here: they could not do it at Cracow on account of the suddenness of his departure. Pibrac,* a man so distinguished for genius, learning, and eloquence, that I believe France does not possess his equal, was lost in a forest by his party, owing to their excessive haste. His friends here suppose that he has been caught by the Poles, who wished to carry back the fugitives, or that by some other mischance he has perished. But of this when we meet. Some persons think that the King will go to Venice, and will return to France through the Tyrol; which is not likely. I believe he will go through the Austrian dominions straight to the Rhine. You know what were the last words of Pompey,† and you remember the

* Du Faur, Sieur de Pibrac, celebrated for learning and eloquence, a colleague of du Ferrier when he delivered his bold and startling address to the council of Trent. He was afterwards sent back from France to make the King's excuses to the Poles for his hasty flight, and on his road was stopped by robbers and lost his dispatches.

† "He that once falls into a tyrant's power
Becomes a slave, tho' he were free before."

"Οστις δὲ πρὸς τύπαννον &c.—Sophocles.

Plutarch's Life of Pompey.

ring* of your Cœur de Lion. These things make me anxious.

I hope your countrymen will reach Prague to-day. I found them a companion, or rather a guide for their journey, who is well acquainted with the country into which they are going: I gave them letters to my friends at Prague and at Nuremberg, who, I hope, will show them some attention. At Augsburg your friend Bizarro will take care by his infinite beneficence towards them, to cast reproach on your country for the ingratitude with which you treated him, and to bind you to him for ever; so I advise you to consider at your leisure how you may in some degree respond to all his kindness. If you could find an opportunity of paying your respects to the King in this journey of his, I hope you will by all means avail yourself of it. You could use the assistance of Montmorrino, or, if he should be absent, of Bellievre,† to whom I will commend you. I cannot say how long he will remain here. No doubt he will make all speed as far as the Emperor will permit him, for it is his interest to do so. The Gueux when they captured the ships at Antwerp, about which I wrote before, took at the same time some others in the harbour of Amsterdam. The Spaniards have at length left Antwerp with full purses and splendid clothing. The Commander seems to meditate the siege of Bommel.‡ His Swis levies are halting in

* Richard Cœur de Lion, returning from Palestine in disguise, was recognized by a splendid ruby set in a ring, which he sent as a present to Maynard, the Count of Goritz, through whose territory he was passing. This circumstance eventually led to his capture and imprisonment.

† Bellievre had been sent with Henry as the representative in Poland of the French King. He was afterwards employed in England to intercede with the Queen for the life of Mary Queen of Scots.

‡ They marched to Leyden, and the siege which followed is perhaps the most famous in modern history.

Burgundy, and declare they will not move farther until the arrival of the Spaniards and Italians, who, as the Commander promised, were to march with them. The mishap of Count Annibal of Ems, makes them either more prudent or more timid. The Huguenots still hold the forts which they took possession of in the Vosges near the famous Pfalzburg.—Farewell, and greet my friends. I do not write to them because I am much occupied, as you will readily suppose.

Vienna, 25th of June, 1574.

I have just heard that Pibrac arrived here yesterday evening after various mischances and much suffering. I was greatly delighted to hear it.

LANGUET TO SIDNEY.

 WROTE to you three days ago, and told you of the King's departure from Poland and arrival here; no doubt the rumour of it travelled faster than my letter, which, perhaps, will not reach you so soon as this. I said I thought he would not go to Venice, because he could travel by a much shorter and more convenient route through the Austrian territory into Lorraine, so as to place himself in the power of no Prince except the Emperor in whose hands he is already. But I was wrong, for he will rather pass the Alps twice, and endure the heat and dust of your dear Italy and reach his country by a long circuit, (though his interests require haste), than conform any longer to the strict ways of the Germans. Yet I am willing to look on the case with more indulgence, and to believe that he has determined on this route that he may see Venice, and contract a closer alliance with

that state and with the neighbouring Princes. Would that while he treads the soil on which his ancestors a few years since achieved such noble deeds,* he could be moved to imitate their virtues ; and especially to study the protection of his own people and their defence from harm, which was always their most sacred duty. We on the contrary, now and for some years past, are using all our efforts to ruin those whom God has committed to our care, and who are our most faithful friends, and to this end we ask counsel of those whose greatest joy it would be to see our fall ; and we are meantime compelled basely to fawn upon them, and to expose to shame all of ancient dignity that yet remains in our nation. But my grief carries me away and leads me from my subject.

If the rumour of the King's approach shall reach you before you come away, you will doubtless wish to be a spectator of the ceremony with which the Venetians will receive him. I am sure it will be magnificent, and well worth beholding. I advise you to do what you can to become known to the King. You will be able to do so through Du Ferrier or Montmorino, or Pibrac or Bellievre. Du Ferrier you know well. Montmorino too knows you and loves you. I have mentioned you in fitting terms to Bellievre and Pibrac, from each of whom I have received the strongest expressions of goodwill. You will remember, however, that in the midst of hurry and tumult you must watch for your opportunity and not be too bashful. I have not space to describe how the King and his attendants came away from Poland, and how courteously he was received by the Emperor. I will defer it till your return. Yet if you wish you

* The wars of Louis XII. and Francis I. in Italy, and especially the Milanese.

may hear it all from those who are with the King, and especially from my old friend M. de la Beurthe who will give you this letter. I write this hastily, having scarcely recovered from yesterday's excesses; for hurrying about as we do in all this heat, we sometimes drink more without any solicitation, than is altogether good for our health.

—Farewell.

Vienna, 28th of June, 1574.

LANGUET TO SIDNEY.

 WAS jesting the other day about the sickness of Master Richard, your countryman and kinsman, because I had heard that his physicians laughed at his timidity in fearing so much from an attack which was not at all dangerous. But alas! he made a more just calculation of his danger than the physicians, as I learn from a second letter from our friend Corbett; he writes in despair of Richard's condition, he was at the point of death, given over by his physicians. This affair has greatly afflicted me; my regard for you makes me feel the misfortunes of those who are any way connected with you. And besides, it seems a case which calls for compassion, that he should be snatched from his country in the very flower of life, especially as his natural genius had been improved by letters and much general knowledge. Corbett's letter shows that he is greatly disturbed, and I do not wonder at it. He consults me about his own affairs, and asks whether he shall pursue his journey when he has lost his companion, as he hears that troops are being raised in the places through which his road lies, and that all the country about the Rhine and Lorraine is in a state of great confusion. But

as he intimates that he shall not leave Prague until he receives my reply, I have written to him to say what I think he should do.

Your letter, in which you tell me that you have given up all thoughts of a journey to Rome, has relieved me from great anxiety. You know that I have requested this one thing of you in right of our friendship ; see that you keep your promise, for I shall diligently preserve your letter, like a debtor's note of hand, that I may have my action against you, if you deceive me. It almost killed me to learn from your letter that you had been suffering severe pain in your head, and had been drinking water so immoderately, and had hardly escaped a pleurisy. This, my dear Sidney, I foresaw and feared, and therefore advised you to wait for your companions, provided they did not put off their departure until after Midsummer. But Midsummer is now past, thirty-five days, and I cannot conceive on what ground they delay their journey until August, the month in which men are most liable to sickness, and which, as the poet says, “ brings on fevers and uncloses wills.” If you love me, take good care of your health, and on this point have consideration for yourself and not for others. If any misfortune befall you I shall be the most unhappy of men ; for the only thing that gives me pleasure is our friendship, and the hopes I have conceived of your character. For the ruin of my country, and the calamities which have lately befallen my friends, have made my life more mournful than death itself.

I think the King of France will make haste to his kingdom, for many persons affirm that troops are being raised in Germany to be led into France. Some say Prince Casimir is to command them, others Condé. Many difficulties however may arise to stop the whole

enterprize, especially since they are not well furnished with money, and there are few in Germany who look on them with a favorable eye. I am glad you have become known to M. Perrot, an excellent and most kindhearted man. I beg you will greet him respectfully from me if he is with you still. I trust that you have had enough of Venetian spectacles, and will at length come back to us. Indeed if the weather has been the same with you as with us, you have missed a very fair opportunity. For the excessive heat which gave us much inconvenience through all the month of June, has been greatly moderated for some days past; but I fear it may return. Excuse me to his excellency the Count, and his attendants, for not writing to them. I did not know they would remain there so long. If they say that I must have thought the same of you, and yet do not give up my custom of writing to you, I reply that I care little for the loss of my letters to you, since they usually contain only the most trifling of trifles. I mean my own foolish feelings, which I throw into the paper as they arise only to fill it up, and to satisfy your curiosity, since you desire to hear from me. Besides you told me you had taken good care that my letters should not be lost even if they arrived after your departure. I wish you all happiness.

Vienna, 17th of July, 1574.

LANGUET TO SIDNEY.

* * * * *

OU seem to me to be somewhat too hard upon Pibrac. I am accustomed to judge of men otherwise than most persons do; unless they are utterly depraved (for I do not think *such* men's vices ought to be concealed), I cull out their good qualities if they have any; and if through error or weakness they fail in any point, I put it out of sight as far as I can. Pibrac is a man of such genius, learning, and eloquence, that I do not believe his equal is to be found in France. He has much kind feeling, and befriends good men whenever he can, and I do not believe he ever advised an unprincipled course of conduct. On the day on which the King avowed in the parliament of Paris, that the Admiral and his friends had been slain at his bidding and by his authority, Pibrac delivered in his presence a plain speech, in which he advised him with more freedom than the times allowed, to put a stop to bloodshed altogether, whilst the rest gave their voices to the King, and approved the monstrous crime. Cavagnes, who was put to death with de Briquevaux* and Custosius, Professor of Jurisprudence at Strasburg, were found in his house, and this circumstance was almost his ruin, for many thought he should be put out of the way. He was compelled to save his life by that letter,† for which

* They were hanged immediately after the massacre of St. Bartholomew. De Briquevaux was seventy years of age.

† He wrote a letter addressed to Stanislaus Elvidius, in which he defended the massacre as having been forced on the King by the plots of the Huguenots.

you find fault with him so grievously. I by no means admire his conduct, for, as the poet says,

“ Though Phalaris place his bull before thine eye,
And frowning dictate to thy lips a lie ;
Think it the height of baseness breath to choose
Ere honour, and life’s end for life to lose.”*

I am no Stoic, nor do I hold that all sins are equal. But it is a fault of my countrymen, that if an eminent man errs in the smallest thing they at once class him with the most abandoned of men. My nature and education make me differ from them. I know that many persons blame me for this, and say I have it from my Master Melancthon. I have never yet repented of my master, nor of my education, nor will I be seduced to give them up by the animadversions of men who are more strict, or more bitter than myself.

If you had been in good health I should have been amused at your complaints of the ungracious behaviour of your friends who went away without bidding you farewell. You imagine perhaps, my dearest Sidney, that all men have the same obliging character as yourself. Unless you alter your opinion you will be always meeting with persons who will excite your wrath and give you cause for complaining. I consider that in these days men do a great deal, if they do not actually betray their friends; any additional good feeling must be set down as clear gain, as something over and above the conditions of ordinary friendship. I see however by your last letter that you have digested your wrath, and suffered yourself to be talked over, and so you set right in words what is past mending in deeds: you will have to adopt this plan many times before you reach my age, unless you wish to pass

* Juvenal Sat. viii. 81.—Gifford’s Transl.

your whole life in quarrelling. I have opened Labetius's letter to you, because you desire it, and Corbett's too, which is written in your language, and therefore I could not understand it. I think however he gives you the same account of Richard's illness as he gave me. Labetius writes that he has made diligent enquiries about Auber, but has not yet learnt anything of him. Greet Master Perrot, whom I desire to relieve of his anxiety. The Roman Pontiff and the Spaniards will persuade this new King that he will never be out of danger while a single man of our way of thinking survives in France. But our friends will not let themselves be crushed, and thus there will be endless troubles. I can pardon those whose youth prevents them from understanding the matter, but I am surprized at old men long versed in politics, who see from how small a beginning after the tragedy of Paris, our friends have advanced to their present strong position, and are aware that their own strength has been greatly diminished in the meantime, and yet cling to their foolish purpose of ruining themselves and us together.—Farewell, and greet my friends.

Vienna, 24th of July, 1574.

SIDNEY TO THE EARL OF LEICESTER.*

(ORIGINAL IN ENGLISH.)

IGHTE honorable and my singular good Lorde and Unkle, although I have at this presente little matter worthy the writinge unto your Lordshipe, yet beinge newlie returned frome my Polish journei,

* Printed in Sidney's miscellaneous works, Oxford, 1829.—Br. Mus. Cotton MSS. Galba B. xi. 370.

I woold not omitt anie occasion of humbly performing this dutie. Wherefore I humbly beseeche your L. to take these fewe lines in good parte, whiche I write rather to continew this (dutie) I ow unto you, than for any other thinge they may conteine in them. The Emperour as I wrote last unto your L. hath these two yeares continuallie pretended a journey to Prage, which it is thoughte shall indeede be performed to the grate contentacion of that kingedom, which otherwise seemed to bende to disobedience. There it is thoughte his Son shall very shorthe be Kinge; whome likewise the Emperour seekes by all meanes possible to advance to the kingdom of the Romanes, and for that purpose defynes to call an Imperiall diett in Francfort the (place) appointed for the elections: but it is thoughte the Electours will rather chose another (place) for this next ensuynge diett whiche is faide shall be sommer followinge at the far(theft) and then there is no hope of Election. Not beinge at Frankfort, it is likely it shall be at Regensburg, where I beleve the Emperour will demaunde fur greater summes of money than will be graunted unto him. Though the peace betwixt the Turke and him (be not) as yet, as fur as it is knowne perfittlie concluded, yet it is thoughte the Turke will rather proceede by sea than this waie, and as the French embassadour hath writtne, mean(eth) to visite the Pope's territorie, perchaunce his conscience moveth him to seeke the benefitt of (the) Jubile.* I hope as the Spaniardes alreddy begin to speake lower, so the Pope's Holinesse will have lesse leasure to ministre such wicked and detef-

* The festival of the Jubilee was instituted by Boniface VIII. in the year 1300, who promised plenary remission of sins to all who should visit Rome on the occasion; it was appointed to be celebrated once in one hundred years; subsequently the period was shortened to fifty years; and still later, Pius II. reduced the interval to twenty-five years, that it

able cowncils to the Chrif(tian) Princes, as hetherto he lothe. Owt of Frawnce your L. hath the advertisements. The Prince of Condé is retired to Bafill where he liveth n companie with the Admirals children, beinge frustrate of a great hope he had conceaveed of fuckowr out of Jernany, wherein many and wise men do impute greate faulte to the Prince Casimire, the Count Palatine's second son, n so muche that to write to your L. plainly he is heawilie f(f)suspected to be corrupted by the Frenche. His Father certainely is as vertuous a Prince as livethe, heuffereth him selfe to muche to be governed by that Son. This I thoughte my dutie (to) write, as havinge hearde t in very good place and much affectioned to the true lawfe. The Polakes hartily repente their so far fetcht election beinge now in suche case (as) neither they have he Kinge, nor any thinge the Kinge withe so many othes iad promised, besides that there is lately sturred up a very iangerous sedition for the same c(ause) that hathe bredde iuche lamentable ruines in France and Flandres. Now ie — is reasonably well appeased, but it is thoughte will remaine so but a while.

I have no other thinge worthy the writinge at this pre-
te to your L. Wherefore I humbly ceaffe, withe my
lie and moste boundne praiers that it please the eter-
to continew and encrease you in all prosperitie.—
ur L. most —.

PHILIPPE SIDNEY.

From Vienna this 27 Novembre, 1574.

occur at least once in the ordinary lifetime of men. The coming 75, was therefore the year of the Jubilee. I understand there is now at the accession of every Pope.—See Sermons of Latimer, (oc. ed.) p. 49, note.

LANGUET TO SIDNEY.

SINCE your departure many things have come into my mind which I thought of writing to you, but as soon as ever I take my pen in hand, and fix my thoughts on you, my spirits are so disturbed with grief that I forget all that I have previously thought of. I will write nevertheless without arrangement whatever comes into my mind. Two days after your departure our friend Wotton* came to us, bringing me a letter full of kindness from Master Walsyngham. I see that your friends have begun to suspect you on the score of religion, because at Venice you were so intimate with those who profess a different creed from your own. I will write to Master Walsyngham on this subject, and if he has entertained such a thought about you, I will do what I can to remove it; and I hope my letter will have sufficient weight with him not only to make him believe what I shall say of you, but also endeavour to convince others of the same. Meantime I advise you to make acquaintance where you now are, with the French ministers, who are learned and sensible men; invite them to visit you and hear their sermons, and do the same at Heidelberg and Strasburg.

* * * I am glad your friend Wotton is going to join you, that so you may have a pleasant and attached companion, one who loves you well, and can relieve the dulness of your journey; I wish Master Jaques Gonsius, my

* Edward Wotton, elder brother of the celebrated Sir Henry, knighted by Queen Elizabeth, and made Comptroller of her Household in 1592. Created by James I. Baron Wotton of Morley, in Kent.

countryman, could give you his company. I know not why you should have desired Wotton to sign his name to the bond which you have left with me. You wrong me if you imagine I trust any one more than yourself. Do not be disturbed if it happens that you cannot do as you wish about the money which you have borrowed of me, and do not suppose my affection for you will be lessened on that ground ; I am even now writing to Doctor Glauburg and Wechel* to let you have money on my security, if by any chance your supplies for the rest of your journey should fail you ; I will write again in three days.—Farewell, my dearest son.

Prague, 10th of March, 1575.

LANGUET TO SIDNEY.

* * * * *

OU see how long the Emperor is lingering here, for the assembly was opened the very day on which you and I arrived here. No business of any great importance has yet been transacted in it. The Emperor has not yet declared to the Bohemians his intention regarding the confession of faith which they presented to him in the month of May, on the other hand they refuse to consider the question of supplies, and the other matters on which he addressed them, until they have received his answer. At present they have adjourned their deliberations on account of the harvest, and are going to their homes, intending to return hither about the tenth of next month. The Emperor will scarce be able to conclude

* Andrew Wechel, the celebrated printer.

his affairs here before the meeting of the electors, which they say is to be called at Ratisbon on the 26th of September. I wish you had remained so long in Germany, you would never have repented of being present at the solemnity, which will bring together most of the Princes of Germany, and many eminent men of various nations.

Now I am going to confess my own clownishness, to use no harsher term. As long as I enjoyed the sight of you, I made no great account of the portrait which you gave me, and scarcely thanked you for so beautiful a present. I was led by regret for you, on my return from Frankfort, to place it in a frame and fix it in a conspicuous place. When I had done this, it appeared to me to be so beautiful, and so strongly to resemble you, that I possess nothing which I value more. Master Vulcobius is so struck with its elegance that he is looking for an artist to copy it. The painter has represented you sad and thoughtful. I should have been better pleased if your face had worn a more cheerful look when you sat for the painting.—Farewell.

Sixth of June, a sacred day to the Bohemians, on account of John Hus, who, on this day, suffered at Constance, 160 years ago. The respect they pay to his memory looks to me very like superstition. 1575.

Greet my friends if you yet have any with you that remember me, and especially Master Wotton, your faithful companion. Bekesius, the Transylvanian exile, whom you knew here, having hastily collected troops in Poland and the neighbouring parts of Moldavia, twenty days since invaded Transylvania.* Some say that a good many

* The reigning Prince of Transylvania at this time was Stephen Bathor, who was soon after elected to the Crown of Poland. In another letter Languet describes the total overthrow of this enterprise of Bekesius.

of the Emperor's soldiers from the garrisons in Hungary have joined him. I fear we are putting our hands in a wasp's nest, for the Turks will not overlook this business, seeing that Transylvania is under their protection.

LANGUET TO SIDNEY.

* * * * *



HAVE received no letter from you except the short one which you wrote to me from Heidelberg. Perhaps you feared I should weary you by my many letters, and beg for answers with the same importunity as when you were staying in Italy. I was playing with you then, that I might move you to write, believing that the habit of writing was an important part of your studies. But now you are entering on a far different manner of life. I know that a court is by no means a frugal economist of time. I know that you will have to attend to your friends and acquaintances, who will desire the pleasure of your society, and to wait on those whose age and rank demand the respect of young men, and therefore as I am aware that you were not overfond of writing when you had more leisure, I expect that these frequent interruptions of friends will easily prevail on you to write seldom or never; nor do I care now to write so often, or to send you the silly jesting letters which I formerly did; but I had designed to write to you on public affairs, trusting that letters on such matters would not be disagreeable to you, since I know that you feel the strongest desire to learn the state of things in those nations with which we have any relations, and the changes that may occur among them. And as this desire is in itself most praiseworthy

and almost necessary to those who aspire to be statesmen, no one shall easily make me believe that you are altogether discarding it. If you would only write in reply, "I have received your letter; I am in good health; I am going to be married in a few days," or anything else of this kind, I should be abundantly satisfied. Or if it should not please you to do even this, it would be enough to desire our friend Griffin to write so much to me.

Prague, Midsummer, 1575.

SIDNEY TO THE COUNT OF HANNAU.

XCELLENT Sir, On my return to my country, my first duty is to acquaint your excellency with the fact without delay. I have received such strong indications of your regard for me, that I am glad to believe you will be pleased to hear of any good that may befall me. On the last day of May, a fair wind wafted me to this our island nest, where I found all my family well; the Queen, though somewhat advanced in years, yet hitherto vigorous in her health, which as it is God's will that our safety should hang on so frail a thread, is with good reason earnestly commended to the care of Almighty God in the prayers of our people. She is to us a Meleager's brand; when it perishes, farewell to all our quietness. But to pass from this subject, I beg and entreat you to be assured, that wherever I may be, I am unchanged in the strong and faithful affection with which I regard you. I will no longer detain your excellency, for I have no news to communicate. I only beg that I may be heartily commended to that good and wise gentleman, Paul v. Welsburg; and although I know that

his worth and your good sense render this unnecessary, yet I must ask permission earnestly to recommend him to your regard.—Farewell, your most devoted

PHILIP SIDNEY.

London, 12th of June, 1575.

To his Excellency, Philip Lewis, Count of Hannau,
My much respected friend, at Frankfort.

LANGUET TO SIDNEY.

HE sorrow I felt at your absence was greatly relieved by the letter which you wrote to me from London in the month of June, in which you inform me that you have not only happily escaped the perils which belong to a journey, but that you are also almost restored to your health. It contains such evidence of your attachment to me, and is written with such elegance and ability, that it would easily have persuaded me to love and admire you, even if the sweetnes of your character, your thoughtfulness, and the extent of your knowledge, far beyond your years, had not effected this already. I know it is almost absurd to beg of you, that amid the turmoil of a court and so many temptations to waste time, you will not altogether give up the practice of the Latin language: still as this letter shows what progres you have made in it, and how well you can write when you apply your mind to it, if you cast away the study altogether, I shall be compelled to charge you with doing it through indolence and love of ease. See how I repay you for your pleasant letter, by trying to persuade you to undertake a pursuit, which in men of

your condition is generally held to mark the absence of common sense. * * * * *

I will add from the letter of M. Ungnad, though perhaps you have heard it from other quarters, that Cicala* the Genoese, who almost before he was a man, was made Praefect of the Praetorians, or as they call it, Aga of the Janizaries, is in such favour with Amurath that they say he is going to give him his daughter in marriage, a child eleven years old. These are the baits which will catch the hearts of Italians, and tempt them to betray their country ; and I fear the religion of most of them will be no match for such arts.† The other day, as I hear, a Mantuan was made Pasha of Alexandria in Egypt, a man who was taken nine years ago at Szigeth,‡ renounced Christianity and became a Mussul-

* The father of this famous renegade was the Viscount de Cicala, a Genoese settled in Sicily (the name exists in Naples at the present time). They were taken prisoners together at the battle of Djerbeh in 1560, at which time Cicala the younger was, according to Von Hammer in his 18th year. Picart says he was only 12, and Languet's expression seems to confirm this account. He soon became a Moslem, his sponsor being the famous Khoja Sinan Pasha, mentioned before. His bride was a niece of the Sultan's, and great grand-daughter of Soliman. The trouousseau of the bride amounted to 100,000 ducats, exclusive of jewels, and the bonbons distributed to the populace amounted to twice that sum. Cicala was afterwards one of the most illustrious of Turkish commanders in the wars of Hungary and Persia, and died in 1605. For this information, with other facts in Turkish history, see Blackwood's Magazine, July, 1840, and following numbers.

† The number of renegades who held high office under the Porte at this period, and for some time previously, was very large. Of the ten Grand Viziers who served Soliman, eight were apostate Christians. Piali who commanded the fleet at the siege of Malta was a Hungarian, Occhiali a Calabrian.

‡ Szigeth in Hungary was besieged July 1565, by Soliman ; the assault of the place was fixed for the day of St. John Baptist's death (Aug. 29, in our calendar, a fortunate day to the Turks), but it was put off owing

man. The princes of Italy seem to pay little regard to these facts. They are engaged in the most childish rivalries with each other, and trying to obtain the kingly title. There are even some of them, I hear, who are intriguing to have the royal dignity annexed to their dominions, which for aught they know will shortly become districts for Beglerbeys† and Sangiacs. I am surprised at this new form of madness. They are negotiating here at court about these trifles with such earnestness as to supply us with ample food for mirth.

May God grant that our excellent young friend Wotton's new purpose of matrimony may prove successful and happy. He is going before to set you an example; but I believe you are well inclined of yourself and do not need exhortation. You see how I am led on by my love of babbling with you, which hardly permits me to leave off. I esteem it the highest favour that your noble parents have thought me worthy of their good wishes. I would I could in any way testify that I am most desirous to serve them; farewell, and greet my friends.

Prague, 13th August, 1575.

to the illness and death of Soliman. The place was taken in September, after a very bloody conflict, and the brave governor, the Count de Zeriny, was killed, with almost all the garrison.

† A Beglerbey was a Pasha of two tails governing a province; a Sangiac commanded a district under him.

LANGUET TO SIDNEY.

THE are here rejoicing just now over the Roman Pontiff, because the Bohemians* have at length extracted from the Emperor that religious liberty which they have been so long and so earnestly contending for. The Emperor endeavoured to elude their petition in various ways, and a few days before he yielded to them, he seemed to be treating them with more asperity than before. But this very asperity only fixed them more firmly in their resolution, and suggested to them the thought of breaking up the Assembly. As soon as the Emperor heard of this, he thought it better to give way to necessity than to alienate them altogether by opposition. Therefore on the second of this month, he said that he granted them permission to profess the religion which is represented by the confession of faith exhibited to him in May; and that he took upon himself their protection, and that he promised this not in French sincerity, but on the good old faith of Bohemia, in the name of himself and his successor. He added, that his sons were indeed attached to the religion which is commonly called Catholic, but that he had so instructed them, that they who held a different creed should have no cause to fear them, and that they had been greatly wronged by

* The Bohemians, from the days of Zisca and Procop, were always exceedingly tenacious of their religious privileges, particularly the right of the laity to the cup in the Eucharist. Besides the "Letters of Assurance" extracted from Maximilian on this occasion, they obtained from his son Rodolph the "Letter of Majesty" which secured their privileges to them.

those persons, who after the massacre of Paris charged them with forming a conspiracy against certain nobles of Austria who held the reformed doctrines. I am surprised that the Emperor should have remarked thus severely on the French in so large an assembly, because he appears in general to affect a character for moderation, and to inveigh thus against other nations and princes, is equivalent to declaring war with them. I suspect that he has lately been somehow thwarted by my countrymen in Poland, for it is too absurd and childish to suppose that it was they who persuaded the Turks to invade Hungary, which is the common report here ; as if the most sanguineous men of the day would suffer themselves to be led by us, or ask our advice, when they are so well acquainted with our folly. By this concession of liberty in religion the Emperor has smoothed the way to obtain what he requires from the Bohemians, who on the sixth of this month nominated his son Rodolph King of Bohemia ; his inauguration will take place on next Thursday. * * *

Prague, 18th Sept. 1575.

LANGUET TO SIDNEY.



AM sorry that at your age your health should be so uncertain ; perhaps you are not so well because you are in too good case ; as long as you were travelling and not in such high condition, your health was good, excepting that illness which you suffered shortly before you left us, and which I trust you will not bring back by too violent exercise, or in any other way. What

you write in jest about a wife, I take seriously. Be not too confident in your firmness; more cautious men than yourself are sometimes caught. For my part I should be glad if you were caught, that so you might give to your country sons like yourself. Whatever is to happen in the matter, I pray God it may turn out well and happily for you. You see with what high courage our friend Wotton has passed through this peril; his boldness seems to convict you of cowardice. Destiny has a good deal to do with the matter, and so you must not suppose that by your own foresight you can so conduct it as to be entirely happy, and that all shall turn out as you desire.

If that which you write, of the reasons why the Spaniards hate you, does not convince your countrymen that you should be on your guard against them, it will be vain for any man to try to persuade them. No doubt your Englishmen dream that they are such men as the old Talbots and Chandoses. Let them however reflect that Spain was the first province out of Italy which submitted to the Roman yoke, and that now the Spaniards are masters of a large part of Italy. Some indeed say that the King of Spain is so overwhelmed with debt, that he cannot undertake any great enterprise.* They do not reflect that he has it in his power not to pay his debts, and the princes of the present age hold that it is foolish to keep faith, when any inconvenience results to them from it. Others say, and with reason, that the King of Spain is not ambitious, but his people is most ambitious and full of contempt for all other nations; and we read

* Philip had been up to this time paying enormous interest to the merchants of Genoa for sums borrowed of them. In the latter part of this very year he ceased paying it, alleging that the amount had all along been miscalculated, and declaring all his former contracts null and void.

that Corbulo,* $\ddot{\text{A}}$ Etius,† Charles Martel,‡ and many others, have done great things under the most supine monarchs. John of Austria is now in the flower of his age, and beloved by the army. Now if the affairs of Belgium should be brought to a settlement, the King of Spain has an army there in high training, and accustomed to the sweets of plunder, and the provinces will never flourish till they are relieved of it; and thus it would be an advantage to the king that this army should be led into England, even though it was sure to perish there. And yet your politeness is now so conspicuous that you permit the Spanish fleets to examine your harbours at leisure, and be in them as long as they please.

The kingdom of France was in times past the barrier that stopped the ambition of Spain. But now our affairs have come to such a pass, that I fear we shall yet be the servants of the Spaniards, while the Papists, tired of war, and knowing by much experience how little they can depend on the king, will call in the Spaniards and place themselves under their protection. § And this I believe

* Commander of the Roman armies in Parthia under Claudius and Nero. “Corpore ingens, verbis magnificus, &c.” Tacitus *Annal.* xiii. 8.

† $\ddot{\text{A}}$ Etius, the son of a slave born about A. D. 400. He first served under Alaric; then by a course of very daring violence and intrigue, he became commander of the Roman armies in Gaul. When Attila had overrun the North of France and was advancing southward, $\ddot{\text{A}}$ Etius collected a large army, from various tribes, met him near Chalons, in 450, and totally routed him. It is said that 300,000 men were killed on that day. $\ddot{\text{A}}$ Etius was now become too powerful; a cabal was formed against him, and when he went to pay his respects to the Emperor Valentinian, that miserable tyrant stabbed him with his own hand.

‡ No one cares to inquire who bore the name of King when Charles Martel was grand Marechal of France.

§ In 1582, Guise and the Catholic League formed an agreement with Philip, in which he was styled Protector of the League, and engaged to furnish them with 50,000 crowns annually.

they would do, if the Belgian question was settled. The Turks indeed will give the Spaniards work to do in Italy and Sicily, but this Amurath who has lately come to the throne, does not seem likely to be very active ; he is ruled by the counsels of the old Pasha Mohammed,* who will never advise him to undertake any enterprise which carries risk with it. * * * *

Vienna, 3rd December, 1575.

LANGUET TO SIDNEY.

 AM convinced from the letter which you wrote to me from London on the 21st of June, that you had intended to tell me nothing of your journey to Ireland,† unless my letter had reached you just before your departure ; for you had written word of your intention to other friends some time before, who had informed me of it, and you were equipped for your expedition when you wrote to me. Perhaps you were afraid I should not wish you *bon voyage*, and thought that others bore better will to you than I. However, as such complaints have hitherto only made you think so poorly of me, I will refrain from them now and simply bewail my ill luck. I admire your dutiful affection, which does not allow your noble father to remain any longer without seeing you, and I rejoice that you do not

* The Grand Vizier Sokolli, mentioned before ; the favourite counsellor of Soliman and Selim, and the only Grand Vizier, I understand, who ever retained that office under three Sultans. His power was now declining, and he was assassinated, October 11, 1578.

† Sir H. Sidney had been appointed to succeed Walter Devereux, Earl of Essex, as Lord Deputy of Ireland, early in the present year.

fear the trouble and danger of so long a journey, provided you give him the great pleasure which he will surely feel at seeing you adorned with all those attainments, which wife men wish for their sons, even when they dare not hope for them. I do indeed admire your excellent purpose, but when I think upon the rugged mountains of Wales, and that stormy Irish sea, and the autumnal season, every where unhealthy, I am strangely troubled with anxiety for you. And therefore by the love which you once bore me, I entreat you as soon as you have returned to the repose and delights of your court, to let me hear of your safety, and relieve me of the fear, which as the old poet says, “tortures me and wrings my heart.” You will no doubt write to us a careful account of the marvels of Ireland, and send us a specimen of the birds which, they say, grow upon the trees there. † * * *

I am enjoying here great pleasure from the society of Dr. Andreas Paulus, with whom I am living, and many other friends whom I find here; you too, if you had made an excursion this way, would have met with not a few, and you might have enjoyed the conversation of many eminent men, especially of Master Lazarus Schuendi, whom I have often mentioned to you. Count Solms and the Baron v. Donau, who love you much, send their greeting. I send you a book on Persian affairs which I mentioned in a former letter; when you have read it, you will perceive that we do not think so highly of the power of that country. But perhaps Ismael § who has lately succeeded to the throne on the death of his father, and

† See Camden's account of the Claik geese. *Scotia*, 48, ed. 1637.

§ Ismael by no means answered these expectations. “Haissant tout le monde, et haï de tous, il n'osa plus se montrer en public, et passa son temps dans l'intérieur du palais à s'enivrer d'opium avec quelques uns de ses confidants.”—Von Hammer.

has begun his reign with the murder of his brothers, may restore the lost discipline of the troops. They write word from Constantinople that he has taken the army with which he overpowered his brothers, and is marching towards Babylon,* which the Sultan Soliman took from his father Tahmasp, and which he will endeavour to recover as most people think. I send also another paper on Spanish affairs, which I hope will be neither uninteresting nor unprofitable to you. Farewell.

Ratisbon, Aug. 13, 1576.

LANGUET TO SIDNEY.

FTER your departure† my friends kept me some time at Cologne, and as I was on the point of leaving it, a certain person arrived, who told me that he had given you a letter from the Queen, in which you were directed to go to the Prince of Orange, which was very pleasant news to me, for I perceived that by this means without any risk to yourself, your wish might be satisfied, and that it will be more honourable to you to go thither in the discharge of a public duty, than as a private person, as you had intended. But as I had warned you to be careful not to

* That is Bagdad. Soliman took it from Tahmasp in 1534, and the Turks held it until the year 1623, when it was betrayed by the governor's son to Abbas the Shah of Persia.

† In the interval between the date of the last letter of *Languet* and this, *Sidney* had again visited Germany, as ambassador from the Queen to the Emperor Rodolph, to condole with him on the death of his father Maximilian, who died Oct. 12, 1576. For a particular account of this mission see *Zouch's Life of Sir Philip Sidney*.

give any one an occasion of speaking ill of you, seeing that you had executed all that the Queen committed to you in such a manner as to obtain commendation and honour, and as I nevertheless saw that you were burning to be presented to Orange, and form an acquaintance with him, I was afraid you would afterwards charge me with having prevented you from accomplishing your purpose. For I do not forget how often you have reproached me as the cause of your giving up the journey to Rome. Since you left us nothing has happened in Germany that is particularly worth relating. The Elector* Palatine has not yet returned home. There is no change at Heidelberg since he went away, but from other towns and villages certain ministers have been discharged, not altogether at liberty, for they have been made to promise that they will appear and take their trial, if any charge shall be made against them within a year. A meeting of Protestant princes is called at Magdeburg for the month of October, in which the question of religion will be discussed; why should not your most gracious Queen send some active agent to this meeting, to set before them the dangers which threaten all who have cast off their allegiance to Rome, if they persist in these contentions, and also to explain to them how the Papists are encouraging these disputes amongst us? It would be well

* Lewis, who had lately succeeded his father Frederic. He restored the confession of Augsburg, and expelled the ministers of the Helvetic confession whom his father had placed in all the churches of the Palatinate. Sidney had visited him in the course of his embassy, and says in a letter to Walsingham, "One thing I was bolde to adde in my speeche, to desyre him in her Majestys name to have mercyfull consideration of the churche of the religion so notably establisched by his Father, as in all Jermany there is not fuche a number of excellente learned men, and truly woold rue any man to see the desolation of them." Printed from the Cotton. MSS. in the "Miscellaneous works of Sidney." Oxford, 1829.

to consult the Landgrave William on this point, and the King of Denmark might be applied to, if you are on good terms with him. * * * * *

You know the state of affairs in Belgium, and are doubtless aware of the disasters* our friends have lately suffered in France. Your people must sleep with one ear open, especially if the Spaniards obtain their peace from the Turks, as I hear from many quarters that they will. See that you do not forget what I said to you at the mouth of the Maine, and write about it as soon as you can, as you have more than once promised me. Give my dutiful respects to the excellent Master Greville† your friend, and the other noble and most courteous gentlemen who were the faithful and agreeable companions of your long journey. I wish I could serve them in any way. I felt incredible satisfaction from our intercourse during so many days, but I have experienced what a man does who drinks largely and eagerly of cold water when he is hot, and by this means brings on a fever. My pleasure, great as it was, produced a greater sorrow than I ever before felt, and it has scarcely yet subsided. Just before your departure, in jesting with Bizarro, with a view to drive away your low spirits and my own, I let fall

* Anjou had left them, and was commanding an army against them. “ Extrêmement irrité contre les Huguenots, parceque . . . le Prince de Condé se mocquoit de luy et le contrefaifoit en courant la bague.” La Charité was taken, Rochelle was blockaded, Damville had gone over to the other side. Mezerai adds, “ Les affaires des Huguenots ne pouvoient pas être en plus mauvais estat ; tout ce party estoit plein de divisions, de jaloufies, et de cabales. Il sembloit à plusieurs que si on eust poussé les Huguenots dans le désordre où ils estoient on les eust tout à fait terrassé.”

† Fulke Greville, Lord Broke, Sidney's companion and friend from the day on which they were entered together at Shrewsbury School (see *Sidneiana*, compiled for the Roxburgh club by the late Dr. Butler, Bishop of Lichfield). In his Life of Sidney, he speaks in high terms of the man.

certain words about which I intended to talk with you privately, and this made me sorry for my jest. Our friend Banofius is sent by the churches of the Belgians in exile here and in the Palatinate, to the synod which is called at Dort on the 24th of this month. From thence I hope he will write to you. He is a good and learned man, and much attached to you. I pray all blessings for you.

Frankfort, 14th June, 1577.

LANGUET TO SIDNEY.

* * * * *

ON my return from Cologne, I wrote to our common friend and said that I had made the proposal* to you, as we had agreed, and that you liked it well, and were grateful to them for having such an opinion of you; but that you could not come to any determination on the subject until you had consulted those who had a control over you; but that you promised to learn their will as soon as you returned to your country, and to acquaint us with it. I have now received a

ner in which he acquitted himself of his duty in this mission, but does not mention that he accompanied him. Lord Broke's poems are well known.

* I cannot make any probable conjecture of the nature of this proposal. It cannot be the nomination of Sidney to the throne of Poland, which, it has been said, took place at one period, because Stephen the king of that country was alive and prospering. It was a matter of some importance, if we may judge from the continual mention of it in Languet's letters. There are some passages which seem to intimate that a proposal of marriage formed a part of the business. See Sidney's letter of the 1st March, 1578. And, Languet in a letter dated 9th Oct. 1577, speaks of a person deeply concerned in Sidney's answer, while the sex of this person is carefully concealed by the ambiguity of the Latin.

letter from that friend of ours, in which he says, “ L’af faire que sçavez est enseveli. Nous attendons la resolution de vostre part, c’est a dire de celuy que sçavez. Car de nostre costé nous sommes assuréz ayans le consentement de la principale personne. Monsieur Ley en a parlé. Tout est resolu moyennant qu’ayez responce ou resolution de l’autre costé.” You see in what a strait I am placed. I really have been afraid on this account to go to them, although they have invited me more than once, and I have devised various excuses for not going, for I did not wish to deprive them of all hopes of concluding the business, until I should hear from you that no hope remained. For though I think that the thing is very difficult, I do not believe it is quite impossible. What if your fortune, or some good genius, should infuse into your friends or even your Zenobia a spirit of liberality towards you? I am now sent for by our friends on matters of such importance, that I must needs obey the call. When they ask me what news I bring on this matter of ours, I shall have nothing to say except that I have not yet heard from you. If, as I said before, you had written anything of any kind, I might have made up some tale to satisfy them, without any loss of their regard for you.

With respect to the public matter about which you were consulted, I have nothing to tell you, owing to my absence from them. The miscarriage of the wife of John of Nassau* has caused a delay; for their plan was to meet under his roof to arrange that affair, and to make the baptism of his infant a pretext for their meeting. But as far as I hear our people continue in the same mind, and that is one reason why I am now sent for.

We hear from Nuremberg that the Emperor has forbidden the citizens of Vienna to attend the Lutheran ser-

* Brother of William of Orange.

mons, on the ground that the profession of Lutheranism was permitted by his father Maximilian only to the nobility ; but the people of Vienna are so far from regarding the interdict, that they go to the sermons in much greater numbers than formerly, now that they are forbidden to do so. This spark may come to a dangerous flame, unless care is taken of it. And what care can be taken, when the minds of our princes are pre-occupied by evil counsels, and as if they were gone mad, refuse to take the advice of common sense ? What wonder if the court of Rome can beguile a young prince with its sorceries, when it has so misled the Venetians, who think themselves the wisest of men, that they have suffered the Inquisition to be established in their city, not only to have jurisdiction over their own people, but over foreigners too ? The Turks show their wisdom in granting us peace, that so our madness being relieved from all fear of them, may work more freely and bring on us a suicidal destruction. The King of Spain is pursuing his plan for the Swiss league, and they say that he has already persuaded most of the Romanist Cantons ;* but I have no doubt Berne and Zurich and the other more powerful cantons will resist it. They have met at Baden to consider the question. The Genevese are now relieved of their fear of the Spaniards, who held ground for some time not far from their city, but have now passed the Alps. If M. du Plessis†

* The Roman Catholic Cantons formed the league, commonly called the Golden League, with the Bishop of Basle, about this time. It was brought about chiefly by the Cardinal Charles Borromeo, who was very active in promoting the cause in Switzerland.

† Mornay du Plessis was in England on a mission to ask the Queen's assistance for Navarre and the Huguenots. Henry on this occasion, as well as on some others, gave him a blank paper with his signature, leaving the whole affair to his absolute discretion.

is with you, as some say here, and if the similiarity of your characters has made you friends, I beg you to greet him respectfully in my name. Farewell, and answere my letter.

Frankfort, 15th July, 1577.

LANGUET TO SIDNEY.

 HAD begun to-day to write to you, and had so filled my letter with complaints and expostulations, that if it had reached you, you would have thought me abusive. But as your good luck would have it, Master Daniel Rogers † arrived here in the evening, who told me that he had a letter from you for me, and thus put an end to the vehement excitement of my feelings, so that I restrained the wrath which I had begun to pour forth on you ; he has not however yet given me your letter. While we were at supper the lad came in, whom you left with his Excellency the Count of Hannau, and said that he was going straight to you, and asked if I had a letter. I am loth to send him without one, but as in the disturbed state of Lower Germany, a letter is not unlikely to be intercepted, I do not choose to entrust any serious matter to it. I have procured another description

† A very active agent of the English Government on the Continent. He had correspondents in almost every capital in Europe, and supplied Lord Burleigh "with information and state letters, all containing matters of moment." He was "the more remarkable," says Strype, "being the Son of John Rogers, Prebendary in St. Paul's, London, and the Protomartyr in Queen Mary's cruel reign. He studied at Wittemberg, and was a Scholar under Melancthon." Hence perhaps his friendship with Languet.

of the fortifications and garrisons of Hungary, about which you wrote to me from Bruges, not indeed by the aid of Count Ortemberg, but through our common friend Dr. Andreas Paulus, who greets you kindly, and is sorry he had not an opportunity of paying his respects to you at Prague. I will send it to you as soon as I meet with a messenger to whom I can trust it safely.

After your return from the Emperor's court, I asked you if you had released the Baron Slavata from payment of the money which you lent him a year ago; you said no. I concluded therefore that payment ought to be demanded of him as you had written to me before, and I wrote to him and said that I was surprized he should so soon lose all recollection of the kindness which you showed him in London. I wrote also to our friend Jordan, and begged him to remind him of his duty. When I wrote thus I thought that his bond was still in the hands of the book-seller at Prague, with whom I had left it when I came away from Prague; but he has since written me word that he gave it back to you. I should be glad therefore to know what you wish to have done in the matter, and whether you think I ought to receive the money of Slavata if he offers it, which however I scarcely expect he will do, especially if he discovers that the bond is not in our possession, and therefore that we cannot compel him to pay. I am writing at eleven o'clock at night, and more than half asleep, that I may not delay the boy's departure to-morrow. Farewell.

Frankfort, 12th August, 1577.

LANGUET TO SIDNEY.

* * * * *

HE poor Belgians seem to have a terrible war-storm hanging over them. I fear it may overwhelm them: vast numbers of men of all nations are flocking to the Standard of Don John;* Italians and Spaniards are marching in companies to him out of Italy. Some have been refused by the Bernois† a passage through their territory, but they will always find a way open from Savoy into Burgundy, and thence into Lorraine, which borders on the Luxembourg country where the troops are assembling and will be reviewed it is said; they say that the Prince of Parma‡ has already arrived there with a large body of horse. Guise is fortifying the citadel of Bischoff Homberg in that neighbourhood; it is six miles on this side the town of Metz, and is only one day's march from Lauterbourg, where Duke Casimir's quarters are. Guise has troops in those Bishoprics which the French King wrested

* Don John, the new Governor of Belgium, had entered Brussels on the 1st of May, having previously, by the “perpetual edict,” acceded to all the demands of the States, and dismissed the Spanish troops from the country. He was not sincere however, for he wrote to Philip for a fresh supply of troops, and by an unworthy artifice seized the citadel of Namur. Upon this the States threw off the yoke, increased the powers of the Prince of Orange, and prepared for war.

† It must be recollected that the Canton of Berne at this time embraced the present Cantons of Argau and the Vaudois. These Spaniards were therefore compelled to march through Savoy to the South of Geneva and cross the Jura range into Burgundy.

‡ Alexander Farnese, afterwards Duke of Parma, and the greatest General of his day; a nephew of Don John, but only two years his junior, that is, at this time, thirty-two years of age.

from the German Empire, and it is supposed he will take them to join Don John. The French however have diligently spread the report, that these troops are held in readiness against Duke Casimir. But I do not think it is their interest to challenge Germany to a quarrel at present. I am greatly surprised that the Spaniards are making such efforts to carry on the war, now that winter is so near; but I suppose they are afraid Orange may strengthen his party during the winter if they give him no employment, or perhaps (as the proceedings of the Spaniards are not always very expeditious) the enterprize which was to have been undertaken in autumn has been put off until winter, on account of embarrassments in the treasury.

We hear from Vienna that Mathias, the Emperor's Brother, attended by a few horsemen, left that place on the night of the 4th of this month.* They suppose he is gone into Belgium, because a Belgian who was on a mission from the States to the Emperor has gone away with him. The Emperor does not approve of this proceeding of his Brother, or at least will not appear to approve of it, for he has written to the Princes to say that he has sent couriers to various places in his dominions to recall him, and begs them not to let him proceed if he comes into their country.

I fear all this is false dealing, and done with the inten-

* The Duke d'Arscot and the Catholic members of the Council in Belgium were jealous of the power of the Prince of Orange, and invited Prince Mathias to the chief government of the States still under the name of Philip. The invitation was borne by a Flemish Gentleman named Maelsted. Mathias retained the title of Governor for three or four years, but never possessed any influence or authority whatever, and on the election of the Duc d'Anjou to the Sovereignty he retired on a pension. Afterwards on the death of his brother Rodolph he became Emperor.

tion that he should go into Belgium, and dissolve by his intrigues the union of the States against Spain, and break down the authority of Orange. None of the Emperor Maximilian's sons has evinced a more amiable character; doubtless he will anticipate John of Austria, and secure the favour of the Queen of Scots. She will prefer a man honorably born, and in the vigour of youth, to the illegitimate libertine. Mathias was born in 1557, on the 24th of February, from which day he receives his name. Farewell.

Frankfort, 22nd of October, 1577.

SIDNEY TO LANGUET.

 Y very dear Languet, Of your three letters which, in that written on the 24th of August, you affirm that you have sent me, I have only received two. Those indeed were full of all kindness and real friendship; but this is nothing new. Do you fancy that you can by this means perform the promise that you so solemnly made about your paying me a visit? That would be indeed, master Hubert, a downright imposition. I am very glad that you are so near Spires, where you may be properly dealt with.

There was a nobleman here a short time since, of the name of de Tamars, with whom I formed an acquaintance, and this the more readily, because he very frequently in my presence made honourable mention of you. So likewise Aldegonde* and the Prince himself, when I

* Philip de Marnix, Lord of Mont St. Aldegonde, was the personal friend and adviser of William, Prince of Orange, and in 1575 was one

was staying with his highness, often said a great deal by which I perceived that you were very dear to him. But why do I tell you these things? Plainly to persuade you to visit him, if you can do so with safety, and to come from thence to us. You will there have a most excellent field for putting into practice, in the formation of this new commonwealth, those principles which you have so diligently studied during the whole course of your life. And I hope indeed, that I shall come over thither, before many weeks have elapsed; for I have a great regard for that Prince, and have perhaps in some way been of more service to him than he is aware of. The leaning of our minds is such at this present time, that (should the wars be continued in Flanders) I am in some hope that the prediction, which you formerly uttered respecting me at Vienna, will have a happy fulfilment. The marquis d'Havre* demands assistance, and I think, if occasion so require, he will obtain it.† The peace with France in some measure disturbs our Queen; for she thinks she has not been properly treated. You know the reason. For my own part I consider these things as of little importance; for they will always have both a reason and a disposition to make a rupture, provided only they see any certain ground on which to rest.

of the deputies sent by the States to desire the protection of Queen Elizabeth. He was engaged in a Dutch version of the scriptures when he died, in 1598. See Moreri, Bayle, Melchior Adam.

* This was Charles Philip de Croy, a younger brother of the Duke d'Arfchot, who was at this time, 1577, commanding a part of the troops of the States at or near Antwerp.

† The Marquis d'Havre and Adolph Metherk were sent over by the States to borrow of Queen Elizabeth a hundred thousand pounds sterling for eight months. Wright's Queen Elizabeth and her Times, ii. 70. See also Camden, Elizabeth, p. 221.

I wrote to you a year ago about a certain Frobisher,^{*} who, in rivalry of Magellan, has explored that sea which he supposes to wash the north part of America. It is a marvellous history. After having made slow progress in the past year, so as only to pass in the autumn the Feroe isles and an island which he supposes to be Friesland,[†] discovered by the Venetian Zeni,[‡] he touched at a certain island for the purpose of recruiting both himself and his crew. And there by chance a young man, one of the ship's company, picked up a piece of earth[§] which he saw glittering on the ground, and shewed it to Frobisher;

* Sir Martin Frobisher left Blackwall on his first voyage in June 1576, under the patronage of Ambrose Dudley, Earl of Warwick, and arrived at Harwich on his return, Oct. 2. See Hakluyt, III. 29, 57. Hakluyt's first collection of voyages was inscribed to Sidney.

† "The 11th day (July) at a S. E. sun, we had sight of the land of Friesland bearing from us W. N. W. sixteen leagues, and rising like pinnacles of steeples, and all covered with snow. I found myself in 61 degrees of latitude." Hakluyt, as above. This is however now generally supposed to be Cape Farewell, in the south of Greenland.

‡ Nicolas and Antony Zeni professed to discover this country in the 14th century, being driven thither from Ireland by a tempest.

§ "One brought a piece of black stone much like to a sea-coal in colour, which by the weight seemed to be some kind of metal or mineral. This was a thing of no account in the judgment of the captain at first sight, and yet for novelty it was kept in respect of the place from whence it came. After his arrival in London, being demanded of sundry of his friends what thing he had brought them home out of that country, he had nothing left to present them withal, but a piece of this black stone. And it fortuned a gentlewoman, one of the adventurers' wives, to have a piece thereof, which by chance she threw and burned in the fire, so long, that at the length being taken forth, and quenched in a little vinegar, it glittered with a bright marcasite of gold. Whereupon the matter being called in some question, it was brought to certain gold-finers in London to make an assay thereof, who gave out that it held gold, and that very richly for the quantity." Hakluyt, as above.

who, being engaged in other matters, and not believing that the precious metals were produced in a region so far to the north, considered it of no value. But he returned home at the beginning of winter. The young man kept the earth by him, as a memorial of his labour, (for he had no thought of any thing else,) till his return to London. And there, when one of the friends of the young man perceived it shining in an extraordinary manner, he made an assay, and found that it was the purest gold, and without any intermixture of other metal. Wherefore Frobisher* went back to the place this last spring, under orders to explore that island,† and, should it answer his expectation, to proceed no farther. This he has done, and has now returned, bringing his ships, of which he had only three,‡ and those of small size, full laden; and he is said (for they have not yet unloaded) to have brought two hundred tons of ore. He has given it as his decided opinion, that the island is so productive in metals, as to seem very far to surpass the country of Peru, at least as it now is. There are also six other islands§ near to this, which seem very little inferior. It is therefore at this time under debate, by what means these our hitherto successful labours can be still carried on in safety against the attacks of other nations, among whom the Spaniards and Danes seem especially to be considered;

* Frobisher left Blackwall on his second voyage, on Whitsunday, May 26, 1577, and returned to England on the 28th of September.

† "This was an island bearing the name of Hall, whence the ore was taken up, which was brought into England this last year, 1576; the said Hall being present at the finding and taking up thereof, who was then master of the Gabriel with Capt. Frobisher." Hakluyt.

‡ Namely, the Aide, of two hundred tons, the Gabriel, and the Michael, of about thirty tons each.

§ Viz. in the neighbourhood of Frobisher's straits.

the former, as claiming all the western parts by right from the Pope; the latter, as being more northerly and therefore nearer; and relying on their possession of Iceland, they are better provided with the means of undertaking this voyage. They are also said to be sufficiently skilled in the art of navigation. I wish, therefore, for the sake of our mutual friendship, that you would send me your opinion on this subject, and at the same time describe the most convenient method of working those ores. You promised that you would send me the laws of Guttenberg.* I pray you to do this as soon as possible. Some light may possibly be obtained from them; for we understand this art little better than we do the cultivation of vines. Remember therefore so to write, as that you may answer to the great reputation you enjoy among us; for, unless you forbid it, I will shew your letter to the Queen. The thing is truly of great importance, and one which may probably, some time or other, be of use to the professors of the true religion. I have written to you three times on that important affair of mine; so that I think you are satisfied on that score.

I pray you to write to me with all diligence, and I shall perhaps shake off my slothfulness. Send your letter to my friend Freming. For de Taxis† has too much worked his swift horses. I am truly sorry for that man's misfortune. My friend Beale‡ is now, I believe, sweetly

* Guttenberg was a town in Bohemia, in the neighbourhood of which there were certain silver mines; and the laws here mentioned seem to refer to the municipal code which regulated the working of them.

† Languet says in a letter to Sidney, in 1575, "Consulo ut scribas ad Joann. Baptistam de Taxis qui stationariorum equorum procreationem habet in Belgio." The office of Master of the Posts is hereditary in this family.

‡ Robert Beale was Clerk of the Council, and often employed in

renewing in your society the advantages of ancient friendship. I love him, and yet I envy him. Our friend Labetius has been conferring with me about the money which the king of France owes to the free cities of Germany. Here truly I perceive the Council are much inclined to oblige the German cities. But, as you know, vous autres François nous devés il y a long temp toute l'Aquitaine et la Normandie, mais vous feres plus tost banquerouttes que les payer, et pourtant nous estimons peu tels debiteurs et moins si mauvais fermiers. I beg you will write me word as to what is the state of your affairs. You very much wrong me if you are not fully persuaded of my entire readiness to serve you by every means in my power. And you must not charge upon me the saying, “out of sight, out of mind ;” for I have never felt any diminution of that ardent affection with which I have always regarded you ; but it has rather increased from day to day, and it is when absent, that I have most of all felt the sweetnes of your society. But observe what Aristotle says of old men in his Rhetoric ; namely, that they are cold in love, and that we are deceiving our own spirits in cultivating friendship, as if they were nothing else but the smoke of youthful ardour. But who, I pray, will now dare to accuse me of laziness, seeing that I have written so long a letter ? See that you write me one yet longer in return ; for you will have a month at least to do it in. Farewell, and commend me to the worthy Bain,* our friend Labetius, Clusius, the

private missions to the protestant Princes of Germany, an account of which, written by himself to the Lord Treasurer, is given in Strype, Ann. iv. 117.

* Bain. This seems a familiar abbreviation of Banofius, often named by Languet in his letters.

excellent Jordan, and my Andrew.* And so offer my services to Butrech,† the best doctor among reisters,† and the best reister among doctors, (as, if I mistake not, Cicero says of Scævola and Crassus,‡) as the services of one who loves them all, and desires to gratify and be of use to every one of them. Again, my Hubert, farewell. From the Queen's palace, Oct. 1, 1577. Your most loving

PHILIP SIDNEY.

I wonder that I have not of a long time heard any thing of Wacker. Henry, Baron of Lichtenstein, was here shortly after my return from Germany, to whom I did not shew so much courtesy as I ought to have done, having been at that time so much involved in busines; and by reason of the absence of my father and uncles, who were then at Bath, I was not prepared to receive him as I could have wished. I pray you therefore, when an opportunity occurs, to make my excuse. He is certainly an excellent young man, and one whom I love from my heart; and whenever any of his friends shall come hither, I will endeavour to atone for my fault. My cousin Greville dutifully salutes you.

* The name of this person was Andreas Paulus. He is often mentioned by Languet.

† Languet calls the same person "doctor equestris." He appears, from a "letter of news," MS. Cotton. Galba, c. 254, to have been in the suite of prince Casimir. *Reister* is an old word for a trooper. Daniel Rogers writing from Enchusen, July 26, 1577, to the Earl of Leicester, speaks of Don John "making a levy of reisters." Wright's Elizabeth, ii. 60.

‡ An allusion to Cic. de Oratore, i. 39. *Juris peritorum eloquentissimus, eloquentium juris peritissimus.* See also ibid. 50.

LANGUET TO SIDNEY.



OME one being asked which of Cicero's orations pleased him most, answered, the longest. By the same law I judge of your letters, and therefore I derived the greatest pleasure from that which the Count of Hannau's boy brought to me, although I was very sick when he came. I should run out into commendations of your great diligence had you not anticipated me there, for which I do not blame you, for fear you should arraign me in the court of the Rhetoricians, who have ruled that men may relate and extol their own noble deeds if they have achieved any. But, my good friend, were you not driven to be diligent by mere necessity, to atone for all those Laconisms which you have dealt in these two years. Besides with what face could you have sent off the boy without a more careful letter than usual, when he was not to come away without your permission? for generally you attribute the brevity of your letters to the urgency of the messengers. See the return I make you for your delightful letter, than which nothing could have pleased me more. But I am not sorry to jest with you, to let you see that I am in a certain degree recovered from a severe sickness, which has so troubled me for a whole month that I was not permitted either to read or write, and that was more distressing to me even than the pain, acute as it was sometimes. Six years ago I suffered for seven months from the very same complaint, and I carry the marks of it still in my face; but then it was the multitude of doctors that ruined me. This time I have escaped more easily, because my danger had made me cautious, and I did not permit them

to trifle with my health at their pleasure. I have not yet however sufficiently recovered to be able to leave my warm chamber without injury to my health.

If that which you say of your Frobisher* is true, he will doubtless eclipse the reputation not only of Magellan but even of Christopher Columbus himself. Who could have expected that the extreme north would at last supply us with so great incitement to evil? You may now well despise the voyage to the Indies, since you have stumbled on that gift of nature, of all others the most fatal and hurtful to mankind, which nevertheless nearly all men desire with so insane a longing, that it is the most powerful of all motives to them to incur risk. You have lately turned your lands into pastures,† and in so doing have not consulted the interests of your country, for you have thinned its population. Your rulers were unwise to permit it, since the surest strength of a country is an abundant population. And now I fear England will be tempted

* Sir Martin Frobisher was killed in an unsuccessful attack on Brest, in 1594.

† This practice had prevailed to a great extent during the reigns of Henry VII. and VIII. In the second year of Edward VI. after the suppression of an insurrection in Cornwall, “ occasioned in a great measure by the poverty and discontent that reigned in the country by reason of the decay of tillage, and the enclosing of land for pasture, a commission was granted to enquire into these abuses, and on the 1st of June (1548) there went out a notable proclamation against enclosures, letting houses fall to decay, and unlawful converting of arable ground into pastures, which accompanied the Commissioners.”—Stryke, Eccl. Mem. ii. 2, 145. Stryke gives the Proclamation at length. It sets forth among other matters “ that of late by the enclosing of lands and arable grounds in divers and sundry places of the realm, many had been driven to extreme poverty, and compelled to leave the places where they were born, and to seek them beings in other countries with great misery and poverty; insomuch as in time past ten, twenty, yea, in some places an hundred or two hundred Christian people have been inhabiting, and kept households

by the thirst for gold, and rush forth in a body to the islands which Frobisher has lately discovered, and how much English blood do you suppose must be spilt in order that you may keep possession of them? There is not one of all our maritime nations which will not enter the lists against you for them. In old times when a party of Carthaginians on a voyage in the Atlantic had been carried by a storm to some land or other, and on their return home told marvellous tales of its fruitfulness and its climate, the Senate, fearing the people would be tempted by the description and leave their country and migrate thither, put out of the way the men who brought the report, so that if any of their people should desire to go they should have no one to guide them.

Do I therefore think that you should reject these good things which God in his mercy offers you, and punish their discoverer? By no means; on the contrary, I very

to the bringing up and nourishing of youth, and to the replenishing and fulfilling of His Majesty's realm with faithful subjects, who might serve both Almighty God and the King's Majesty to the defence of this realm; now there is nothing kept but sheep or bullocks. * * * So that the realm thereby was brought to a marvellous desolation, houses decayed, parishes diminished, the force of the realm weakened, and Christian people by the greedy coveteousness of some men, eaten up and devoured of brute beasts, and driven from their houses by brute beasts." Mr. John Hales, one of the Commissioners, in a charge delivered at their first meeting, mentions the laws that had been made to provide against this evil, "Whereof one was, that no man should keep above the number of two thousand sheep; another that those who had the fites of any monasteries suppressed, should keep continual household upon the same, and occupy as much of the demeans in tillage, as had been occupied within twenty years before." But as Latimer said in his first sermon preached before Edward VI, (Parker Society's Ed. 1844, p. 101.) "We have good statutes made for the commonwealth, as touching commoners and inclosers; many meetings and sessions; but in the end of the matter there cometh nothing forth."

greatly admire the high spirit, the perseverance, and even the good fortune of Frobisher, and consider he deserves great rewards. I have no doubt the first movers of the long and dangerous voyage which he undertook, (whether himself or others) had an eye to the riches which the Spaniards and Portuguese have procured by their great expeditions. Since therefore he has hit the mark at which he aimed; who can be so unfair in judging the case as not to think him worthy of the highest credit? But I am thinking of you, for you seem to rejoice in the circumstance, as if it was the best possible thing for your country, especially since last spring I noticed in you a certain wish to undertake an enterprise of this kind. And if the vain hope of finding a passage which Frobisher entertained had power then to tempt your mind so greatly, what will not these golden mountains effect, or rather these islands all of gold which I dare to say stand before your mind's eye day and night? Beware I entreat you, and do not let the cursed hunger after gold which the Poet speaks of, creep over that spirit of yours, into which nothing has hitherto been admitted but the love of goodness, and the desire of earning the good will of all men. You are in error, if you suppose that men naturally grow better as they grow older: the case is very rare. They do indeed become more cautious, and learn to conceal their moral faults and their evil affections; but if you know an old man in whom you think there are some remains of honesty, be sure he was a good man in his youth. Whenever, therefore, any feeling new to yourself shall agitate your mind, do not hastily indulge it, even if the object to which it leads you seems to be a good one, but before you give it entrance, reflect carefully what it is that tempts you, for if you set out on any course hastily, you will be compelled to wheel about, when you find you are

going wrong, or, (which is not unfrequent and is far worse) will refuse through false shame to confess you have gone wrong, and therefore go on with your purpose.

What is the object of all this? you will say. That if these islands have fixed themselves deeply in your thoughts, you may turn them out before they overcome you, and may keep yourself to serve your friends and your country in a better way. But if your desire of fame and glory makes your present inactivity irksome to you, place before you the example of the old Chandoses and Talbots; you will obtain greater honour and glory by following their steps, than if you could obtain all the wealth which the Spaniards have brought over from their new world, on the strength of which they have insulted all the nations of Europe, and so disgusted them with their insolence, that they now feel and perhaps will soon feel still more that they have erred in their reckoning.

I wish you had told me what is the latitude of these islands; one might from thence have conjectured whether the soil in the neighbourhood was fit for cultivation, and whether it could supply the necessaries of life, and materials for building. The inhabitants of the arctic circle keep cows and other cattle, and have begun to sow grain. Their cows in summer time give milk much more abundant and more rich than ours. Beyond the 70th degree of latitude it is rare to find trees, that are of use for building; they are so pinched with cold, that they cannot grow to any great height. Still some say that they do grow up in the valleys which are sheltered from the north winds. If the hope of gold of which you have this glimpse does not fail you, it will be necessary that you should fortify a harbour in which your ships may lie. If however the country will admit cultivation, it will be far better to build a town than a fort; for if you had a

fort, you would be forced to keep a garrison, which would be a great expense and of little use to the workmen whom you must employ on the veins of gold, whereas the town would supply them the necessaries of life, and these would be brought by traders in hopes of sharing in the gold. The Portuguese experienced the greatest difficulties in the Indies before they colonized Goa,* but when that settlement was made, every thing went on much more smoothly than before, for they could then buy things at Goa, which they had been forced to send for to Spain. Even if these places should be without the other necessaries of life, they will at any rate supply you with great abundance of fish, and if there were any inhabitants, they might make a profit by fishing as we see the Icelanders and Norwegians do, who send a vast quantity of fish, preserved by the frost, into Germany and the neighbouring countries.

I do not know whether I shall be able to get the statutes of Guttenberg which you ask for. I will write about it to my friends in Bohemia, although I do not think that they can be of much use to you, since the whole system of mining there is very different from that which you will have to practise, since Guttenberg stands in a highly cultivated district, and the Crown does not work the mines there at its own risk, but they are worked by private persons who pay a tenth to the Crown. I advise you by all means to read the works of Georgius Agricola,† on the origin and causes of subterraneous formations and on the working of mines. He was a

* The Portuguese colony of Goa in the East Indies, was established in 1510, by Alfonso d'Albuquerque.

† George Agricola (Bauer), was born at Gleuchen in 1494, died 1555. He wrote twelve books "de Re Metallicâ." A writer in the Biographie Universelle says of him, "Ce fut en vain qu'il assura alors aux Ducs de

most eminent philosopher, and far surpassed all who had written on these subjects before him. If his works are not on sale in England, I will send them to you next spring, for they are not to be bought here at present. See how my thoughts are nailed to that gold of yours. I have brought together to this point all this nonsense, to shew you that I have the will to write to you, even when I lack matter. * * * *

The Elector of Brandenburg * was a suitor for the hand of the Princess of whom we spoke as we walked at the mouth of the Maine. But she considered that her word was given to one whom you know of, and so as she had promised her brother, seeing that no answer had arrived from him, she would not transfer her affections to another object; and therefore he has married a daughter of the Prince of Anhalt. I do not know whether you laugh at the prophecy I uttered at Vienna. But I begin to hope I shall not be a false prophet; for things seem to tend to the quarter which I pointed out. It is your business to drive them on: and if you do so, you will do well for the peace and quietness of your country. I am very sorry that you have not received the paper about the garrisons in Hungary. I was unwilling to trust it to the Count of Hannau's servants, fearing they would not take care of it. But when Master Daniel Rogers was going by water from hence to Mayence about the end of our fair, to give his letters to some persons who were going to England, I gave him the paper made up into a roll,

Saxe, que la portion souterraine de leurs états valait mieux que la superficie, il en fut peu secouru, et employa tout son bien à ses savantes recherches. * * * * Il était le premier mineralogiste qui parut après la renaissance des sciences en Europe."

* George Frederick, Marquis of Brandenburg, Grand Duke of Prussia by investiture from the Crown of Poland.

together with a letter for you, and begged him to add it to his own parcel of letters, which he afterwards told me he had done. This took place, if I remember aright, on the 23rd of September. What became of the treatise and my letter afterwards you may enquire of Master Rogers when he returns to you. If you have not yet received it when you get this letter, I beg you will let me know as soon as possible, that I may apply to Andreas Paulus, to procure me a new copy of it, for its contents seem to me well worth your knowing. I have received Slavata's bond, for which I thank you. I will send it to him with such an eulogy as his folly deserves. Wacker about whom you appear to be anxious, is at Spires. Dr. Purkircher of Posen, died a few days since with almost all his family, of the plague. Our friend Clusius has been deprived of the salary which he received from the Emperor. This is done, no doubt, from dislike of the Reformed Religion. Are you serious when you say in your last letter that you are likely to come into Germany again? I fear you wish to cajole us with vain hopes, for I dare not expect such good fortune. Whatever you resolve on the matter, I hope it will turn out well and prosperously. Farewell.

Frankfort, 28th November, 1577.

LANGUET TO SIDNEY.

 O that long and very delightful letter of yours I replied in such a manner, that I can scarcely doubt you have by this time had enough of my letters; and therefore I must in future beware lest to satiety I add disgust. I will try then to be brief, and indeed why should I write at any length, when these two

excellent men, my dearest friends, and your greatest admirers, are coming to you? I mean Master Daniel Rogers, the envoy of your most gracious Queen; and our Equestrian Doctor, to use your expression. For whatever I should write, would be but poor matter to you, compared with their agreeable discourse. The objects which draw Butrech to your country you will learn from himself, and you will learn besides that the illustrious Prince Casimir is full of regard for you, and most desirous to do you pleasure. As I have at present no other subject to write upon, I am going to trifle with you as my custom is, and to write freely about the affairs of Germany. Be assured that not only the Spaniards and the French desire the overthrow of the party in Belgium which is in arms for the maintenance of their liberty, but some too of the leading princes of Germany are of the same mind, and are ready to profit by any opportunity that may occur. I can easily believe that you English are attentive enough to the plans of the French and Spaniards, and will take very good care that they shall do you no great harm. If besides this you bestow some thought on the Germans, you will be doing a thing not unworthy (as I believe) of your greatness as a nation, and would obtain thereby no little addition to your influence; you would, moreover, be disturbing the intrigues of the Spaniards and French, whose party in Germany is far from weak, and you would be putting a curb on those Germans who desire to see the Belgians crushed by the Spaniards, and will certainly lend their help for that purpose whenever it shall be asked.

I will go on with this babbling as I have begun it: an excellent means of accomplishing the object which I have pointed out, would be, to hold to your interests, by a small yearly stipend, a few military officers. For though you could not make use of them to raise troops, still it

would lead to a large increase of your influence, and you would be held in higher consideration in Germany than you have been hitherto, and besides occasions would be sure to arise in which you might thus throw obstacles in the way of the designs of those who seek your ill.

And that these officers might not be, like the single twigs of a broom, unfit for working, and therefore useless to you, I would advise that you should make choice of some person, eminent for character and rank, whose authority, like a band, might tie them together, and who should have control over them by means of a subsidy from you. And to no man would such a command be trusted with more advantage than to the most noble Prince Casimir. Indeed you well know without a word from me that he is the only man in Germany to whom it could be trusted at all; whether you regard his devotion and respect for her gracious Majesty and your country, or the splendour of his birth, or his age, now in its prime, or his skill and practice in arms, or the favour with which military men regard him. * * * * *

Frankfort, 26th December, 1577.

LANGUET TO SIDNEY.

 HE Sirens of Saxony detained the excellent Master Beale so long, that we were not a little anxious on his account; but he relieved us from our care by returning safe and sound, and made us happy for some days by his agreeable conversation; though certainly a great part of the pleasure which we derived from his society, we owe to the wintry gales which delayed his departure. You were not so courteous to us last

spring, for you were in such a hurry that you were more like a man running away from his friends, than one who is only hastening home. If you had been speeding to your marriage, we could better have endured to lose you so soon, and indeed some of our party suspected that this was the cause of your haste. I indeed did not agree with them, but yet I greatly wonder that you, whom all the world pronounces to have been reared in the lap of the graces, should have been able to preserve your freedom so long. Perhaps you have determined to follow the example of your Minerva.* See that you do not repent of your purpose when it is too late, and consider how great is their happiness to whom, as they return home, (in the words of the Poet)

“Sweet children run to be the first to kiss,
And fill the breast with joy too deep for words.”

Take the advice of Master Beale on the matter, he believes that a man cannot live well and happily in celibacy.

I hope Master Rogers and our friend Butrech have long ago reached you safe and sound. Since they left Germany nothing has occurred worth writing to you. Master Beale has met with no small difficulties in going through his appointed task, but by his prudence and dexterity he has so surmounted them, that I hope our churches are saved from the perils which threatened them from the movements of Jacobus Andreas † and some other Theologians.

* Queen Elizabeth.

† Chancellor and Provost of the University of Tübingen, born 1528, died 1590, the leader and champion of the Lutheran party in Germany. A man of great learning and skill in controversy; but violent and intolerant.

On the subject of forming a league, you know what were my sentiments when you mentioned the thing to me at Nuremberg. Those who are only moderately versed in the affairs of Germany know that it is not an easy task to bring about that which Master Rogers attempted in the first instance with a few Princes, and Beale afterwards with more. You will object to me the league of Smalealde,* which grew together under the hands of your King Henry, and of Francis I. of France. But the state of the times was different then. It was easy enough to bring into a league Princes who were high minded men, long practised in war, and who desired it for their own sakes, being fearful of the Emperor Charles, from whom they saw they were in danger, owing to their change of religion. And yet the end of that league was a sorrowful one, and to many of them most disastrous. Wherefore it ought not to astonish any one, if our Princes shrink from proposals of this kind, since they are not conscious of any danger impending over them, and long security has made them fonder of ease than was either Philip the Landgrave† or John Fre-

* After the Diet at Augsburg in 1530, the Protestant Princes, with the Deputies of several Imperial Towns, assembled at Smalcalde, where, says Robertson, “they concluded a league of mutual defence against all aggressors, by which they formed the Protestant States of the Empire into one regular body, and beginning already to consider themselves as such, they resolved to apply to the Kings of France and England, and to implore them to assist and patronize their new confederacy.” Their forces were defeated at Muhlberg in 1547, by Charles V. and the league came to an end.

† Philip, Landgrave of Hesse, called the Magnanimous, born in 1504, declared himself on the side of the Reformation in 1526, having already distinguished himself as a soldier in his campaigns against Sickingen and against the Anabaptists. He was subsequently a leading member of the league of Smalcalde; but gave himself up to Charles V. after the defeat

deric* the Saxon. Still, even if on this ground the thing has not turned out altogether as you might wish, you have no reason by any means to regret the trouble bestowed upon it, since it has added not a little to the reputation of your most gracious Queen in Germany. Is it not deserving of great praise, and ought they not to be thankful to her for testifying that she is so anxious for the safety of the Churches and Princes who have thrown off the yoke of Popish tyranny, as to invite them to a union of policy and of power for the purpose of meeting the danger, and offer herself as the leader of the undertaking? I wish from my heart that things may turn out well for them, but if it should befall them some day to be over-powered by their enemy, for whom they are far from being a match, doubtless they will cry out on their own folly in having let slip this opportunity of providing for their safety. I believe that this troublesome and toilsome journey would not have been made by Master Beale in vain, even if he had done no more than ascertain what are the feelings towards your country of the Princes to whom he went: most of whom have declared that they admire and respect the virtues of your most gracious Queen, and wish you all success. You would do well in my opinion, to send from time to time into Germany active men, and such as are acquainted with the affairs of

of Muhlberg, and by an act of treachery on the part of Granvelle, Charles's Minister, was kept in prison four years; he died in 1567.

* John Frederic, Elector of Saxony, also farnamed the Magnanimous, was nephew of Luther's patron, Frederick III. He was placed by the confederate Princes at the head of the league of Smalcalde. And his fortunes were much the same as those of the Landgrave. After the battle of Muhlberg, he was at first condemned to death by a Court Martial of which Alva was President; but his sentence was commuted and he was imprisoned for seven years. He died in 1554.

this country, to strengthen their good feelings towards you, and to do what they can to conciliate the good will of others, for in this way the name of the Queen would be made more honourable in Germany, and the Princes would be more and more convinced that you are really interested in their welfare, and perchance you might gradually arrive at the league which for the present is past hoping for.

If these hints of mine do not seem to you quite absurd, I advise you to confer with Master Beale about them, for he will be able to explain the subject to you better than any one else. If I did not know that you appreciate his character, his genius and manifold experience, I should beg of you to show him kindness for my sake. But I am sure such a request is unnecessary. I only beg you to be assured that he is one who loves you and feels towards you as he ought, and as I desire he should. You may treat him with the closest intimacy and you shall never repent of it.

May Almighty God grant that in this year, which we have now entered upon, all things prosperous may befall you; may you marry a wife suited to your character, and before the year's end, may she "make you the father of a fair offspring."

Frankfort, 8th January, 1578.

LANGUET TO SIDNEY.

* * * * *

 HEY write us word from Antwerp that the Belgians have learnt a lesson from their misfortunes, and are placing more power than before in the hands of Orange, referring almost every matter to him, and leaving everything connected with the

war to his absolute decision, to determine as he shall judge best for the state. If this is true, I am inclined to congratulate them on their late reverse.* I never had any hopes that the men who hitherto have had the management of affairs would do rightly, because they appeared to me not to understand the great peril in which they were placed, and while they would not themselves seek a remedy for their present ills, seemed to hate all who tried to make them take measures for their own safety.

The rumour is gaining ground here that your Queen has ordered troops to be sent to the help of the Belgians; it is added that the most noble Earl of Leicester† will command the forces that are to go. If this report be true you have obtained what you so greatly desired, for I doubt not you will have a share in the enterprise. I would not even if I could, weaken or blunt the edge of your spirit, still I must advise you now and then to reflect that young men who rush into danger incautiously almost always meet an inglorious end, and deprive themselves of the power of serving their country; for a man who falls at an early age cannot have done much for his country. Let not therefore an excessive desire of fame hurry you out of your course; and be sure you do not give the glorious name of courage to a fault which only seems to have something in common with it. It is the misfortune, or rather the folly of our age, that most men of high birth think it more honorable to do the work of a soldier than of a leader, and would rather earn a name for boldnes than for judgment. Hence in our countries we can scarcely find a veteran commander; and this is

* On the 31st of January, 1578, the army of the confederate States under De Goignies was totally defeated at Gemblours by Don John and the Prince of Parma.

† Leicester did not go upon this service until the year 1585.

owing simply to our rashness. The Spaniards alone are free from this species of madness, and therefore they possess generals of the utmost experience in the art of war, who effect far more by genius than by strength, as is plain enough from what they have done in Belgium during these last ten years, to mention only such things as have happened in your time and in your recollection. I have this day received a letter from the Emperor's court, from which I learn that Ismael the King of Persia is dead, and therefore they suppose that Amurath the Sultan will give up the expedition which he was preparing against him. This will be no good news either for the Emperor's people, or for the Spaniards who are still treating for a peace at Constantinople. Farewell, and at least write me word that you are alive and well.

Frankfort, 15th of February, 1578.

LANGUET TO SIDNEY.

OUR last letter was written in the month of October. Our friend Butrech in his letters to me, proclaims in the highest terms the courtesy and liberality you have shown towards him; and so do the others who write to me. This gives me the greatest pleasure, for I desire nothing so much as to see you excelling every one else in goodness. I set it down to my ill fortune, that you write to me no more. I cannot persuade myself that your feelings towards me are changed.

All the world here is intently watching the result of affairs in Belgium. The victory of the Spaniards has not produced them so much advantage as we feared it would, for we were afraid some of the chief towns would

go over to them. It was almost necessary that the Belgians should suffer some reverse, to reprove them for their folly. They are now more diligent than ever before, in preparing such things as are necessary for the war, and in fortifying their cities: and it is no small gain that they have given up the conduct of the war to the Prince of Orange. Duke Eric of Brunswick is leading three thousand horse to John of Austria, which will be reviewed in a few days in the Bishopric of Munster. Gunther, Count Schwartzburg, and Christopher, Baron of Tautenberg, have raised for the States four thousand horse, a part of which is said to have just crossed the Rhine. You are aware of the negotiation which is going on with the most noble Prince John Casimir. If the Belgians shall be able to protract the war through the summer, they will reduce the Spaniards to a great strait. The Emperor is very desirous to bring the matter to a peaceful settlement, but he will find it a difficult business. With a view to gain the confidence of the Belgians, he is pretending that he greatly disapproves of the designs of the Spaniards, and now declares that it was by his advice that his brother Mathias went into Belgium. I cannot see how he can safely say this, since hitherto he has steadily persisted in denying it, and pretended to be very angry with those who had assisted him in his departure. The Pope will never suffer the religious question to be arranged on any such terms as shall at all lessen his authority: and in this he will be strongly supported by the Spanish Inquisition, and therefore it will be in vain to treat about peace. I cannot understand why the French who are serving with John of Austria, are going back into France. Perhaps my countrymen are beginning to be tired of peace, or are afraid the Belgians or Spaniards will rob them of the prize for folly, or rather madness.

* * * * * The Poles have just held their Diet at Warsaw, in which they consulted about the Muscovite war, for the Muscovite last summer took possession of nearly all Livonia, and is now said to be threatening Lithuania. After long discussions, I hear they at last passed a decree to raise two millions of ducats for the war. Those who know much of the affairs of that country, believe that there is not so much money in all Poland. In this Diet greater liberty has been granted to those who profess the Reformed Religion than they ever had before. Meanwhile however, whilst the Poles in their diet are wasting time with their discussions, the Tartars have invaded Volhynia, Podolia and Russia, with three armies, and ravaged them dreadfully. Each army is said to have consisted of twenty thousand horse. Their pretext for this invasion is, that the money which the Poles have always paid them annually, has not been paid now for some years. The King of Poland was in error, because he thought he could keep them quiet, through the influence of the Turks. It is said the Muscovite moved them to it, by giving them money, and that had greater force with these barbarians than the authority of the Porte.

Two or three months ago, a Polish nobleman, whose name does not now occur to me, attended only by three hundred men, from the troops which are generally out-lying on the Tartar frontier, and are called Kozaks* made himself master of Moldavia and drove out Peter, who had been established there as Waiwode by the Turks, after the death of Ivon.† The Turks complained to the

* Stephen was the first King of Poland who regularly employed the Cossacks for the defence of his frontier. "An hardy and valiant kind of men," says Ricaut, "whose best living is the spoil they take from the enemy: and their best lands, their horse and lance."

† John, or Ivon, a renegade, was made Waiwode of Moldavia (a part

King of Poland of this proceeding, and he sent troops from Transylvania and Russia into Moldavia, and had the new Waiwode put in chains and brought a prisoner into Poland.* Thus by the prudent conduct of the King, this disturbance was settled without bloodshed. Peter, whose Brother is Waiwode of Lesser Wallachia, has been restored to his dominions. What a change is this! Three hundred Poles were sufficient to drive a Prince out of Moldavia, and in that same country a hundred years ago, reigned Stephen, who won many great battles of Mahomet the Sultan,† Mathias King of Hungary, John Albert King of Poland, and the Tartars of Procopia.

Every one praises most highly the wisdom and moderation of Bathori the King of Poland.‡ I am glad that we

of Wallachia) by Selim, in the place of Bogdan. But soon afterwards, he became a Christian again, whereupon Selim sent against him a large army under the Waiwode of Lesser Wallachia and his brother Peter. John made a stout resistance and defeated them in two or three great battles, but being betrayed by his old friend Czarniewich, he was murdered in the Turkish Camp, and Peter was made Waiwode in his stead.

* In the “ League betwixt the most puissant and mighty Princes, Sultan Amurath the Turkish Emperor, and Stephen King of Polonia, agreed upon and concluded at Constantinople, in the year of our Saviour 1577, and of the Prophet Mahomet 985,” it was arranged “ on the part of the King of Polonia and his subjects, whatsoever harm shall be done unto the territory or subjects of the Moldavian Palatine, or Tartars, the harm so done to be recompensed, and the doers thereof punished.” See Ricaut’s Turkish History. I. 656.

† In 1476, Stephen the Waiwode of all Wallachia entirely destroyed a great army sent against him by Mahomet the Great under the Pasha Soliman “ who with much ado escaped himself by the wonderful swiftness of a mare whereon he rid.” On another occasion having begged for the protection of John Albert against the Turks he drew him into his country and cut off a great part of his troops.

‡ Stephen Bathori, a man of humble birth, obtained the crown of Poland on the resignation of Henry III. of France. De Thou relates that the Senate and a few of the nobles, voted for the Emperor; the

have in Christendom at least one King who possesses some goodness. The Poles are ill pleased that the Germans speak so highly of him. I heard of him from Doctor Andreas Paulus, who was present at the pacification of Dantzic to represent the Elector of Saxony, and when he came back into Germany, the Elector ordered him to return immediately into Poland with George Frederick, Marquis of Brandenburg, who has received from the King of Poland the investiture of the Duchy of Prussia.

I send to you the works on German affairs, as you requested me. I have given them, made up into three parcels, to Ascanius de Remalme, a London Bookseller, whom you must pay for the carriage. Write me word what other books you wish to have. I send you also the treatise on the defence of Hungary, which I had sent to you once before. I wish you all good success.

Frankfort, the last day of March, 1578.

I commend to you particularly Master John Raphael, a pious, wise, and sensible man, who will give you this letter: and to whom I beg you will show some attention.

majority of the nobles, for Anna, sister of the late King Sigismund, "virgo quinquagenaria." Stephen married the lady and obtained the Throne. It was generally understood that he owed his success in this matter to the influence of the Sultan, but he maintained his seat against the Emperor, the Muscovites and the Tartars, by his own extraordinary talents and energy. He died at Riga, in 1586.

SIDNEY TO LANGUET.

 Y very dear Hubert ! Robert Beale and Rogers, and your friend Butech, arrived here together, with your most wished for letters ; so that I seemed to myself both to hear and see you at the same time to my exceeding delight. You sharply accuse me of slothfulness, and in the meantime fall into the same fault, nay, a far greater, inasmuch as I am always made better by your letters, while mine must of necessity grate upon your ears to no purpose. And the use of the pen, as you may perceive, has plainly fallen from me ; and my mind itself, if it was ever active in any thing, is now beginning, by reason of my indolent ease, imperceptibly to lose its strength, and to relax without any reluctance. For to what purpose should our thoughts be directed to various kinds of knowledge, unless room be afforded for putting it into practice, so that public advantage may be the result, which in a corrupt age we cannot hope for ? Who would learn music except for the sake of giving pleasure ? or architecture except with a view to building ? But the mind itself, you will say, that particle of the divine mind, is cultivated in this manner. This indeed, if we allow it to be the case, is a very great advantage : but let us see whether we are not giving a beautiful but false appearance to our splendid errors. For while the mind is thus, as it were, drawn out of itself, it cannot turn its powers inward for thorough self-examination ; to which employment no labour that men can undertake, is any way to be compared. Do you not see that I am cleverly playing the stoic ? yea and I shall be a cynic too, unless you reclaim me. Wherefore, if you please, prepare yourself to

attack me. I have now pointed out the field of battle, and I openly declare war against you.

But I wonder, my very dear Hubert, what has come into your mind, that, when I have not as yet done any thing worthy of me, you would have me bound in the chains of matrimony ; and yet without pointing out any individual lady, but rather seeming to extol the state, itself, which however you have not as yet sanctioned by your own example. Respecting her,* of whom I readily acknowledge how unworthy I am, I have written you my reasons long since, briefly indeed, but yet as well as I was able. At this present time, indeed, I believe you have entertained some other notion ; which I earnestly entreat you to acquaint me with, what ever it may be : for every thing that comes from you has great weight with me ; and to speak candidly, I am in some measure doubting whether some one, more suspicious than wise, has not whispered to you something unfavourable concerning me, which, though you did not give entire credit to it, you nevertheless prudently, and as a friend, thought right to suggest for my consideration. Should this have been the case, I entreat you to state the matter to me in plain terms, that I may be able to acquit myself before you, of whose good opinion I am most desirous : and should it only prove to have been a joke, or a piece of friendly advice, I pray you nevertheless to let me know ; since every thing from you will always be no less acceptable to me, than the things that I hold most dear.

There is no news here, except that it is a novel and almost unheard of circumstance in government, that nothing novel has occurred. Frobisher's gold is now melted,

* Lady Penelope Devereux, of whom Sidney was an admirer, may probably be alluded to.

and does not turn out so valuable as he at first boasted * however these islands at the sixty-second degree are not to be despised; but they keep this as a great secret, left, as you know, the opportunity be forestalled. Nay more, they expect to be able to cross the sea at the same latitude; so incorrect is the description of the world as given by cosmographers: but if there should be open sea at such a temperature, you perceive it will be of great importance.

I believe the Queen will do what you wrote to me about for the sake of Prince Casimir; but I was loth at this present time to say much upon that subject, as I know it is our disposition not to do any thing in a hurry. What else can I now write to you, when I am so very sleepy, except that I love you as my own heart, and that I desire nothing more earnestly than that I may sometime be able to prove it? My friend Greville salutes you. Humbly salute in my name the Count and Counsellors of Hannau, and write me word how they like the dogs I sent them. I have now written to Lobetius, Banofius, Andrew, Anfelm, Merell. Am I then lazy? I pray you to salute Clusius, and tell master Salvart † that I am greatly indebted to him for the book he sent me translated into French. When it was put into my hands, I was exceedingly busy; but I will some time shew myself deserving of his courtesy. Salute also master Glauburg, whom I will willingly oblige. Farewell, dearest Languet. March 1, 1578. Yours,

PHILIP SIDNEY.

* Stow says " Their gold ore after great charges proved worse than good stone."

† Salvart came to England afterwards with Prince Casimir.

I will shew Beale every friendly office in my power, both for his own deservings, and especially for your recommendation of him.

SIDNEY TO LANGUET.

MY very dear Hubert! I wrote you by our friend Butrech what then came into my mind. I have now written to you by master Rogers, rather that I may not omit any opportunity of saluting you, than because any thing here offers itself worthy even of a thought. We have so failed in satisfying Butrech, that I believe, unless his kindness prevent it, we shall have a bad character in Germany. And yet, to speak candidly and confidentially, they did not appear to manage your affairs with much firmness, while the Prince of Orange seemed to aim at one thing, and the illustrious Casimir at another. And from this the Queen has taken occasion to defend her tardiness in executing her designs, against Leicester, Walsingham, and others, who had persuaded her to a more active course; which I much regret. My friend Du Plessis will, I believe, shortly quit us, without being able to obtain what would have been most advantageous to a Christian government. For my own part, unless God powerfully counteract it, I seem to myself to see our cause withering away, and am now meditating with myself some Indian project. The Queen is your friend, as I hope you will learn in a short time: meanwhile I would have you love me affectionately, as you are wont, and commend me to all our common friends. From court, March 10, 1578. Yours,

PHILIP SIDNEY.

I have received Schuendi's * treatise from the Count of Hannau; I have not yet had any from yourself. I pray you to love my friend Rogers more and more for my sake.

LANGUET TO SIDNEY.



DO not so much wonder that you are remiss in writing, as that you venture to charge me with remissness; *me*, who for one letter of yours sometimes pay you five or six of my own. Is it not an insult, or at least a mockery of me, that while you have written to me but one letter since last October, you nevertheless in that letter complain that it is too much leisure that makes you negligent? Oh happy ye, who may complain of too much leisure! I pray you may long be able to do so. But most men of high birth are possessed with this madness, that they long after a reputation founded on bloodshed,† and believe that there is no glory for them except that which is connected with the destruction of mankind. Ought not you, adorned as you are by Providence with all those splendid gifts of the mind, to feel otherwise than men feel, who are buried in the most profound shades of ignorance, and think that all human excellence consists in physical strength? And yet, let them be never so strong, in this respect they are inferior to many of the brutes. Make use then of that particle of the Divine Mind (as you beautifully express it) which you possess, for the preservation and not the destruction of men. And do not fear that you will rust away for

* See p. 3.

† “Parta per humanas quærant cognomina cædes.”

want of work, if only you are willing to exert your powers. For in so large a kingdom as England, there must always be opportunities for the exercise of your genius, so that many may derive advantage from your labours. And be assured that approbation and honour are the wages of goodness, and never fail to be duly paid. If you marry a wife, and if you beget children like yourself, you will be doing better service to your country than if you could cut the throats of a thousand Spaniards or Frenchmen.

When the question was raised in Cambyses's presence at a banquet, whether he or his father Cyrus was the better prince, all the company, in fear of the tyrant's cruelty, pronounced him far superior to his father. But when it came to Croesus's turn to speak, he said, "Sir, I consider that your father must be held to be your better, because he was the father of an admirable prince, whereas you have as yet no son like yourself."† You see I am not endeavouring, as you say, to cover faults with a splendid and specious colouring, nor am I recommending to you ease and idleness, at least if you believe the poet who advises any man that wishes plenty of trouble, to get him a wife.

In the letter which I sent you by Master Beale, I jested about marriage in general, and the thought was suggested to me by the conversation of Beale, who often used to launch out into the praises of matrimony when he was with us. You recollect whither you went when I last parted from you ; you then excited some suspicion in the minds of the persons in whose name I had made you the proposal at the mouth of the Maine ; for they were convinced that you had some object in view with reference

† Herodotus III. 34.

to the individual whose sagacity you have often heard me commend, and that you repented of the answer which you had given me. I had considerable trouble before I could remove these suspicions, especially as they said they were certainly informed, and as you gave no answer for several months to my proposal. And indeed if I had not been thoroughly confident in your sincerity, the letter you wrote me from Bruges would have roused some misgivings in me, in which you said, that you foresaw it would not be easy to obtain from your friends that which you said you desired, and therefore asked me to prepare the way for your excuses.

While I was writing the above, I received the letter which you gave Master Rogers for me. If I had gotten it an hour sooner, I should not have accused you so harshly of indolence, but I do not choose to alter what I have written, especially as I believe it is true. But what do you mean by this, "you do not seem to manage your affairs with much firmness?" You are mistaken if you suppose that I have anything to do with that plan. You recollect it was a very different matter which I requested you to look after, and that no fault could be found either with the Prince of Orange or any one else of our party. I know that the Belgians had no need of so large a force,* and I fear they will meet with the fate of a man who drinks cold water in a fever, who feels a slight refreshment for a very short time, and then his fever rages far more fiercely than if he had not drunk at all. When

* This alludes to the reinforcements which Prince Casimir was at this time leading into Belgium from Germany. His army, united with that of the States, composed a force amounting to 40,000 foot, and 20,000 horse, being far larger than the army of Don John. Besides these troops Anjou was assembling a considerable body of men in the neighbourhood of Mons. Watson.

foreign troops come into Belgium in such numbers, it will be a relief to the people to find that the ravages of the Spaniards are stopped by them ; but when they shall find their lands plundered quite as greedily by men who are paid with their money (or yours, as the case may be) as by the Spaniards, and that they are exhausted by perpetual contributions to pay the wages of such men, they will begin to think the remedy worse than the disease. I am persuaded that no success is to be hoped for in that war, if any departure is made from the opinions and plans of Orange. Take care that no one besides yourself sees that I write thus. In haste, farewell.

Frankfort, 2nd May, 1578.

LANGUET TO SIDNEY.

* * * * *

 WAS fearful before, that the ardour of youth might suggest to you some rash project, and your destiny snatch you from your country and your friends by an inglorious end ; for I heard something about distant voyages, and service in Belgium, which made me anxious. But now that you are no longer your own master, and that your new honours have so tied you to your country that you must henceforth consult its advantage rather than your own inclination, I am to a certain extent relieved of the anxiety which troubled me. Not that I think you less liable to danger than before, but because the perils which you will have to undergo for your country must bring you honour and praise. I congratulate you therefore on the distinction* which your

* The office of cupbearer to the Queen, seems to have been bestowed on Sidney about this time. Zouch.

wife sovereign has conferred upon you, only to excite you to the farther pursuit of virtue ; and I pray Almighty God to be with you always, and so to rule your ways that you may be useful to your country and to your friends and deserve their love ; and that your gracious Queen may have reason to rejoice that she has formed so good an opinion of you. People are always passing between Belgium and England who can tell you the news from thence ; and therefore I shall not say anything on the subject. His Excellency Prince Cafimir passed through this place (on his way to Belgium) the 29th of last month. Cologne, where I hope to remain during the summer, 16th July 1578.

LANGUET TO SIDNEY.

* * * * *

 AM glad to see in Belgium that success† which I have long desired and I may say hoped ; when idolatry was abolished it was not easy for the Spaniards to maintain the despotism they desired. As far as England is concerned, you have indeed looked upon this nation, your near neighbour and ancient ally, as deserving your sympathy, and have offered them many friendly services, yet not to such extent as to redeem them from the dreadful bondage under which they were oppressed. I do not say this to detract from the credit and

† On the 1st of August Don John attacked the Belgian forces at the village of Rimenant, and was repulsed with the loss of 900 men. The English, under Colonel John Norris, and the Scotch, who fought in their shirts on account of the heat, contributed largely to the victory, and are highly praised by the historians of the day. Strada and De Thou.

honour of England, for your conduct in this affair will bring you everlasting glory, but to show you that all this has proceeded directly from the Providence of God, and contrary to our calculations. Germany, after her own fashion, looks on idly at the tragedies which are being acted in the neighbouring countries, and from the misfortunes of others reaps her own advantage. The Emperor has now been appointed to settle terms of peace for Belgium.* I hope he may exercise his arbitration to the good of each party. I hear he has determined to decide the matter through the neighbouring bishops. I doubt whether this is wise ; I fear the Spaniards are not in earnest about all this, and will want the arbiters to do everything at their bidding. It were better for them to meet in time the danger which threatens them from the Moors, than to be thus eager for the destruction of the Belgians, for the arrogance of the Moors will be greatly increased by the success which they have obtained against the Portuguese,† on whom it is said they have inflicted a cruel defeat, and the Spaniards must not suppose that they can afford to despise an enemy so near them, and backed by

* The Commissioners appointed to treat for peace, met at Cologne during the following winter. They were the Count Schwartzenburg, Castagna, Archbishop of Rossano (afterwards Pope Urban VIII.), the Duke of Terra Nuova, and the Duc d'Arschot, on the part of the Emperor, the Pope, Philip, and the States, respectively ; their negotiations were without effect.

† Sebastian, the young King of Portugal, had accepted a proposal made to him by Mahomet, a pretender to the crown of Morocco, to assist him against his uncle Muley Moluc. He accordingly fitted out a large expedition, to which Philip II. contributed 5000 men and some ships. A battle took place at Alcazar, in which the Portuguese were totally routed. Muley Moluc, who was very sick at the time, left his litter to charge on horseback, and died on the field from exhaustion.

the alliance and protection of the Turk. For my own part, I have my fears that within a few years we shall see Turkish and Moorish pirates cruizing in the Atlantic and the Bay of Biscay, ravaging the coasts of Spain and France, and perhaps even of Ireland and the western part of England. * * * *

Frankfort, 20th of Sept. 1578.

LANGUET TO SIDNEY.

 * * * * * F you had come into Belgium (and Butrech repeatedly wrote me word that you were going to do so) I should have hastened to meet you. But though it would have been most delightful to me to see you, I should not altogether have rejoiced, that you should come to a set of men with whom you could not live with any satisfaction, and where nothing could have given you pleasure except the friendship of Prince Casimir, who without doubt would have paid you every attention. But it would have been poor enjoyment to you to live in a camp, in which you would have seen no bright examples of virtue, no signs of military discipline; only troops disobeying their leaders, and perpetually pretending the backwardness of their paymaster as a cover for their own insolence, or it may be cowardice.

There are other reasons too, besides those which you

Sebastian was killed, or, as some say, killed himself. "Eight thousand of his troops were slain, and almost all the rest reduced to slavery. Of the nobility the greatest part were slain, and several of the most illustrious families in Portugal became extinct."—Watson, Philip II.

mention in your letter, which might well keep you from this expedition. Lucan makes Cæsar* say,

“Brutus, there is no blacker crime than civil war,”

and Cicero says, that no war is just which is not necessary. Now although the Belgians have just cause to defend their liberty by arms against the tyranny of the Spaniards, this is nothing to you. If indeed your Queen had been bound by her treaty to send them troops, and had commanded you to go with these troops, then the obligation to obey her who is your ruler would have made those your enemies who are attacking the Belgian states. But you, out of mere love of fame and honour, and to have an opportunity of displaying your courage, determined to regard as your enemies those who appeared to be doing the wrong in this war. It is not your busineſs, nor any private person’s, to paſs a judgment on a question of this kind ; it belongs to the magistrate, I mean by magistrate the prince, who, whenever a question of the ſort is to be determined, calls to his council those whom he believes to be just men and wife. You and your fellows, I mean men of noble birth, conſider that nothing brings you more honour than wholeſale ſlaughter ; and you are generally guilty of the greatest injustice, for if you kill a man againſt whom you have no lawful cause of war, you are killing an innocent person. The ancients, though they knew nothing of the true God, were ſtrictly religious in this matter. Cato the elder† wrote to his ſon on his

* It is Cato who addreſſes this ſentiment to Brutus in the 2nd book of the Pharsalia.

“Summum, Brute, nefas civilia bella fatemur.”

† Cicero de off. I. 11. “M. quidem Catonis ſenis epiftola eft ad M. filium, in quâ ſcripſit ſe audiffe, eum miſſum factum eſſe a conſule,

going to Spain, and charged him not to use his sword until he had taken the oath to the commander of the army, for that as a just man, he could not do it before. And we read of a Lacedæmonian in battle, who had actually poised his weapon to kill his enemy, when he heard the trumpet sound a retreat, and drew back his hand, considering that he had no longer a right to kill the man. But this age of ours has lost all honourable discipline, and laughs at such things. It has even suffered the law of heralds to fall into disuse, which the French and English nations in ancient days observed most strictly.

* * * I am especially sorry to hear you say that you are weary of the life to which I have no doubt God has called you, and desire to fly from the light of your court and betake yourself to the privacy of secluded places to escape the tempest of affairs by which statesmen are generally harassed; so much so indeed that they often forget they are but mortals, and the last thing they think of is, what will befall them after this life. I confess that in the splendour of a court, there are so many temptations to vice that it is very hard for a man to hold himself unspotted by them, and keep his feet on so slippery ground. But you must stand firm on your principle and strength of mind against these difficulties, knowing that the harder the conflict the greater the glory of a triumph. * *

* * * I hear that his Excellency Prince John Casimir is gone to Ghent.* I hope he will form no separate

cum in Macedoniâ Perfico bello miles esset. Monet igitur ut caveat, ne prælium ineat: negat enim jus esse, qui miles non sit, pugnare cum hoste."

* There was a violent quarrel at this time between Ghent and the Walloons. This visit of Prince Casimir's produced very evil results. Anjou had led an army to the assistance of the States, but he refused to join them unless Casimir returned. This he would not do, having re-

agreement with those people ; they are always actuated by blind impulse, and never show the least moderation in their proceedings. The death of John of Austria will undoubtedly be a heavy blow to the Spanish cause. The King of Spain will not find it easy to supply his place with a man who will hold the troops in hand so well as he did. The memory of his father, his own engaging manners, and the successes of his early youth, obtained him the good will of the army and great influence over them. His men have endured great hardships all through this summer, and yet they never showed signs of insubordination. Although I should have wished that all his plans in Belgium might fail, still nature forced me to feel sorrow when I heard of his death, while I reflected that he had done much good service to Christendom, and that he was not to blame for the misfortunes which the Belgians have to struggle with, and that if he has acted at all wrongly, he did it under orders from others. There are various rumours about the manner of his death.*

* * * The person who sent you my letter and wrote you word that he was my friend, I suppose to be George Gylpin,† Secretary to the English company of merchants

ceived, it is said, a considerable supply of money from the people of Ghent, to induce him to remain with them. Watson.

* " His death was by some ascribed to poison : but according to others it was owing partly to disease, and partly to that chagrin which he conceived from the negligence with which his repeated applications for money and troops were treated by the Spanish ministers * * * * Philip's suspicions were during his brother's residence in the Low Countries kept perpetually awake, by reports of his having formed a design of marrying the Queen of Scots." Watson.

† This gentleman was a brother of Bernard Gilpin, and was highly distinguished for uprightness and ability. In a note to the life of the Rev. B. Gilpin, by W. Gilpin, M. A. we find mention of his services, taken from Molloy *de jure maritimo et navalii*. " The Hans towns

at Antwerp ; a good man whose friendship I obtained last summer. You can very well send your letters to him whenever you are inclined to write to me. He is a friend of Master Rogers. Farewell.

Cologne, 22nd October, 1578.

LANGUET TO SIDNEY.

 CANNOT think by what ill luck it fell out, that I had no opportunity of taking leave of yourself and Master Dyer,* though in truth I had nothing for you but tears and sighs. Yet I am sorry that I could not let you see even tears and sighs, as pledges of my great regard for you ; but it was not my fault, for our party was hastening away, as if they were taking leave of enemies, not of friends, and I should have given great offence, if I alone had behaved with common sense, instead of being mad with the rest. As it was, I did not make such speed, but that before I crossed the river which flows by Sandwich, all the horses which were to have con-

procured in an Imperial Diet that the English merchants associated in Embden and other places should be adjudged monopolists, which was done by Suderman, a great civilian. There was at that time for the Queen as nimble a man as Suderman, and he had the Chancellor of Embden to second him ; yet they could not stop the edict. But Gilpin played his cards so well that he prevailed the Imperial ban should not be published till after the diet, and that in the mean time his Imperial Majesty should send an ambassador to England, to advertize the Queen of the edicts.”

* Edward Dyer, called by Lord Bacon “ a grave and wise gentleman.” Spenser speaks of Dyer and Sidney as the “ two very diamonds of her Majesty’s court.” This letter is written on Languet’s return from his visit to England with Prince Casimir.

veyed us, were gone, and had not Sir Hales* had compassion on me and lent me his servant's horse, I must have returned to the town. When we reached the Foreland of Kent,† though the wind was not quite favourable, I persisted in urging my friends to embark, until they consented, that we might not any longer trespass on the politeness of your noble father. We had not a very prosperous voyage, as good Master Greville‡ will tell you, whom in the course of our journey I discovered to be a great admirer of your character, and strongly attached to you.

Your brother§ has continued in perfect health. I consider his natural disposition to be excellent, but I still think you have not taken such care as you ought of his education. You have now given him so much liberty, that it is not every one who will find it an easy task to hold him in command. If Wacker is on the Rhine, I will try to persuade him to take charge of your brother; but if I cannot prevail upon him, or if he should be absent, I will take the advice of Lobetius and Sturmius and choose some person who shall seem fit to superintend his education. * * * * *

* Probably Sir James Hales, Knight, of Bonnington, in the county of Kent, mentioned by Strype, Whitgift I. 264.

† Cantii Promontorium; some historians mention that Casimir embarked at Dover.

‡ Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke, was constantly employed by Elizabeth and James I. In the year 1628 he was stabbed by one of his servants, and the well-known inscription on his tomb records that he was "servant to Queen Elizabeth, Counsellor to King James, and friend to Sir Philip Sidney."

§ Robert Sidney. This gentleman was knighted by his uncle the Earl of Leicester, for his conduct in the battle of Zutphan, and was made Governor of Flushing. On the accession of James I. he was advanced to the dignity of a baron, with the title of Lord Sidney, Baron of Penshurst, in Kent. In 1605 he was created Viscount L'Isle, and in 1618, Earl of Leicester.

* * * I beg you to commend me to your most illustrious father. I know not how I shall repay him for all his kindness to me, and greet also the excellent Master Dyer, whose friendship is like a precious gem added to my store.

Flushing, 27th Feb. 1579.

LANGUET TO SIDNEY.

* * * * *  OUR brother is very well, and shows great readiness of understanding. I have taken care that he should make the acquaintance, and prepare a way to the friendship of such persons here as I considered eminent for their character. The Prince of Orange and La Noue* especially welcomed him; and La Noue, who is full of courtesy, showed him every attention yesterday as long as we were in the citadel. Your letters gave great pleasure to La Noue and the Prince; both of them thanked me warmly for what I had done towards gaining them your good will. I have no doubt they will show you in their letters how well pleased they are. I cannot enough admire the wisdom of the Prince and the calmnes with which he supports such a mass of work and

* Francis de la Noue, a gentleman of Bretagne, accounted the best soldier of the day. "A man," says Moreri, "wonderfully great in war, and yet greater for his virtue and goodness." He served on the Huguenot side through the civil wars in France, and was greatly distinguished for his conduct after the defeat of Jarnac. He was at this time about 48 years of age, and commanding the troops of the United Provinces, which he continued to do, till he was taken prisoner in 1580. He had lost an arm in France at the siege of Fontenay, and was surnamed Bras de fer, from the iron hook with which he held his bridle.

endures so many wrongs, for which he often repays kindness, as in our case. I beseech you mark well his virtues, and do not let yourself be deterred from cultivating his friendship by his fortunes, which however I trust will one day look brighter. We have been compelled to put off our departure till to-morrow, that we may procure a supply of money ; for Henry White did not tell me till it was too late, that he could get none from the person to whom he had a letter. Farewell.

Antwerp, 16th March, 1579.

The Spaniards are besieging Maestricht.*

LANGUET TO SIDNEY.

 S I was on the point of leaving Frankfort, I wrote to you to say that I had at length received payment of the money which you had lent to his Excellency Prince Casimir on his departure from England. On our way from Frankfort hither, we turned off to Neustadt to pay our respects to the Prince, for he had made your brother promise him this when he was in Zealand. We stayed there only one day, and arrived here by God's mercy safe and sound on the 28th of last month. Immediately on our arrival I consulted Dr. Lobetius about quarters for your brother, and about finding him a tutor ; and I had before written to Lobetius on these points, so that we might not find him altogether unacquainted with

* Alexander Farnese conducted this siege in person. The place was very gallantly defended by the garrison and citizens under Moncada and Sebastian Tapin, and the Spaniards suffered great loss. But it was at length taken by assault in the last week in June, most of the defenders put to the sword, and the city almost destroyed. De Thou.

our circumstances. It seems to have happened most opportunely for us, that a few days before we came to this place, some young gentlemen went away from Master Sturmius,* who have been living with him for some years. Therefore Dr. Lobetius and I, believing it would be a respectable arrangement, and profitable too to your brother to live with him, proposed it to him; and on the ground of the friendship which has many years existed between us, we easily gained his consent.

The subject of a tutor was not so easy. This has detained me here six or seven days, and as we could find no one here who satisfied us in all points, we have engaged a young man from Silesia, who was educated at Heidelberg under Dr. Zacharias Ursinus, and who was afterwards a teacher in the school at Neuhausen near Worms, founded by the Elector Palatine Frederick, of pious memory, and now suppressed by his son. We have engaged him on condition that we may dismiss him at the end of five months, if we please; so that in the mean time we may look out for a more fit person. How this person is qualified for the duties we require of him, Sturmius and Lobetius will write me word shortly.†

* John Sturmius, sometimes called the Cicero of Germany, was the intimate friend and correspondent of Roger Ascham, who christened one of his sons Sturmius, after his friend, as he informed him in a letter preserved in the library at Strasburg. Sturmius was for some time regularly employed by the English government as their agent, and was very active in conveying intelligence to Walsingham and the Queen.

† The name of Robert Sidney's tutor was Peter Hubner. A letter from Languet to Hubner, dated 4th June, 1580, is preserved in the Library at Zofingen, in which he urges him to be very diligent in assisting his pupil to learn to speak German. "If you do this," he continues, "you need not doubt he will be grateful to you; for he will understand that you do it for his good: and as he is of a generous disposition, you may be sure he will one day repay you."

We have agreed to give him as the hire of his services, or his stipend as it is called, three Spanish crowns or five German florins a month, beside board and lodging, which is so small a salary that he will scarcely be able to procure his necessary clothing. Master Sturmius is to receive ten thalers a week for their food and lodging. This is the sum which was paid by those who lived with him before your brother. He might live somewhat cheaper with a common citizen; but neither his meals nor his rooms would have been so good; and as the town's people are wont to admit many boarders to the same table, and have no control over them, it happens sometimes that disputes arise among them; and strangers are always more liable to be insulted than natives of the place, especially in these parts. And so it is better that he should live with a man whose authority is respected by his guests and in whose presence they do not venture to act in an indecorous or uncivil manner. About your brother's studies, and the means of diminishing the expense he puts you to, I will write more particularly at another time.* His disposition pleases me more and more, and I am very glad that there are no Englishmen here except himself and his servants. There is a Scotchman who has the charge of the sons of M. Andelot† by his second

* Some of Sir H. Sidney's letters written to his son while he was at Strasburg, are preserved in the Sidney Papers. In one he writes thus: "Our Lord bleſſ you, my sweet boy. Perge, Perge, my Robyn, in the filial fear of God and the lovyng direſtion of your moſt lovyng Brother. * * * Pray daily; ſpeak no thing but truly; do no diſhonest thing for any reſpect; Love Mr. Languet with reverenſe, unto whom in moſt hearty manner commend me: and to Dr. Lobetius, and to Mr. Doctor Sturmius. Farewell."

† Francis Coligny, Sieur d'Andelot, the brother and companion in arms of the Admiral, married for his ſecond wife, Anne de Salms, and

marriage. If he was away I should not grieve much. I am now going to visit Schuendi, who has sent several letters to invite me. * * * *

Strasburg, 4th May, 1579.

LANGUET TO SIDNEY.

* * * * *



AM very anxious about your brother. The tutor with whom I placed him five months ago, by the advice of Sturmius and Lobeitius, is now about to leave him.* I think it necessary that he should have some learned man near him, to teach him and to direct him with his advice. He has with him Henry White,† and is used to him, and will always prefer him to any tutor. I think highly of Henry, and consider him to be a steady person, modest and sensible, and one

had by her two sons, Francis de Sailly and Benjamin de Tanlay. These two young men with their half brothers de Laval and de Rieux, took service afterwards under Condé, and De Thou relates that within a fortnight all four perished, either by sickness or in battle, in the year 1586.

* Sir H. Sidney writes to his son, October 28th, 1578(9). "I hear you have the Dutch tongue sufficiently, whereof I am glad. You may therefore save money and discharge your Dutchman * * * I send you now by Stephen £30, which you call arrearages: term it as you will, it is all I owe you till Easter, and £20 of that, as Gryffyn Madox telleth me, is Harry Whytes. * * * I thank you, dear boy, for the Martin skynys you write of, it is more than ever your elder Brother sent me."

† This faithful servant of the Sidneys followed his master through the wars in Belgium, and died at Flushing, when Robert Sidney was Governor of the place.

who may be useful to you in many ways ; still I do not think him a fit person to manage your brother's youth, for as he knows no language well enough to converse easily with foreigners, he avoids their company, and that is a great disadvantage to your brother, for unless he enjoys the intimate acquaintance of Germans, he will never rightly understand the language, and will return to you wholly ignorant of the affairs of Germany. He speaks English when he is at home with his own people, so Dr. Lobetius writes me word.

* * * * You have often complained to me that the time you passed at Strasburg was almost thrown away, and yet if you had set about it rightly at the first, it would have been easy for you with your ready apprehension and good memory, to add the German language to your other accomplishments. You must take care your brother does not strike on the same rock, and as he is not old enough to consult his own interest, you must take the matter in hand for him. * * *

Cologne, 24th September, 1579.

LANGUET TO SIDNEY.

BEFORE my departure from Cologne, I delivered a letter for you to Ascanius, a London bookseller, which I suppose you have received. On my arrival here, I found our friend Clusius prepared for a journey, which I delayed for a day or two, that I might hear from him all about your affairs. From your letter as well as from his mouth, I was informed of the dispute between you

and the Earl of Oxford,* which gave me great pain. I am aware that by a habit inveterate in all Christendom, a nobleman is disgraced if he does not resent such an insult; still I think you were unfortunate to be drawn into this contention, although I see that no blame is to be attached to you for it. You can derive no true honor from it, even if it gave you occasion to display to the world your constancy and courage. You want another stage for your character, and I wish you had chosen it in this part of the world.

* * * Since your adversary has attached himself to Anjou's party,† if your wooer shall return to you with a crowd of French noblemen about him, you must be on your guard, for you know the fiery nature of my countrymen. I am glad your Henry White has returned to

* Fulke Greville relates the story of this dispute at some length. It originated in the insolent behaviour of Oxford to Sidney at a tennis court in the presence of the French Ambassadors. A duel was only prevented by the interference of the Queen, who privately urged Sidney to make some submission, “laying before him the difference in degree between earls and gentlemen; the respect inferiors ought to pay to their superiors * * * how the gentleman's neglect of the nobility taught the peasant to insult upon both.” But Sidney seems to have looked upon it as a case in which his rights as a commoner were called in question, “replying, first that place was never intended for privilege to wrong. Again, he besought her Majesty to consider that although he were a great Lord by birth, alliance, and grace, yet he was no Lord over him: and therefore the difference of degrees between free men could not challenge any other homage than precedence.”

† The Duke of Anjou had made overtures of marriage to Elizabeth through Simier, a French gentlemen who came over to England for this purpose. Lord Talbot writes to his Father in February of this year, “Her Majesty continueth her very good usage of M. Simier, and his company, and he hath conference with her three or four times a week.” Aikin's Elizabeth, II. 67. These proposals were renewed two years later by Anjou in person. He had already made one hasty visit to England, and had several interviews with the Queen at Greenwich.

you, and I wish you had many more like him, for I consider him to be both a bold and a modest man. And I fear you will be forced to procure the attendance of men whose characters you will not approve. I pray Almighty God to preserve you in safety, and not to let you stray from the good path which hitherto you have trodden so steadfastly * * * *

Antwerp, 14th October, 1579.

LANGUET TO SIDNEY.

* * * * *

ROM the letter which I gave Henry White for you, you will have learnt that I have received yours, in which you mention the dispute between yourself and the Earl of Oxford. Some one has written on the same subject to his excellency Prince John Casimir, for he wrote to me the other day that it had given him great pain. He begs you to consider whether he can do any thing to assist you, for he assures you that you shall not want his good offices. * * * In the matter on which you ask my opinion I reply thus: I do not believe there is among the great men in Christendom a wiser man than the Prince of Orange. In La Noue many excellencies contend for pre-eminence, besides which he professes such skill in the art of war, that the Prince himself and all the men of understanding here consider him the pillar of their party. The other day when he wished to go into France, promising nevertheless to return in a few months, they besought him earnestly not to go, saying that his presence was absolutely necessary; and though, as he assured me, he could not give up the journey with-

out great inconvenience to his private affairs, he preferred the public advantage to his own, and was persuaded to remain. He is now sent with a command into Flanders. There are many Captains and Colonels here, English, Scots, French, and Belgians, who are accounted brave men and good soldiers, but they cannot be associated in La Noue's absence, for there is not a man among them who will serve under any of the rest; all of them obey La Noue gladly. The friendship and intimacy of these two men, of whom I speak thus highly, will be already prepared for you if you come hither. They both love you and esteem you greatly.

Now I will treat you frankly, as I am accustomed to do, for I am sure our friendship has reached a mark at which neither of us can be offended at any freedom of the other. It was a delight to me last winter to see you high in favour and enjoying the esteem of all your countrymen; but to speak plainly, the habits of your court seemed to me somewhat less manly than I could have wished, and most of your noblemen appeared to me to seek for a reputation more by a kind of affected courtesy* than by those virtues which are wholesome to the state, and which are most becoming to generous spirits and to men of high birth. I was sorry therefore, and so were other friends of yours, to see you wasting the flower of your life on such things, and I feared lest that noble nature of yours should be dulled, and left from habit you should be brought to take pleasure in pursuits which only enervate the mind.

* The readers of Shakespeare and Scott are familiar with the language and manners of the Euphuists of Queen Elizabeth's Court. John Lilly's two books, "Euphues, the anatomy of wit," and "Euphues and his England," from which the Elizabethan School of Courtiers derived their name, were not published till 1581.

If the arrogance and insolence of Oxford has roused you from your trance, he has done you less wrong than they who have hitherto been more indulgent to you. But I return to my subject. Before you decide on any thing, consider carefully what is best for your interest; for when you have decided, you must carry it out steadily. You know that last year you gave some persons a hope that you were coming into this country; and though it was no fault of yours that you did not come, still if the same thing should happen again, many persons will feel that there is a want of constancy in you, and it would avail you little that you should not be in fault, therefore you must be careful in this matter. If your absence from home is not inconvenient to your noble Father and your other friends, you will do well, as far as I can judge, to come. I do not reckon as an inconvenience the pain they will feel at your absence by reason of the great love they bear you. For I hope that you will gain experience and information, and return to them so high in reputation, that they will then rejoice at your having left them, and altogether approve your present plan.

* * * * * As soon as you have determined on your proceedings, if you will let me know, I will do my best that you may not be here as a volunteer, but may hold some station worthy of you; and I suspect I am far from being an object of dislike to some who have influence here. I should think the command of a wing or squadron of horse would suit you at first, that so you might be able to repay in some sort the attendance of the poorer friends who shall accompany you, and your other dependents. You would have to make choice of a skilful Lieutenant or deputy Commander; but you ^{w^{ll}} soon be able to learn the duties of your position from

La Noue. Your countryman Norris* cultivates him greatly, and is nearly always at his side, which adds much to his authority. * * *

Antwerp, 14th November, 1579.

LANGUET TO SIDNEY.

* * * * *

VILLERS† gave your letter to the Prince as he was going to bed; he read it, and said there was nothing he would not do for you. He is now gone into Holland, so that we can do no more with him at present. In the mean time reflect about your own affairs, and be sure to write what you wish us to do for you. You need not fear the coming of Alençon into this country: if he comes at all, it will hardly be before autumn; and if you should follow the camp only for a few months, you would derive great advantage from it, especially if you should improve your acquaintance with La Noue. For as you are thoroughly well read in history you will learn the military system of our

* Sir John Norris, second son of Henry, first Lord Norris, an excellent soldier, who had served under Coligny in France, and Essex in Ireland. He was continually employed on foreign service, and was Commander in Chief of the English forces sent afterwards to relieve Antwerp, and still later of the troops sent by Elizabeth to assist Henry IV. in Bretagne. Moreri. Dugdale's Baronage.

† This person was for a short time minister of the French protestant congregation in London, and afterwards at Antwerp, where he was the friend and companion of Cartwright, and as Strype relates (Whitgift i. 17) "undertook to give orders to the English puritans, as he did to Travers."

day far more quickly than those who are ill acquainted with it.

I admire your courage in freely admonishing the Queen and your countrymen of that which is to the States' advantage. But you must take care not to go so far that the unpopularity of your conduct be more than you can bear. Old men generally make an unfair estimate of the character of the young, because they think it a disgrace to be outdone by them in counsel. Reflect that you may possibly be deserted by most of those who now think with you. For I do not doubt there will be many who will run to the safe side of the vessel, when they find you are unsuccessful in resisting the Queen's will, or that she is seriously offended at your opposition.

* * * I advise you to persevere as long as you can do any thing that may benefit your country; but when you find that your opposition only draws on you dislike and aversion, and that neither your country, your friends, nor yourself derive any advantage from it, I advise you to give way to necessity, and reserve yourself for better times; for time itself will bring you occasions and means of serving your country. Remember what Queen Mary, after King Edward's death, was enabled to effect, though at the first she had very few adherents, and your countrymen were then much more practised in war than they are now. The party and influence of Anjou is on the increase here, and if you should annoy him by your opposition in England, you will scarcely find a reception here, much less in France. Your religion shuts you out of Spain and Italy, and so Germany would be your only refuge if you were compelled to leave your country. I have written to you what I think of this marriage. I am still of the same mind. * * *

Antwerp, 30th January, 1580.

LANGUET TO SIDNEY.

* * * * *

 R. LOBETIUS, before he left Strasburg, wrote me word, that he feared if Duke Casimir made his expedition into France, your brother would join him. This suspicion was suggested to him, from seeing that he made very anxious enquiries of every one he met, if they had any news on that head. This must be prevented without delay, if he really has the intention, for it would be certain destruction to him.* I will write on the subject to Butrech, and also to his excellency Prince Casimir himself, if I shall find that our young friend is meditating any thing of the kind. It would seem to me a good plan that you should send him at once to Leipsic, for he will learn German more easily there than at Strasburg, he will be separated from Englishmen, and will live at less expense. The departure of Lobetus makes me less desirous that he should stay at Strasburg. You should make these arrangements at the time of the Frankfort fair, which is just coming on. At any rate you must soon come to some determination about sending him a supply of money.

Nothing of any importance is going on here at present, owing to the absence of the Prince of Orange. The Archduke Mathias has returned hither from Dort. The

* Robert Sidney writes to his father from Prague, November 1, in this year, as follows, "My brother likewise in his letter to Harry White, wrote that if there were *any good warrs*, I should go to them, but as yet I have hard of none." Sidney Papers.

This affords some excuse for the young gentleman's eagerness in looking out for *good warrs*.

malcontents* are not altogether of one mind. Some advise that the aid of the Spaniards should be requested: but the nobles who have before their eyes the execution of Egmont, are altogether averse to the Spaniards. The Swedes have broken up from the siege of Narva, and two thousand of them have been slain by the Muscovites. The Muscovite Prince is said to be at Pleskow † with a large force, with which it is expected he will invade Livonia.‡ Farewell,—and write me an answer.

Antwerp, 6th February, 1580.

* About this time several of the catholic noblemen of Belgium with young Count Egmont at their head, left the confederates and went over to the party of Philip. Egmont made an unsuccessful attempt to seize the city of Brussels.

† Pleskow was besieged by Stephen King of Poland, and most obstinately defended by the Muscovites. At this time the Swedes, Poles, and Muscovites were all fighting with each other in Livonia.

‡ Sidney refers to these and other events of the day, in his *Astrophel and Stella*, No. xxx.

“Whether the Turkish new moon minded be
To fill his horns this year on Christian coast:
How Poles’ right King means, without leave of host
To warm with ill made fire cold Muscovy.

* * * * *

How Holland hearts, now so good towns be lost,
Trust in the shade of pleasant *Orange* tree
How Ulster likes of that same golden bit,
Wherewith my father once made it half tame.
These questions busy wits to me do frame.”

LANGUET TO SIDNEY.

UR merchants who are going to the Frankfort fair, will leave this place in a day or two. I will write by them to Wechel, to send your brother some money, for I feel sure he has nothing remaining of that which he received from you a year ago: and now that Dr. Lobetius has left Strasburg, I fear there is no one there, who will take very great care of him. I know that his host is a very poor man and cannot give him credit.

The Prince of Orange has not yet returned, and therefore nothing is going on here. He has gone into Gueldres, which is in some confusion; for they say that the monks and priests have lately been driven out of Nimeguen, which is the principal city of that country, and in which a year ago there were very few who professed the Reformed Religion: but John, Count of Nassau, the Prince's brother, who is the Governor of that Province, has very much advanced the cause by his wisdom and moderation. The nobility seemed inclined to fall off to the Spaniards, but the cities, persuaded by Count John, resisted their attempts, and threatened the last degree of severity to any who should leave the confederacy. There is a report here that the Gueldrians have given their vote to approve the terms, which were drawn up in the assembly of the States to be proposed to the Duke of Anjou. I scarcely believe it is true, for when I was travelling through those parts two months ago, almost all whom I then conversed with, seemed utterly averse to the project. If the Prince has obtained their consent, he will easily, I think, procure that of the other Provinces.

A meeting of the States of Holland and Zealand is called at the Hague, at which the Prince of Orange will be present. Before however he comes thither, he is to go from Gueldres to Utrecht, and from thence to Amsterdam, and from Amsterdam to Haarlem. I believe he is going to those cities, for the purpose of proposing to them the measures which are to be passed in the meeting, and persuade them to support him, before they send their deputies with their instructions to the meeting. Although his authority is nowhere so great as with the Hollanders and Zealanders, yet many persons think that he will have greater difficulty in persuading them to submit to Anjou's rule, than the rest. The people of Flanders have been very forward in approving the terms to be proposed to Anjou, and passed a decree on the subject; and that the people may never in time to come say that all this was done without their knowledge, they have translated the terms into the dialect of Flanders, and had it printed and published.

What inconsistency is this of the men of Ghent! A year ago they were cutting in pieces the name and character of Anjou with the bitterest abuse and most flanderous lampoons: and his envoys were driven from the city at night with ignominy. They even formed designs upon his life; and yet now they are the first with their votes to give over the sovereignty of the country to him. I think Brabant will follow the example of Flanders, for the magistrates and chief men of this city seem to incline that way. And how great influence the authority of this city, on which the eyes of all men are turned, will have on the business, you may yourself conjecture. When Orange has come back from Holland, there will be a convention here of all the confederate Provinces, and then this whole question will be decided.

The Malcontents, who style themselves the defenders of the Catholic Religion, and have promised that they will not lay down their arms, until they have brought back these countries under the dominion of the Pope and the King of Spain, are not prospering altogether as they might wish. A short time since when they had invaded Flanders, the priests and monks at Bruges began to raise their crests higher than usual, on the strength of their approach: the people were indignant at this, and turned them all out of the city. They have also lately been expelled from West Friesland, where not only the forts which have been built in the towns, to keep the people to their obedience, are said to have been destroyed, but all those also which stand without the cities and belong to the nobles, who have lately made a conspiracy with Count Renneberg* the Governor of the country, and endeavoured to withdraw the Province from the confederacy of the States. They say that Count Renneberg himself has fled to Groningen, where I doubt if he is his own master.

I had written to Master Dyer, before I received your letter. I have heard from the Emperor's Court, that the Queen Elizabeth,† the widow of Charles the King of

* De Lalain Count de Renneberg, had lately been appointed Governor of Friesland by the States, and had done them important service. He was tempted to fall away from them by the large offers of the Prince of Parma, who promised him a marquisate, a pension of 20,000 florins, and the hand of the Countess of Megen, one of the richest heiresses in the Netherlands. The Prince of Orange took timely measures to meet his designs, and he only succeeded in gaining Groningen for the King of Spain. He failed in obtaining the promised rewards of his treachery, and died very soon after.

† Daughter of Maximilian II. and sister of the reigning Emperor Rodolph.

France, has resolved to retire with certain noble maidens to Vienna, into the Monastery of St. Anne, and there pass the rest of her life, and not admit proposals of marriage from any one: and so the Duke of Savoy will be disappointed. Farewell.

Antwerp, 27th February, 1580.

LANGUET TO SIDNEY.

OF your coming into this country, I shall now write more freely, since I have found a person to whom I can trust my letters. Your countrymen here by quarrelling together, and by mutually disparaging each other, have procured only contempt for themselves, and have greatly alienated the minds of the people of this country. They are impatient of control, and insolent to their officers, which increases the dislike of the inhabitants. The leaders also have lost much of their reputation, so that if you should come hither, they would all flock to your standard. But I would rather that you should have raw recruits, than veteran soldiers, corrupted by a long course of license, whom moreover you could not entertain without creating unpopularity, nor without injustice to those under whom they have hitherto served. I think you will have to be careful not to appear to wish to gain influence for yourself, or impair that of others by intrigue; that would be an invidious procedure, and besides, you have no need of such appliances, since by the force of your character and abilities you may easily come to be thought more of than the rest of your countrymen. I would not have you bring recommendations from any quarter, except from your own goodness,

left the tribute that shall be paid to your character, may appear to be given to such introductions. If you have a few followers with you, you will be able to keep order among them more easily, but you will do well, if you warn them before you leave your country, that you will not incur discredit and disgrace on their account, and that they must not be discontented if you discharge those who are disorderly.

To speak plainly, I fear that of the qualifications of a Commander, severity will be the one in which you will be deficient. For by nature and inclination you are formed for gentleness, and soldiers cannot be kept to their duty without severity ; and because it has gone out of fashion, our wars deserve the name of plundering expeditions rather than wars. For our men do more harm to those who pay them than to their enemies. I wonder why the Duke of Anjou has conceived this dislike of you. If he hates you only because you opposed him in England, he will soon be reconcil^e to you, and it will be unnecessary for you to say more than that you acted not from ill will towards him, but for the good of your country. You gain neither advantage nor honour by quarrelling with men of his rank. * * *

Antwerp, 12th March, 1580.

LANGUET TO SIDNEY.


 FEW days since, Count Egmont came to Ninove, which belongs to him, and is seven or eight miles from Ghent, and five from Brussels. He had come thither in hopes of gaining possession of Brussels, with the help of some of his partizans in the city. La Noue was at Ghent at the time ; and having learnt that Egmont was come to Ninove, he marched out from Ghent in the evening of the 29th of last month, with such troops as he had at hand, and gathering up a few more on the road, pushed on to Ninove with all speed, hoping to arrive there before daybreak, which however he did not accomplish. But although the sun was already risen when he reached the place, he thought it would be little to his credit to come away without striking a blow, and so he resolved to try by assault, what he had before designed to effect by surprise. He had heard that the town was defended on one side by a low rampart and a ditch full of water, and that between the rampart and the ditch, a fence was set up of oaken palisades. The town's people considered that side the strongest, and felt more secure in that quarter than elsewhere. La Noue had been informed that the water in the ditch was only three feet deep, and therefore he judged that the assault should be attempted on that side. But in order to draw away the garrison from that point, he ordered a party of his people to attack the town on the opposite side with as much noise as possible. As soon as they had done this, and the soldiers of the garrison, as La Noue had

calculated, began to hasten to this point, he gave orders to the men whom he had kept with himself, to step into the ditch, and with poles armed with iron hooks, provided for the purpose, to pull down the palisade of oak, and when this was destroyed to dash into the town. This they did promptly, and so the place was won. Count Egmont was taken there, with some of the nobility of Artois, who had accompanied him, all of whom, I hear, have been carried to Ghent. I believe Egmont had with him his wife, whom he married last winter. I have not yet heard whether many of La Noue's men fell in the assault.* Some of Egmont's accomplices have been taken at Brussels, and they are treating with them to give up the other conspirators. A plan was also on foot for betraying Vilvorde, and some of the traitors were put in irons a few days ago. La Noue has been ordered by the States of these provinces to raise a body of cuirassiers, of which he is to have the command. Although the States have promised that they will faithfully pay the soldiers whom he shall enlist, he places so little reliance on a promise of this sort, that he would not send for men out of France, fearing lest they should complain that he had deceived them, if their pay was not punctually given to them ; but he is raising them here, and before he takes a man, he tells him plainly how hard it is to procure the payment of the men's wages.

The King of Spain is not prospering as he hoped in

* Very soon after this exploit, La Noue himself was taken prisoner by the Marquis de Roubais. The States offered to exchange Egmont and the Baron de Selles for him. But the Prince of Parma replied that "he could not consent to give one lion for two sheep." And Philip, though de Selles had been his most zealous adherent, refused to consent to the exchange. La Noue was released in 1584, but not until he had pledged himself never to bear arms against Philip in the Netherlands again. Watson.

Portugal.* The nobility of the country is rather inclined to him, but the people have the strongest aversion to him. He has resolved however to vindicate by arms the claim which he says he has on the kingdom, and has appointed Alva to command the forces which he has already prepared. He is detaining the ships and crews of foreign traders, to use them in the war, and they say the Portuguese are doing the same thing. Large supplies of arms are being carried by the traders from these parts into Portugal. But I suppose you have better information on these subjects where you are, than we have here, and therefore it is superfluous to write about them. They say the King of Spain has lately had a daughter born to him. Some persons write word from France that the Rochellers have taken a Spanish ship, laden with a large cargo of money, and profess openly that they had their orders from the Duke of Anjou. If you wish me to serve you in any way here, let me know in good time. Farewell.

Antwerp, 2nd April, 1580.

* On the death of Henry, who had succeeded his nephew Sebastian on the throne of Portugal, among other candidates for the crown, were the King of Spain, the Duchess of Braganza, and Don Antonio, the Prior of Crato. These three were all grandchildren of Emanuel the Great, Philip being a son of his eldest daughter, the Duchess a daughter of his second son, and Don Antonio a natural son of Emanuel's younger son Lewis. Alva marched into Portugal, and took possession of the country in one campaign, though Antonio had raised an army to assert his claim, and resisted the advance of the Spaniards at several points. He had requested the aid of England, and in particular addressed a letter to Philip Sidney, in which he subscribed himself "the King," and concludes thus: "though many more shall join me, if I did not see you in the company, I should say my numbers are not complete." Watson, Philip II. Zouch, *Life of Sidney*.

LANGUET TO SIDNEY.

 S we have often conferred together about your coming into these parts, I shall freely write to you and tell you of a plan I have formed, or rather how I am obliged to comply with the request of others. The Prince of Orange and his illustrious *confort** have begged of me to undertake the management of some private affairs for them in France, and to proceed thither with the envoys who are just now sent from Flanders to Anjou, in order that I may be secure from the perils which attend those who travel in France nowadays, for there is no doubt the civil war is breaking out afresh. I came hither to enjoy rest and the society of good men, and the pleasure of your friendship at a less distance ; and my age makes me now less able to support the fatigue of a long journey, and I know the dangers which I must undergo ; nevertheless, I would not refuse my assistance to a man who excels all whom I know, in wisdom, and from whom I am continually receiving the greatest kindness.

Nothing troubles me more, than that I must depart from hence just at the time when I hoped you would come hither ; for I hear that your noble sister† has been safely delivered of a beautiful boy, and so has made her

* Louise Coligny, daughter of the Admiral, and widow of Charles de Taligny.

† Mary, daughter of Sir Henry and Lady Mary Sidney, married in 1576, Henry, Earl of Pembroke. She was the companion of her brother Philip in his literary pursuits, and the *Arcadia*, which he wrote for her amusement, and which probably received some additions from her

husband and all of you her near relations happy. I rejoice that she is relieved from her danger, and you all from your anxiety, and I congratulate you on the happiness which I am sure possesses you. In truth some share of the happiness reaches even me; for her singular excellence and her generosity to me, though she never knew me, made me not a little anxious on her account, until the news was brought me of her safe delivery. * *

6th May, 1580.

LANGUET TO SIDNEY.

NE great advantage of your regard for me I find in this, that there is hardly one of those whom you have made your friends who does not desire to obtain my friendship, because he knows that you love me. Such of them however as are here, are astonished that you find pleasure in your long retirement; and though they readily believe that it is made most delightful to you by the society of your dearest friends, still they think you ought very carefully to reflect whether it is consistent with your character to remain so long con-

pen, is called “the Countess of Pembroke’s Arcadia.” The rare virtues of this lady have been sung by many poets. Spenser addresses her thus:

“ Urания, sister unto Astrofell,
In whose brave mind, as in a golden coffer,
All heavenly gifts and riches locked are,
More rich than pearls of Ind or gold of Ophir,
And in her sex more wonderful and rare.”

And Ben Jonson paid his tribute to the memory of “Sidney’s sister, Pembroke’s mother,” in his well known epitaph. She had two sons successively Earls of Pembroke.

cealed. They fear that those who do not so well know your constancy may suspect that you are tired of that toilsome path which leads to virtue, which you formerly pursued with so much earnestness. They are fearful too, that the sweetness of your lengthened retirements may somewhat relax the vigorous energy with which you used to rise to noble undertakings, and a love of ease, which you once despised, creep by degrees over your spirit. They have accordingly often begged me to write to you on this matter, which hitherto I always refused to do, saying, that I knew well the steadfastness of your mind, and that they need not fear its vigour and its edge would be dulled by idleness; and that, even if the common herd should entertain false suspicions of you, you could at any time easily wipe them away. Though I frequently answered them in such terms as these, and added that I wondered they did not write to you yourselves, if they thought it so necessary, they did not cease to urge me to write, and in answer to what I had to say, alleged that my letters would have more weight with you than theirs. At last I suffered myself, not to be persuaded, but rather forced to trifle with you for their gratification; for I am well aware that I can produce nothing for your conviction which has not already occurred to yourself.

While we lived together, I so greatly admired the acuteness of your apprehension, young as you were, the soundness of your judgment, and your high and excellent spirit, that I had no doubt, if God granted you long life, your country would find no small assistance in dangers from your virtue; especially since I observed, in addition to those mental endowments, splendour of birth, majesty of person, the expectation of great wealth,* the authority

* Sidney was the reputed heir of his uncle the Earl of Leicester, but Leicester had a son by his wife Lettice, the widow of Walter, Earl of

and influence of your relations in your country, and all those other things which are commonly called gifts of fortune. You used sometimes to say that you were by nature entirely averse to the excitement and the fascinations of a court, and that when you returned home, nothing would delight you more than to pass your life with your friends in dignified ease, if ever such a lot should be granted to you. I was indeed afraid you were speaking seriously, when I thought of your modesty, and how free from all ambition you were ; but I judged that though that was then your resolution, you would change your mind as you grew older, and even if you should persevere in it, your country would never permit itself to be cheated of the benefit of your character, which it had a right to claim as its own.

On your return to England, adorned with those splendid endowments, and furnished with information beyond your years, you carried away the admiration of all men ; and all of your nobility who had a name for generosity of sentiment, began eagerly to compete for your friendship. To all this was added the good will of her most gracious Majesty, who, in order to encourage you in your progress to distinction, admitted you to a state of intimacy with herself, and honoured you with that noble mission to the Emperor, of which you acquitted yourself with the greatest credit three years ago. How highly she esteemed you, she testified by that remarkable eulogy, which the illustrious Prince, Duke John Casimir, whom I suppose you remember, declared that he heard from her own lips. What pleasure do you think your noble father and all who love you must have felt, when they saw every

Effex. On the first tilt day after the birth of this child, he bore on his shield the word *speravi*, scored through.

thing turn out so prosperously for you, in your very probation at court?

I left Germany, and came to this country, disturbed as it is, that I might be a near spectator of your successes, on which my happiness depended, and that I might enjoy the great pleasure I always felt at seeing affairs go on to your satisfaction. But contrary to what I hoped, it fell out, that when I came hither I found a sort of cloud over your fortunes, which turned the pleasure which I already enjoyed by anticipation, into sorrow. Consider well, I entreat you, how far it is honourable to you to lurk where you are, whilst your country is imploring the aid and support of her sons. If the advice which you offered, believing it to be good for England, was not received as it deserved, you must not therefore be angry with your country; for good citizens ought to pardon her every wrong, and not for any such reason desist from working for her preservation. When Themistocles was proposing measures that were salutary to his country, Eurybiades threatened to strike him if he did not hold his peace; to which he replied, "Strike, but hear." Imitate Themistocles, and undeceive your countrymen, who think that the Spaniards have forgotten the wrongs which they have often in past years received at your hands; and even if they had received none at all, the hatred of the religion which you profess would be enough to whet them to your destruction. They are in error who think that you have nothing to fear from their successes in Portugal and in this country; it is to these that I ascribe the fact that the Papists among you have begun their intrigues again.

You know that the ambassadors, who were sent from hence to Anjou,* failed from Flushing a month ago. We

* On the 29th of September the treaty was signed by Anjou and

know that they have reached him in safety, although we have as yet received no letters from them. This plan of inviting Anjou, displeases the neighbouring nations to a surprising degree, and they find great fault with the Prince of Orange, and the States of these provinces, as if they were guilty of some heavy crime in the affair. Those who are idle spectators of other men's dangers, and offer them no help in their need, are unfair if they find fault with them for begging the assistance of others, with whose aid they trust they may escape from perils, which they cannot surmount by their own strength. These provinces are so worn out by their long wars, that they cannot defend themselves against the power of the Spaniards by their own resources ; and in truth it has been a great gain to them that the Spaniard has been hampered by the Portuguese war, and has been therefore unable to turn all his forces against them, which he will do as soon as he has subdued the Portuguese, as we learn from the letters of Cardinal Granvelle, lately intercepted. * *

* * * The King of Spain has proscribed the Prince of Orange, and has caused the edict, which contains the proscription, to be printed. The King appears to me to be exposing his character disgracefully by this edict. I could not well have believed that he would have recourse to such a measure.† * * * *

Antwerp, 24th Sept. 1580.

these ambassadors at Plessis les Tours, by which the States declared
"Francis de Valois, Duke of Alençon and Anjou, their sovereign, &c."
—Watson.

† In this proscription, Philip offered to any one who should deliver the Prince to him, dead or alive, the sum of 25,000 crowns, besides making him noble, and granting him a full pardon of all crimes. The Prince replied by his famous apology which he addressed to the Assembly

LANGUET TO SIDNEY.

OUR letter was on many accounts most delightful to me, but especially because I learn from it that you have come forth from that hiding place of yours into open day. * * * * I am glad you have told me how your letter* about the Duke of Anjou has come to the knowledge of so many persons; for it was supposed before, that you had made it known to show that you despised him, and cared nothing for his dislike; which appeared to me by no means a safe proceeding, and inconsistent besides with your natural modesty. And therefore I suspected that you had been urged to write by persons who either did not know into what peril they were thrusting you, or did not care for your danger, provided they effected their own object. Since however you were ordered to write as you did by those whom you were bound to obey, no fair-judging man can blame you for putting forward freely what you thought good for your country, nor even for exaggerating some circumstances in order to convince them of what you judged expedient.

of the States, sending copies to all the courts in Europe. Dr. Watson, who calls it "one of the most precious monuments of history," has given an abstract of this apology in his History of Philip II. It was at one time surmised that Languet assisted the Prince to compose it, and some of Languet's biographers have placed it in the list of his works.

* This letter is printed in "Sidney's Miscellaneous Works, Oxford, 1829." It was addressed to the Queen, and written, says Hume, "with an unusual elegance of expression, as well as force of reasoning." Sidney was probably engaged to take this step by Leicester and Walsingham, who were violently opposed to the match.

* * * * About Anjou's coming to you, and his marriage, I think as I always have thought. But if he shall come hither, and you wish to be reconciled to him, nothing will be easier. The Prince of Orange, whom doubtless he will esteem and regard as a father, will be able to do it better than any one else. St. Aldegonde, Du Plessis, and Villers are most friendly to you ; they will surely have much influence with him, and will do anything to serve you. And if others should fail, perhaps I could do something in the matter ; for when I was with him last summer, he conversed with me in as friendly a manner as yourself. * * * * *

Your countryman Drake* must indeed possess the greatest genius, courage and perseverance. It seems to me far more astonishing that he should have been able to subsist himself and his men so long,† surrounded as he was on all sides by enemies, than that he should have sailed round the world. He has accomplished a deed, which will be an honour not to himself alone, but to your country, unless you fully your share of the glory by any ungrateful behaviour towards him. I beg if you have any particulars regarding his voyage, you will let me have them. In truth, I honour and highly esteem the man,

* For particular accounts of Drake's voyage round the world, see the old historians, Hakluyt, Purchas, Camden, &c. and the Life of Drake by Barrow. He sailed from Plymouth in the Golden Hind, Dec. 13, 1577, and passed through Magellan's Straits, 6th September in the following year. He then sailed northward in hopes of finding a north-east passage round America, and reached the 48th degree N. L. Having landed and taken possession of all the coast, naming it New Albion, he returned to the southward, and came home by Java, Malacca, and the Cape of Good Hope. He arrived at Plymouth the 26th Sept. 1580.

† Drake not only supported himself, but loaded his ship with large treasures from the plunder of the Spaniards, whom he attacked wherever he met with them on either coast of South America.

though I do not know him. I do not doubt his name will be renowned to all posterity, and I advise you to cultivate his friendship. There seems reason to fear, that the flame which burns in Ireland,* may one day seize upon your own England ; all men agree that you carry on the war there as if you desired to keep it alive rather than suppress it.

My friends who write to me from Germany about your noble brother, highly commend his goodness, his talents and his industry in study. They say he has been most successful in learning German, and I see that he has made great progress in Latin, for he writes much more elegantly than formerly. He is now going to the Imperial court. I have commended him particularly to Aurelius the French Secretary, who knows the ways of that court thoroughly. He desires to visit Italy early in the spring, and it will be your business to let him know betimes what you think of this plan, that he may prepare for the journey.

M. de la Val,† whom you saw at Basle, has come hither from Germany ; I think he will winter with us. Dr. Niphus greets you ; he has come hither on private business. Our common friend, Master Daniel Rogers,

* In this year, Philip sent, in the Pope's name, a body of 700 men into Ireland to assist the rebels, under Mendoza, who built a fort in Kerry, which however was soon after taken by the Marquis of Ormond and Lord Gray. The foreign troops were all put to the sword. When the English ambassador in Spain complained of this invasion, he was met by similar complaints of Drake's attacks on the Spanish settlements.

† Son of M. d'Andelot (see p. 162). He died in 1586, and Mornay du Plessis, writing to Walsingham shortly after, says, "It is too severe a misfortune to have lost in the space of one year two such men as M. Comte de Laval and Mr. Sidney, alike in their persons, equally beloved by their friends, and respected by the world."—*Memoires de Philippe de Mornay*, quoted by Zouch.

being on a mission from the Queen into Germany, was taken near Cleves by a party of marauders, and carried off to the fort of Blimbeck, which belongs to Martin Schenck.* It will be your business to procure his release, for the Prince of Orange can do nothing in the matter; the people who have captured Rogers are his greatest enemies. I beg you will greet Master Dyer heartily from me.

Antwerp, 22nd Oct. 1580.

LANGUET TO SIDNEY.

* * * * *

 HE Archduke Mathias has heard from Vienna that peace is made between the Turks and Persians, and letters from Constantinople imply the same, but do not directly affirm it.† They add, that the Sultan has commanded Ochiali to have a number of new galleys built, so that it is expected he will make some attempt against the Spaniards next summer. It certainly

* “ Martin Schenck, a native of Guelderland, and a soldier of fortune, celebrated on account of his extraordinary valour, activity, and enterprise.”—Watson. He was at first attached to the Spanish party, but afterwards went over to the States, and did them notable service. His most remarkable exploits were, the attempt to relieve Venlo, in which he cut his way twice through the camp of the Duke of Parma, and his attack on Nimeguen, in which he lost his life, in 1589.

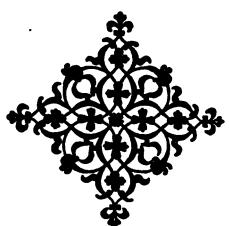
† “ The Persian ambassador (Maxut Chan) having audience the 7th of August, with many lively reasons and much eloquence, persuaded the Turkish Emperor to desist from the war begun, as contrary to the will and pleasure of their common Prophet Mahomet, &c.”—Ricaut. He was not successful however, and the war continued to engage the whole strength of the Porte for some years.

concerns him in the highest degree that the Spaniards should not conquer Portugal, lest they should deprive Egypt of their traffic with India by the Red Sea. And the Venetians, with Marfeilles and others, who trade at Alexandria and Cairo, are equally interested. What we heard about the death of the King of Poland, is not true. They say he has penetrated with his victorious army into the heart of Muscovy, and that the Muscovite is sueing to him for peace.

The Prince of Orange has set out for Holland. I shall follow him to-morrow, if it please God, as he has desired me to do. I could not travel with him, because I had certain busines to settle here before I could leave the place. I am glad to hear your countryman Drake is being more gently dealt with than you had expected.* Farewell, and greet the excellent Master Dyer respectfully from me.

Antwerp, 28th Oct. 1580.

* "There were others that devised and divulged all possible disgraces against Drake and his followers, deeming him the master thief of the unknown world." Many of the Queen's advisers recommended that his treasures, "gold, silver, silk, pearls, and precious stones," should be restored to the Spaniards; and Drake was kept five months in suspense. However, "in the year next following, to wit, 1581, on the 4th of April, her Majesty dining at Deptford, after dinner entered the ship which Captain Drake had so happily guided round about the world, and there she did make Captain Drake a knight in the same ship, for reward of his service. His arms were given him, a ship on the world."—Stow, quoted by Barrow. Camden (Scotia, p. 48, ed. 1637), referring to the story of the Claik geese (see p. 105), continues, "That there be little birds engendered of old and rotten keels of ships, they can bear witness who saw that ship wherein Francis Drake sailed about the world, standing in a dock near the Tamis; to the outside of the keel whereof, a number of such little birds without life and feathers stuck close."



A P P E N D I X.

- I. TWO LETTERS WRITTEN BY PHILIP SIDNEY TO
HIS BROTHER ROBERT ON HIS TRAVELS.
- II. PHILIPPI SIDNÆI EPISTOLÆ XVII. QUARUM UNA
AD COMITEM HANNAVIENSEM, RELIQUÆ
AD HUBERTUM LANGUETUM
SCRIPTÆ SUNT.





A P P E N D I X.

PHILIP SIDNEY TO HIS BROTHER ROBERT.*

I.

MY good brother, you have thought unkindness in me that I have not written oftener unto you, and have desired I should write unto you something of my opinion touching your travel; you being persuaded my experience thereunto be something, which I must needs confess, but not as you take it; for you think my experience grows from the good things which I have learned; but I know the only experience which I have gotten, is to find how much I might have learned, and how much indeed I have missed, for want of directing my course to the right end, and by the right means. I think you have read Aristotle's Ethics; if you have, you know it is the beginning and foundation of all his works, the end, to which every man doth and ought to bend his greatest and smallest actions.† I am sure you have imprinted in your mind the scope and mark you mean by your pains to shoot at; for if you should travel but to travel, or to say you had travelled, certainly you should prove a pilgrim to no purpose. But I presume so well of you, that though a great number of us never thought in ourselves why we went, but a certain tickling humour to do as other men

* Robert Sidney went abroad in February, 1579, and this letter was probably written in the latter part of the same year. It was originally printed in a little volume, entitled "Instructions for Travellers, by Robert, Earl of Essex, Sir Philip Sidney, and Secretary Davison, 1633." It is here copied, with one or two slight alterations, together with the following letter, from "Sidney's Miscellaneous Works, Oxford, 1829."

† There is a very obvious error in the way in which this passage is quoted in the note, p. 28, a part only of the sentence being cited.

had done, you purpose, being a gentleman born, to furnish yourself with a knowledge of such things as may be serviceable for your country and calling, which certainly stands not in the change of air, for the warmest sun makes not a wise man ; no, nor in learning languages, although they be of serviceable use, for words are but words in what language soever they be, and much less in that all of us come home full of disguisements, not only of apparel, but of our countenances, as though the credit of a traveller stood all upon his outside ; but in the right informing your mind with those things which are most notable in those places which you come unto.

Of which, as the one kind is so vain, as I think ere it be long, like the mountebanks in Italy, we travellers shall be made sport of in comedies : so may I justly say, who rightly travels with the eye of Ulysses, doth take one of the most excellent ways of worldly wisdom. For hard sure it is to know England, without you know it by comparing it with some other country, no more than a man can know the swiftness of his horse without seeing him well matched. For you, that are a logician, know, that as greatness of itself is a quantity, so yet the judgment of it, as of mighty riches and all other strengths, stands in the predicament of relation ; so that you cannot tell what the Queen of England is able to do defensively or offensively, but through knowing what they are able to do with whom she is to be matched. This therefore is one notable use of travellers, which stands in the mind and correlative knowledge of things, in which kind comes in the knowledge of all leagues betwixt prince and prince : the topographical description of each country ; how the one lies by situation to hurt or help the other ; how they are to the sea, well harboured or not ; how stored with ships ; how with revenue ; how with fortification and garrisons ; how the people, warlike, trained or kept under, with many other such considerations, which as they confusedly come into my mind, so I, for want of leisure, hastily set them down ; but these things, as I have said, are in the first kind which stands in the balancing one thing with the other.

The other kind of knowledge is of them which stand in the things which are in themselves either simply good, or simply bad, and so serve for a right instruction or a shunning example. Thee Homer meant in this verse, “ *Qui multos hominum mores cog-*

novit et urbes.' For he doth not mean by 'mores' how to look, or put off one's cap with a new-found grace, although true behaviour is not to be despised ; marry, my herefy is, that the English behaviour is best in England, and the Italian's in Italy. But 'mores' he takes for that from whence moral philosophy is so called ; the certainnes of true discerning of men's minds, both in virtue, passion, and vices. And when he saith 'cognovit urbes,' he means not, if I be not deceived, to have seen towns, and marked their buildings ; for surely houses are but houses in every place ; they do but differ 'secundum magis et minus ;' but he attends to their religion, politics, laws, bringing up of children, discipline both for war and peace, and such like. These I take to be of the second kind, which are ever worthy to be known for their own sakes. As surely in the great Turk, though we have nothing to do with him, yet his discipline in war matters is, 'propter se,' worthy to be known and learned.

Nay, even in the kingdom of China, which is almost as far as the Antipodes from us, their good laws and customs are to be learned : but to know their riches and power is of little purpose for us, since that can neither advance nor hinder us. But in our neighbour countries both these things are to be marked, as well the latter, which contain things for themselves, as the former, which seek to know both those, and how their riches and power may be to us available, or otherwise. The countries fittest for both these, are those you are going into. France is above all other most needful for us to mark, especially in the former kind ; next is Spain and the Low Countries ; then Germany, which in my opinion excels all others as much in the latter consideration, as the other doth in the former, yet neither are void of neither ; for as Germany, methinks, doth excel in good laws, and well administering of justice, so are we likewise to consider in it the many princes with whom we may have league, the places of trade, and means to draw both soldiers and furniture thence in time of need. So on the other side, as in France and Spain, we are principally to mark how they stand towards us both in power and inclination ; so are they not without good and fitting use, even in the generality of wisdom to be known. As in France, the Courts of Parliament, their subaltern jurisdiction, and their continual keeping of paid soldiers. In Spain, their good and

grave proceedings ; their keeping so many provinces under them ; and by what manner, with the true points of honour ; wherein since they have the most open conceit, if they seem over curious, it is an easy matter to cut off when a man sees the bottom. Flanders likewise, besides the neighbourhood with us, and the annexed considerations thereunto, hath divers things to be learned, especially their governing their merchants and other trades. Also for Italy, we know not what we have, or can have to do with them, but to buy their silks and wines ; and as for the other point, except Venice, whose good laws and customs we can hardly proportion to ourselves, because they are quite of a contrary government ; there is little there but tyrannous oppression, and servile yielding to them that have little or no right over them. And for the men you shall have there, although indeed some be excellently learned, yet are they all given to counterfeit learning, as a man shall learn among them more false grounds of things than in any place else that I know ; for from a tapster upwards they are all discourfers. In fine, certain matters and qualities, as horsemanship, weapons, painting, and such, are better there than in other countries ; but for other matters, as well, if not better, you shall have them in nearer places.

Now resteth in my memory but this point, which indeed is the chief to you of all others ; which is the choice of what men you are to direct yourself to ; for it is certain no vessel can leave a worse taste in the liquor it contains, than a wrong teacher infects an unskilful hearer with that which hardly will ever out : I will not tell you some absurdities I have heard travellers tell ; taste him well before you drink much of his doctrine. And when you have heard it, try well what you have heard, before you hold it for a principle ; for one error is the mother of a thousand. But you may say, how shall I get excellent men to take pains to speak with me ? truly in few words, either by much expense or much humbleness.

PHILIP SIDNEY TO HIS BROTHER ROBERT.

II.

MY dear brother, for the money you have received, assure yourself (for it is true) there is nothing I spend so pleaseth me, as that which is for you. If ever I have ability you will find it, if not, yet shall not any brother living be better beloved than you of me. I cannot write now to H. White, do you excuse me. For his nephew, they are but passions in my father, which we must bear with reverence; but I am sorry he should return till he had the circuit of his travel, for you shall never have such a servant as he would prove; use your own discretion therein. For your countenance, I would for no cause have it diminished in Germany; in Italy your greatest expence must be upon worthy men, and not upon householding. Look to your diet (sweet Robin) and hold up your heart in courage and virtue, truly great part of my comfort is in you. I know not myself what I meant by bravery in you, so greatly you may see I condemn you; be careful of yourself, and I shall never have cares. I have written to Mr. Savile,* I wish you kept still together, he is an excellent man; and there may if you list paſs good exerciſes betwixt you and Mr. Nevyle,† there is great expeſtation of you both. For the method of writing history, Boden ‡ hath written at large; you may read him and gather out of many words ſome matter. This I think in hafte, a ſtory is either to be conſidered as a ſtory, or as a treatife, which beſides that, addeth many things for profit and ornament: as a ſtory, he is nothing but a narration of things done, with the beginnings, cauſes and appendances thereof: in that kind your method muſt be to have 'ſeriem temporum' very exaſtly, which the chronologies of Melanthon, Tarchagnota, Languet, and ſuch

* Afterwards the celebrated Sir Henry Savile.

† Mr. Alexander Nevyle. For an account of this gentleman, see Warton's History of Poetry, vol. iv. 208, ed. 1824.

‡ Jean Bodin (Johannes Bodinus), born at Angers in 1530, wrote a book entitled "Methodus ad facilem historiarum cognitionem."

others, will help you to. Then to consider by that * * * as you not yourself, Zenophon to follow Thucydides, so doth Thucydides follow Herodotus, and Diodorus Siculus follow Zenophon: so generally do the Roman stories follow the Greek, and the particular stories of present monarchies follow the Roman. In that kind you have principally to note the examples of virtue and vice, with their good or evil successes, the establishment or ruins of great estates, with the causes, the time, and circumstances of the laws then written of, the enterings and endings of wars, and therein, the stratagems against the enemy, and the discipline upon the soldier; and thus much as a very historiographer. Besides this, the historian makes himself a discourser for profit, and an orator, yea a poet, sometimes for ornament. An orator, in making excellent orations, ‘e re nata,’ which are to be marked, but marked with the note of rhetorical remembrances: a poet, in painting forth the effects, the motions, the whisperings of the people, which though in disputation one might say were true, yet who will mark them well, shall find them taste of a poetical vein, and in that kind are gallantly to be marked: for though perchance they were not so, yet it is enough they might be so. The last point which tends to teach profit is of a discourser, which name I give to whosoever speaks, ‘non simpliciter de facto, sed de qualitatibus et circumstantiis facti;’ and that is it which makes me and many others rather note much with our pen than our mind, because we leave all these discourses to the confused trust of our memory, because they being not tied to the tenor of a question, as philosophers use sometimes places; the divine, in telling his opinion and reasons in religion; sometimes the lawyer, in showing the causes and benefits of laws; sometimes a natural philosopher, in setting down the causes of any strange thing, which the story binds him to speak of: but most commonly a moral philosopher, either in the ethic part, when he sets forth virtues or vices, and the natures of passions, or in the politic, when he doth (as he often doth) meddle sententiously with matters of estate. Again, sometimes he gives precept of war, both offensive and defensive, and so, lastly, not professing any art, as his matter leads him, he deals with all arts, which because it carrieth the life of a lively example, it is wonderful what light it gives to the arts themselves, so as the great civilians help

themselves with the discourses of the historians ; so do soldiers, and even philosophers and astronomers : but that I wish herein, is this, that when you read any such thing, you straight bring it to his head, not only of what art, but by your logical subdivisions, to the next member and parcel of the art. And so, as in a table, be it witty words, of which Tacitus is full ; sentences, of which Livy ; or similitudes, whereof Plutarch ; straight to lay it up in the right place of his storehouse, as either military, or more especially defensive military, or more particularly defensive by fortification, and so lay it up. So likewise in politic matters, and such a little table you may easily make, wherewith I would have you ever join the historical part, which is only the example of some stratagem, or good counsel, or such like. This write I to you in great haste, of method without method, but with more leisure and study (if I do not find some book that satisfies), I will venture to write more largely of it unto you. Mr. Savile will with ease help you to set down such a table or remembrance to yourself, and for your sake I perceive he will do much, and if ever I be able I will deserve it of him ; one only thing, as it comes into my mind, let me remember you of, that you consider wherein the historian excelleth, and that to note, as Dion Nicæus, in the searching the secrets of government ; Tacitus, in the pithy opening the venom of wickedness ; and so of the rest. My time, exceedingly short, will suffer me to write no more leisurely : Stephen can tell you who stands with me while I am writing. Now (dear brother), take delight likewise in the mathematical ; Mr. Savile is excellent in them. I think you understand the sphere ; if you do, I care little for any astronomy in you. Arithmetic and geometry, I would wish you well seen in, so as both in matter of number and measure you might have a feeling and active judgment ; I would you did bear the mechanical instruments, wherein the Dutch excel. I write this to you as one, that for myself have given over the delights in the world, but wish to you as much, if not more, than to myself. So you can speak and write Latin, not barbarously, I never require great study in Ciceronianism, the chief abuse of Oxford, ‘qui dum verba sectantur, res ipsas negligunt.’ My toyful books I will send, with God’s help, by February, at which time you shall have your money : and for 200*l.* a year, assure yourself, if the estates of England remain, you

shall not fail of it : use it to your best profit. My Lord of Leicester sends you forty pounds, as I understand by Stephen, and promiseth he will continue that stipend yearly at the least, then that is above commons ; in any case write largely and diligently unto him, for in troth I have good proof that he means to be every way good unto you ; the odd 30*l.* shall come with the hundred, or else my father and I will jarl. Now, sweet brother, take a delight to keep and increase your music, you will not believe what a want I find of it in my melancholy times. At horsemanship, when you exercise it, read Crifon Claudio, and a book that is called ‘*La gloria del’ Cavallo*,’ withal that you may join the thorough contemplation of it with the exercise ; and so shall you profit more in a month than others in a year, and mark the biting, saddling and curing of horses. I would by the way your worship would learn a better hand ; you write worse than I, and I write evil enough ; once again, have a care of your diet, and consequently of your complexion ; remember, ‘*gratior est veniens in pulchro corpore virtus.*’ Now, Sir, for news, I refer myself to this bearer, he can tell you how idle we look on at our neighbours’ fires, and nothing is happened notable at home, save only Drake’s return, of which yet I know not the secret points ; but about the world he hath been, and rich he is returned. Portugal we say is lost : and to conclude, my eyes are almost closed up, overwatched with tedious busyness. God blesf you, sweet boy, and accomplish the joyful hope I conceive of you. Once again commend me to Mr. Nevyle, Mr. Savile, and honest Harry Whyte, and bid him be merry. When you play at weapons, I would have you get thick caps and brasers, and play out your play lustily, for indeed ticks and dalliances are nothing in earnest, for the time of the one and the other greatly differs, and use as well the blows as the thrust : it is good in itself, and besides exerciseth your breath and strength, and will make you a strong man at the tourney and barriers. First in any case practise the single sword, and then with the dagger ; let no day pass without an hour or two such exercise : the rest study, or confer diligently, and so shall you come home to my comfort and credit. Lord ! how I have babbled : once again farewell, dearest brother. Your most loving and careful brother,

PHILIP SIDNEY.

At Leicester House, this 18th of October, 1580.

PHILIPPI SIDNÆI EPISTOLÆ XVII.

I.

SIDNÆUS AD LANGUETUM.

NON vero, inquam, parum tua refert, id te scire, bene enim noui quam 'res sit solliciti plena timoris amor,' sed id dicam et vere dicam, me nulli plane obviam fuisse, qui iter Viennam versus haberet; quod vero tacite me cuiusdam remissionis amoris quo te et diuinam tuam virtutem prosequutus sum et semper prosequar, incusas, agnosco humanitatem tuam, sed id serio et vehementer a te peto, ut quantumcunque inter nos sit locorum interuallum, semper tamen id persuasum habeas, me non adeo puerili stultitia aut inconstantia muliebri, aut belluinâ ingratitudine esse præditum, vt non talis viri amicitiam cupide adipiscar, adeptam non conseruem, conseruatae vero me minus gratum exhibeam: vtinam ego vel latine satis possem vel tu Anglice, videres, quantas Tragoedias de istâ tuâ subdubitacione excitassem. Ex quo Venetias veni ego a te accepi binas literas, tibi vero jam tertio scribo, hunc vero ordinem rogo vt obseruemus, vt quaque septimana per literas mutuo colloquamur. Quod de periculo scribis, ego non fecus ac omnia alia tua consilia semper obseruabo. Me vero tecum, vt in postremis ad te scripsi, cito habebis. Jucundas Petri Bizarri Perusini literas perlegi et flores quosdam decerpsti, quos facile quoniam melius non potui, imitatus sum. Non adhuc nisi semel ad Dominum Vulcobium scripsi; cum stilum aliquantulum correxero, sæpius faciam, interim meo nomine eum salutes, et Dominum Bouchetellum. Legatus Galliæ me valde humaniter exceptit, Perrottus in Galliam redijt, frater tamen literas legit; Lasicus in Poloniæ, de Dano adhuc nihil intelligere potui. Oro, vt de te mihi aliquando scribas, et quando Rex ille Polonus liberabit Galliam suâ præsentiâ, vt facilius me ad iter parem. Vale. Tuus ex animo,

PH. SIDNÆUS.

Venetijs, 5 Decembris, 1573.

II.

SIDNÆUS AD LANGUETUM.

 ERI accepi literas tuas scriptas 4 Decembris in quibus agnosco illam eximiam tuam erga me benevolentiam, cui tam facile vnâ literulâ omnes suspiciones absterfi. De meis rebus sic habeto ; fieri non posse vbi inaugratio regis tam cito fiat, vt ego adsim, si vero per mensem vnum vel alterum prorogetur tempus, tum Deo Opt. Max. fauente, sine dubio veniam. Misere enim multis rebus ita implicitus sum, vt cogar inde abesse vbi tot et tantæ res et videndæ et descendæ sunt. Sed quomodocunque res sese iam habeat, in vere omnes illas regiones perlustrabo simul cum genero Hannaviae comite, qui etiam se relictis Italis in Poloniam, Bohemiam et vestram Saxoniam iturum prædicat. Et te, charissime Languete, videbo, cuius ego vno colloquio, magis profecto delectarer, quam omnium horum magnificorum magnificis magnificentiis.

Interim hic per quindecim dies commorabor, residuum tempus Pataui teram. Sphæram iam disco et aliqua in musicâ ; stilum solum modo ad te scribendo exerceo, sed id sane mihi iam vsu venit, vt male scribendo discam male scribere, quapropter oro te vt mihi aliquid de stilo corrigendo scribas, simul cum illis monitionibus quas scripsisti te distulisse donec ad vos veniam, noui enim et tibi nunquam defutura consilia, et mea errata fatis amplum monendi locum relictura esse. Omnes equos vendidi, aliâs enim profecto illorum bonitas sumtibus non responderet. De tuo accepi viginti coronatos quos inter multa alia tibi debeo ; quod ad illud argentum attinet quos bis in ædibus Raccheli acceperunt, non eo scripsi vt tibi aliquid agendum esset, sed solummodo vt Conisbœum purgarem, quem antea de eâ re ad te immerito accusaueram, et nos omnes deridendos præberemus si de ea re cum hospite ageremus, qui enim adeo impudenter acceperunt impudentius denegabunt. Quando mihi scribes tempus esse opportunum, ego munus parabo Domino Abondio qui quid egerit libenter scire vellem. Oro te, vt mihi mittas opuscula Gallica Plutarchi si Viennæ emenda sunt. Vellem enim libenter quin-

quies pretium dare; per mercatorem aliquem opinor poteris mittere, et per proximas mihi scribas si habes L'Historia del mondo di Tarchagnota, Lettere de prencipi, Lettere de tredici illustri homini, imprese di Girolamo Ruscelli, il stato di Vinegia scritto da Contareni, et da Donato Giannotto, qui omnes profecto sunt elegantes libri, aut si aliquos alios velis ego facile ad te perferri curabo. Adhuc alia res est quam a te saepe rogare volui, cum tamen semper me deteruerit pudor, sed ut ait Cicero literæ non erubescunt. Incredibili desiderio flagro tuæ illius narrationis Polonicæ electionis, quam mihi semel dignatus es monstrare. Hanc oro et obtestor vt aut mihi mittas, aut saltem per proximas spondeas fidem, te mihi illam cum in Germaniâ tecum ero datum, cum aliis tuis propter vñram temporis. Hic multa dicuntur, sed inter alia, hæc prædicantur præcipue, aut fore fœdus inter Hispanum et Turcam, aut iterum inter Venetos et Turcam, aut inter Turcam, reginam Angliæ, regem Poloniæ et vñstrum Electorem Saxoniæ. Nonne rides nos Saxones etiam iam Turkani-fare? Hæc profecto ego audiui ab homine et prudente et fide digno. Deus te mihi diu conseruet. Vale. Totus tuus,

PH. SIDNÆUS.

Venetijs, 19 Decembris, 1573.

Conisbæus et Bruskettus te vt summum illorum patronum et amicum salutant. Witfelde non possum inuenire. Lasicus est vt audiui in Poloniâ, Perrottus in Galliâ. Alij omnes præstantissimi viri et mei summi amici.

III.

SIDNÆUS AD LANGUETUM.

 HARISSIME Languete, hæc pauca ad te hoc tempore scribo, solummodo vt videas me religiose obseruare paruum istud pignus tantæ amicitiæ. Nihil aliud scribendum habeo nisi hoc quod tibi, noui, erit gratissimum me sanitate optimâ semper frui. Accepi literas tuas scriptas die Brumalis solstitii, vbi præter alia mihi gratissima scribis de quodam inueni Dioderi Polono, quod certe magis auget dolorem

meum me hoc tempore non posse venire, vt superioribus tibi scripsi; sed si per mensem tantum Rex ille morbo laboraret aut aliquid tale accideret, Deus bone! quam lætus aduolarem. Ego iam ædes in Patavio accepi, quo inter septimanam ibo. Comes Hannaviæ literas mihi ad te misit; et alter nescio quis, quas iam simul cum meis Camillo, tradam. Dominus Vulcobius et Bouchetellus ad me scripserunt, quibus oro vt me commendes et simul excuses quod non rescribo, fui enim per totum diem occupatus, et jam valde sero domum redii, cras vero mane oportet literas Camillo dare, adeo vt nec sciam quid ad te scripserim, tu tamen omnia boni consules et me semper vt facis amabis. Vale. Tuus ex animo,

PH. SIDNÆUS.

Venetij, Die Natiuitatis Saluatoris, 1574.

IV.

SIDNÆUS AD LANGUETUM.



AM tandem Patauienes meas literas habebis, non quo maiorem facundiam expe^ctes, quam in alijs meis reperi soleas, sed vt scias me huc saluum et ex animi sententiâ venisse, vnde sine vlo temporis interuallo, visum est mihi pauca ad te scribere, vt et tibi et mihi ipse in hoc salutandi genere satisfacerem. Veni igitur iamque inuisi illustrissimum comitem et Baronem Slauatam, summa virtute adolescentes, quorum consuetudine dum summâ meâ cum voluptate fruor, semper ante oculos venit nimius tuus erga me amor, qui non solum de me sed de meis rebus et commodis omnibus tantam et tam immitatam curam geffisti. Sed fane tu is non es, cui gratiae de eiusmodi rebus agendæ sunt; maiora enim animo concipis, et ego equidem quod ad me attinet cum multum tibi debedo, tum multum tibi debere cupio. Sed hæc ha^ctenus. Proximæ tuæ literæ scriptæ kalendis Januarij decimo tertio mihi redditæ sunt, quæ nihil noui secum attulerunt; fuerunt enim refertæ indicij dulcis tui quidem, sed iam diu cogniti et perspecti amoris, quod genus epistolarum mihi omnium maxime gratum et iucundum est; dum

enim lego, videor mihi ipsum Hubertum præsentem et in manibus videre. Consilium tuum de stilo hoc modo exequar. Primum aliquam Ciceronis epistolam in Gallicum sermonem vertam, postea ex Gallico in Anglicum, et sic iterum in Latinum continuo motu sed non Abondij reuertetur. Forsan etiam Italicum eâdem exercitatione confirmabo, habeo enim epistolas a Paulo Manutio doctiss^o viro in linguam vulgarem traductas, et a quodam alio in Gallicam. Volumina Ciceronis diligenter legam. De Græcis vero aliqua discam, quæ iam diu supremis tantum labris attigi. Summum bonum (post illam æternam felicitatem) in colendâ verâ amicitiâ constituum, in quâ re tu facile primas tenebis. Excitasti mihi plane risum de illo tuo summo bono, in mentem enim mihi venerunt genus et species conterranei nostri. De Plutarchi exemplaribus quod mihi scripsisti, nolle te tam paruam ob rem pudorem tibi innatum et insitum exuere, nec ego ipse adeo sum impudens vt dum meis commodis inferuam, aliorum voluptates negligam, præfertim amicorum. De Abondio valde sollicitus sum quid illi præcipue (propter singularem suam humanitatem) mittam, sed breui curabo; tu interim multam illi salutem meo nomine dicas; omnino nullam excusationem admitto quin habeam illam tuam de Polonicis rebus epistolam, iam etiam et alteram tuam orationem de quâ in proximis mentionem fecisti; necessario enim mihi gratissimæ esse debent cum et a te et a tali viro scriptæ sint.

Equidem oportet te ad aliqua scribenda applicare animum, vt admirabilis illa tua virtus et posteris aliquo singulari monumento innotescat; sed de hâc re amplius cum te coram conueniam. Noua hic fane nulla sunt, a te exspecto. Vale, te diu tibi tuisque et toti orbi christiano conserua. Tuus ex animi voluntate,

PHILIPPUS SIDNÆUS.

Patauij, 18 Kalendas Februarij 1574.

Clarissimo et insigniss^o. viro, Huberto Langueto,
semper obseruando Viennæ.

V.

SIDNÆUS AD LANGUETUM.

MULTIS nominibus mihi gratissimæ fuerunt postremæ tuæ literæ, quæ nihil nisi suauem illum tuum amorem præ se tulerunt. Gaudeo te approbare meum consilium de subsistendis meis astronomicis studijs, de geometricis vero nescio quid mihi sentiendum sit; omnino flagro desiderio illius cognitionis et eo magis quod valde eam accommodatam esse bellicis rebus semper intellexi; ego tamen parce operam huic rei nauabo, et solummodo quasi per transfennam (vt sic dicam) in artis principia inspiciam. De Græcis literis tantum haurire vellem quantum ad bene intelligendum Aristotelem sufficeret; etsi enim quotidie traductiones nonnullæ fiunt, tamen ego suspicor eas non satis dilucide et apte sensa authoris exprimere; ad hæc etiam valde pudet me riulos tantum, vt ait Cicero, sectari, fontes ipsos rerum non videre; inter Aristotelis opera ego præcipue politica ejus legenda puto, quod eo scribo, quoniam me ad moralem philosophiam animum adiungere suades. De Germanicâ linguâ, chare Huberte, plane despero, habet enim nescio quid, quod tu bene noscias duritiei, adeo vt in hâc ætate nunquam me sperem (ne ad intelligendum quidem) satis adeptum fore, ego tamen vt tibi paream eam aliquando cum Delio nostro, et præcipue dum propinem, exercebo. Facile me confiteor tristiorum sæpe esse quam aut ætas aut occupationes meæ postulant, tamen id sane experiundo probauit me nunquam minus melancholicis affectibus deditum esse, quam dum acriter imbecilles animi mei vires in aliquod arduum et difficile intendam. Sed hæc hactenus. Ego te effigiem meam adeo vehementer a me expetere et lætor quòd ejusmodi indicia spirant dulcem tuum et jam diu perspectum erga me amorem, et doleo quod tam leues res a me cum dubitatione petis, si enim inter nos nulla esset vera et perfecta amicitia (quæ omnia communia officia, vt sol minorum lumina offuscat) tamen ea à te accepi, vt multo majora quam hoc debiti loco exigere possis. Cum primum Venetias redierim, curabo id fieri aut a Paulo Veronese, aut à Tintoretto qui facile primas in hac arte tenent; quod ad versus attinet, quamuis glo-

rioſum ſane eſt laudari a tam laudato viro, et mihi iucundiffimi ſunt vt qui ſempiternam animi tui (benēvolentiam) mihi teſtatum eunt, tamen nollem ego adeo grauiter impudens eſſe, vt qui talia præconia laudum mearum, præſertim ſine meo merito, inſcribi curarem; idcirco hoc mihi ignoſce, reliqua omnia a me impera et ego tibi ſi potero (voluntas ſane non deerit) ſatisfaciam. Hæc mendis et lituris plena tu boni conſules, raptim enim ſcripſi. Vale. Tui amantiffimus et obſeruantiffimus

PHILIPPUS SIDNÆUS.

Patauij, 4° Februario, 1574.

Interea ego libenter effigiem illam quam Abondius fecit, tibi do, et illi munus aut mittam aut perferam. Iterum vale.

Clariffimo et præſtantiffimo viro, Domino
Huberto Langueto, Domino et amico
ſuo ſemper obſeruando, Viennæ.

VI.

SIDNÆUS AD LANGUETUM.

S. P. D.

NÆ tu egregie tračtas miferum noſtrum Cambrobritanum, qui Apollinis et Vulcani iras de Brenni commiſſo ſcelere in ſe deriuauit, ſed euidem videtur aliquantulum deſiderari tua humanitas, qui neque igni ſatis expiatum ſcelus exiſtimas, quin etiam id detrahis, quod ille fibi quaſi proprium patrimonium arrogauit. In quo vero Saxones piratas et latrones affirmat fuiffe, tu vide, ego conſcientiā Gallicæ originis fretus omnia facile concedam. Magna vero res eſt quam me tibi præcipere meus amor cogit, nempe vt cogites, ignotum Deum noſtrum qui eiudem patriæ et farinæ eſt, male habiturum quod tantos riſus de consanguineo ſuo ſecundum carnem excites, ne iratus forſan monadem ſuum hieroglyphicum tanquam Jouis fulgur in te exerceat, tantæ enim ſunt animis cœleſtibus iræ.

Griffinius in memoriam Domini Lhuid multa dixit et quaſi funebrem orationem habuit, dum ego ridens parentau: inter alia, vt leuaret notam ſtultiæ quæ a te bono Lhuido inuifa eſt, dicit

quod ad Brennum attinet, omnino eum recte sensisse, idque probat a nomine, in antiquâ enim eorum linguâ Britannicâ, Brennus significat regem, fuitque inter eos adeo celebris ut Pharao aut Ptolemæus inter Ægyptios, in Parthico imperio Arfaces, et Hubertus apud venatores, et hâc ratione forsitan debili concludit illum insignem latronem suum popularem fuisse, quod ut concedas sine ut exorem. Sed hæc iocans scripsi, hoc extra iocum, me ardere desiderio tui videndi, et si Deus Opt. Max. meis optatis respondebit breui vobiscum esse futurum, et fortassis antequam illud institutum iter Pragam versus aggrediamini. Tu interim, si tibi videbitur, mihi de omnibus tuis rebus scribes: et si aliquid noui habeas, velim ut mihi mandes, ex tuis enim literis quasi imaginem nostrum temporum videor mihi videre, quæ iam sane ut arcum nimis diu intensum, aut relaxari aut frangi oportet; quare hanc operam mihi dices, charissime Huberte, ut quæ sentis quæque literis tuto mandari posse existimas, ad me scribere digneris; tuæ enim epistolæ mihi multas ob causas sunt iucundissimæ, quæ tamen vñâ hac in re facile omnes comprehendi possunt, quod sunt tuæ.

Ex Angliâ nihil habuimus noui, nisi quod tuus Walsinghamus adiunctus est Smitho, ad exequendum secretarii munus, estque in intimum consilium (ut sic nostro more dicam) admissus, cum satis magnâ testificatione quam bene de illo nostra Regina sentiat.

Simul cum his accipies a comite Hannauiae et omnibus illius domesticis, quibus fac ut respondeas, mirifice enim te amant.

Oro te ut multam salutem meo nomine quam humillime dicas domino Vulcobio, cui ego sane sæpius scriberem, nisi quod conscius mihi sum, me nullam scribendi materiam habere, homines autem occupatos inaniter perturbare licebit Perusinis; noli omittere idem officium honestissimo iuueni Bouchetello.

Plura scriberem si plura mihi in mentem venirent; quocirca finem imponam, et te monebo ut me semper ut facis ames. Vale. Tui amantissimus

PHILIPPUS SIDNEUS.

Patauji, vñdecimâ Februarij, 1574.

Bruskettus se tibi officiosissimè commendat.

Clariss^{mo} viro, Domino Huberto Langueto,
Domino et amico suo semper obseruando, Viennæ.

VII.

SIDNÆUS AD LANGUETUM.

S. P. D.

 *N tempore venisti,*" ait ille Terentianus, vt opinor, Dauus. Cùm iam paratus eram satis pro imperio tecum expositulare, quod hæc dies Veneris contra morem sine tuis literis multum sâne processerat, ecce veniunt, quæ facile me ab acri meo incepto deterrent, imo loco vehementis accusatoris solliciti rei partes agere cogunt. Multis de rebus me accusas, sed de hâc vnâ præcipue, quod in proximis meis de reditu nostro ad vos nullam mentionem feci, quasi vero cum id iam diu multis verbis confirmâram replicatione hoc tempore opus esset; quod si discederem a sententiâ, tum vero desideraretur officium, si de eâ re certum te non facerem, dum vero idem constanter sentiam, quamobrem deboeo sèpius vnam eandemque paruam rem auribus tuis inculcare? sed hoc facit amor tuus, vt nunquam defatigeris audiendo ea, quæ ad me vel paululum admodum pertinent. Quocirca non debes suspicari (si me gratum, id est, non impium esse velis) fieri posse, vt aut vlla obliuio deleat memoriam tui amoris, aut præ nouis quibusdam familiaritatibus parvum locum ei relinquendum.

* * * *

Rumor ille de Pace initâ inter Turcam et Mahometi sobolem factus iam est raucus, aliquid tamen pro certo ineft mali; Veneti enim valde duriter tractantur; illud constat eos vel iniquissimis conditionibus pacem amplexuros. De nauali pugna et prosperâ Geusorum victoriâ procul dubio audiuitis. In Galliâ fertur per totam Languedoc, Daulphine, et Provence Hugenotos impune peragrare. Momoransium Regem veneno tollere conatum esse, ταύτα ἔχειν ἐπιχείρια τυραννικῆς Φιλίας; hæc si vera sunt, ad me fac scribas, charissime Huberte. Quæ scripsisti de inauguratione Polonicâ et priuata tua et publica expiscabor. Hodie effigiem meam inchoavit Paulus quidam Veronensis, propter quam opor-

tet vt duos aut tres dies adhuc hic commorer. Vale et me ama.
Hæc scripsi plane dormituriens. Tuus ex animo.

PHILIPPUS SIDNÆUS.

Venetijs, 26 Februario, 1574.

Clarissimo viro, Domino Huberto Langueto,
D^o et amico suo semper obseruando, Viennæ.

VIII.

SIDNÆUS AD LANGUETUM.

S. P. D.

 DEO me perturbasti hoc tuo postremo nuncio, vt fane
mentem ad scribendum applicare non possim. Heu mi
Languete! Tune miser esse potes, quem omnes qui
aliquam scintillam in se virtutis habent, et amant et admirantur!
Si aliquid in priuatis tuis rebus esset, quod animum hoc dolore
afficeret, rogarem te et obtestarer per amorem quo te prosequor,
perque illud foedus amicitiae, quod inter nos mutuo fancitum dum
viuam conseruabo, vt in mea pietate erga te (quæ quamuis viri-
bus exigua, tamen ipsa propensione aliquos fructus pareret) fineres
ætatem tuam, iam vt dicis ingrauecentem conquiescere, tibique
persuaderes, nihil esse in meis, quod non prius eodem nomine sit
tuum. Sed cum nota mihi sit tamdiu magnitudo animi tui, et ex
literis hisce tuis intelligam, te de communi causâ dulcique patriæ
laborare, nullum fere argumentum mihi scribendi relinquitur, con-
solerne te per literas, adducamque longe petita exempla aliorum
regnorum, quæ multo magis desperata tamen postea non tantum
respirarunt, sed et frænum orbi terrarum injecerunt? neque ætas
mea neque ingenium hoc ferunt: taceamne, aut potius istam
partem epistolæ tuæ prætermittam? hoc vero esset amicum neg-
ligere omneque jus amicitiae violare. Quare cum pudor et tacere
et loqui iubeat, consultum mihi videtur, pauca adeo dicere, vt et
amantis et pudentis, vt sic dicam, officium quoad possim præstem.
Primum ergo, charissime Huberte, monendus es, vt sæpius tecum
ipse colloquare, sæpius temet de hisce rebus audias. Etenim (ea)

est vis diuini ingenij tui, vt nemo mortalium tibi magis salutare consilium præbere possit, quam ipse tu. Deinde quod maximum est, oro te vt ea vulnera quæ nostris temporibus ecclesiæ Dei infliguntur, singula separatim consideres, ne dum simul dolores accumules, nimium fortunæ succumbere videaris, quod sic velim intelligas, vt Galliæ miseras per se perpendas, neque in vnâ quasi ideâ coniungas vestra mala cum morbis Flandriæ, et sic, vt mihi videtur, facilius in tot periculis, quæ spes adhuc ali possint perspicies. Ego quidem incœpi (sed forsan quod verisimile est vtor ætatis vitio) erigere nonnihil animum, ex quo Regem Poloniæ sua præsentia leuâsse Galliam et res Hugenotorum in Aquitaniâ nostris optatis aliquantulum respondere intellexi. Sed tu longe in futurum prospiciens hæc non tantum vides, sed consequentias harum rerum cernis, quare velim quæ dixi non vt consilium, sed vt testificationem summi mei erga te amoris accipias. Quod vero ad Belgium attinet, ego plane non video, quomodo melius fieri potuisset; si enim flagrat incendio illa per pulchra regio oportet meminisse Hispanos sine tantâ combustionē expelli non posse, potiusque vt mihi profecto videtur optandum est Saguntum ardere quam perfidum Hannibalem tanta bona quiete possidere. Postrema pars querelæ tuæ posita est in periculo quod a Turca Italiae imminere videtur, quâ re quid accidere potest optabilius? Primum enim tolletur illud putridum membrum quod tam diu corruptit totum corpus reipublicæ Christianæ, et delebitur officina in qua vt scribis tot malorum causæ cuduntur. Ad hæc cogentur principes Christiani quasi ex alto somno expergefieri, et tui Galli iam inter se digladiantes coniungere vires, vt communi hosti resistant, non fecus ac rixantes canes, cum forte vident lupum ouile deprædantem. Sed maiora sequuntur. Ego plane pro certo habeo, hanc perditam Italiam vel ipsos Turcas adeo inquinatram, vt sceleratis istorum illecebris irretiti facilius postea suâ ipso-rum mole a tanto fastigio conciderint, et hoc, nisi me mea fallit opinio, in nostro tempore videbimus. Illud vero satis mirari non possum, quâ tibi in mentem veniat, te nullo modo posse prodesse aut reipublicæ aut amicis, et idcirco mortem tibi non esse fugiendam; ego nolo vterius progredi, neque apertius hac in re meum iudicium explicare, hoc tantum profiteor et prædicabo dum hâc luce fruar, me plus emolumenti ex tui vnius cognitione percepisse, quam ea dempta ex toto hoc tempore, quo peregre absui a patria.

Sed hæc haçtenus ; at tu interea, mi Huberte, noli arbitrari, me aut arrogantiâ, quam longe a me abesse spero, aut garrulitate, quam tamen in Cyri iuuentute Xenophon non esse vitium censuit, sed inductione aut potius impetu quodam animi permotum, statuisse hæc pauca ad te scribere, vt quantum in me esset, leuarem te iiftis molestijs, quibus sensi te aliquantum perturbatum esse, quæ tamen omnia facile agnosco nihil aliud esse, quam secundum prouerbium, Sus Mineruam. Sed tandem iocemur. In eisdem literis sedulo te purgas morbo quodam Italico multum scribendi, quod tamen non opus fuit vt faceres. Tum te purges licet, cum non scribas. Ego enim satis probe noui vos Burgundos non adeo subtili ingenio esse præditos, vt valde scriptionibus delectemini : hoc suo iure poteris concedere Perusinis, a quibus vt mihi in literis (simul cum hisce coniunctis) scripsisti, quædam noua de augendo numero custodum in nostrâ aulâ emanarunt, quæ quidem vt mihi videntur, olen lucernam (honoris causa nomino) Petri Bizarri. Nam vt Tigranes de acie Luculli, ad hunc vsum ad quem destinantur satis superque sunt, fin vero aliquid noui periculi immineat, ad alia recurrendum est. Hoc certum est Reginam maiores quam vnquam alias apparatus cum maritimos tum terrestres facere et nuper mandasse omnibus, vt vocant, Artagianis alienigenis qui fere sunt omnes Belgæ, vt e Londino migrant, quod eo consilio fecit, vt sic coacti redeant in Belgium ad defendendas proprias lares, quod sine dubio multum conductet Aurantio, sunt enim plus minus ad viginti millia hominum. Præter hæc nihil noui dicitur, nisi de classe Cantabrica et lautis coniuijs Papæ, est enim plane vt dicunt Bonus Socius. Simul cum his mitto ad te literas Comitis Hannauiae et illius domesticorum, quas proximâ septimanâ ad me dederat, sed tardius quam debebat. Cui noli respondere donec a me certior fias, ille enim iam difcessit ad perlustrandas interiores Italiæ partes, quâ in re videre licet tuam iniustitiam, sed tacere oportet, illi enim promisso obstrictus sum, tu tamen nemento loci dialeætici, a Majore. Ante paucos dies ad te venient duo nobiles Angli, quibus quoniam commendatitias literas ad te dare debedo, vsum est mihi paucis illorum aduentum quasi præcurrere, vt paratior sis ad illos tuâ solitâ humanitate excipiendo. Ille quem ego præcipue tibi commendô appellatur D. Robertus Corbett, meus si quis alias summus amicus, magno loco ortus sed qui vt ait Buchananus “ longe

anteit morum nobilitate genus," veræ religionis cultor, et in re militari satis peritus, Italicè tantum loquitur. Alter dicitur D. Richardus Schelley, meus consanguineus sic ut Robertus, sed hic tantum propior sanguine quantum alter amicitia; hic bene edoc-
tus est, vt qui Græca, Latina et Italica probe callet, Gallicis quoque aliquantulum imbutus est, sed qui Papisticæ superstitioni est deditissimus. Cum primum ad te venient, si tibi ita videbitur, illorum nomina ab ipsis disces. Vale et me vt soles ama. Tibi ex animo deditissimus.

PHILIPPUS SIDNEJUS.

Venetijs, (Patauium vero die Lunæ reuertar,) 15° Aprilis, 1574.

Clarissimo viro, Domino Huberto Langueto,
amico suo omni obseruantia colendo.

IX.

SIDNÆUS AD LANGUETUM.

NUNQUAM adduci poteram, vt crederem Machiavel-
lum bene de nimia clementiâ fugiendâ sensisse, donec
vñ idem mihi venerit, quod ille multis rationibus pro-
bare conatus est. Ego enim (quæ mea est nimia lenitas) non
tantum iniurias sed tela et vulnera a te moderate tuli, dum spe-
raui tantâ mansuetudine nullam fuisse tam pertinacem duritiem
quin flecti posset. Sed mea me spes febellit, videoque non solum
non minui, sed augeri morbum hâc medicinâ, quâ idcirco non
amplius vtar, neque inanem, vt vere dicam, speciem clementiæ
salutari feueritati præferam. Quid! Tune is es qui tibi persua-
dere potes, vt impune non modo Cambros irrideas, Saxonum
artes suis coloribus depingas, Florentinos et Ligures loco furum
et latronum habeas, quin eo progediaris vt Anglis quoque mala
miniteris? Nolo ego in Burgundos iram meam quamuis iustum
conuertere, honoris scilicet causâ Huberti Diui Tutelaris et piæ
memoriæ prudentis illius vestri Caroli, quem Heluetii adeo hono-
rifice tractarunt, sed hoc a te libenter scire uelim, quid tantum
aut tale Anglia merita sit, vt adeo misere eam exagitâris? Neque

hâc re contentus me quoque priuatâ causâ (si publicâ forsan non fatis commouear) ad pugnandum prouocas, nouas quasdam suspicione in medium adducens, quarum tamen omnium hæc vna est grauissima, ne obliuione tui munus hoc scribendi negligam. Nætu perbellus es homo qui (vt in Phormione Geta) cuius fidem in pecuniâ perspexeris vereris verba ei credere. Sed præsens hæc tecum alioque modo agam, hoc tempore nolo omnem meam solitam clementiam exuere, vt videam si per proximas tuas literas te tam grauis peccati pœnituerit.

Monsieur D'Ax reuersus est Venetias, in cuius familiaritatem intrare conabor, est enim (vt prædicatur faltem) omnibus virtutibus ornatus. Is (vt audio) magnos apparatus Turcam hoc anno facere affirmat, adeo vt sperem Hispanos magis de proprijs lariibus defendendis quam aliorum oppugnandis fore sollicitos. Quamobrem de Johannis Austriaci discessu Hispaniam versus multi dubitare incipiunt. Cosmus Florentinus Dux nuper fato functus est, quem valde populus ille luget, sed eodem animi affectu, quo Syracusana mulier, omnia fausta Dionysio Tyranno precata est; successor iam diligenter agit cum Turca, vt concedatur suis Hetruscis liber aditus ad mercaturam exercendam in Græciâ; quid impetrabit nescio.

Quoniam iam tempus aduentat mei promissi de reditu obseruandi, ne forsan posthac, vt antea fecisti, me inconstantiae insimules, plane tibi do liberam optionem et potestatem eligendi si velis me aut expectare Hannouïæ Comitis redditum, aut subito iter verus te mi charissime Huberte aggredi; quod reliquum est, Dominus Ferrerius et Schendel.nus mihi summam humanitatem tribuere non desinunt. Vale et si me amas, vide vt tranquillitati animi tui diligenter seruias. Tui amantissimus et obseruantissimus.

PHILIPPUS SIDNÆUS.

Patauij, 29 Aprilis, 1574.

Oro vt meis verbis multam salutem dicas domino Vulcobio et Bouchetello; idem tibi facit Bruskettus. Hæc plane dormituriens scripsi, simul cum alteriæ literis quas Lobetio iam mitto.

Clarissimo viro, Domino Huberto Langueto,
amico suo omni obseruantia colendo, Viennæ.

X.

SIDNÆUS AD LANGUETUM.

S. P. D.

GTSI non dubito quin multis nuncijs, famâ denique ipsâ longe certiora habueris, quam meæ literæ hoc tempore et loco scriptæ tibi afferre poterunt, tamen ego meum officium esse duxi, aliquantulum per literas de tantâ re tecum colloqui. Nam cum eum quidem dulcissimum esse amicitiae fructum semper existimau, per quem liberè siue de publicis seu priuatis rebus, cum amico, id est se ipso, communicare licet, tum ipsa res quasi exigere hoc ab omnibus verâ religione imbutis videatur, vt relictis alijs cogitationibus, in hanc vnam totâ mente in-cumbamus. Sed quorsum hoc tam longe repetitum principium? quia volo equidem vt cogites, me valde et ex animo perturbatum esse. Habui enim neque id ab obscuris hominibus, sed ab ipso concilio decem virorum, comitem Ludouicum lethali vulnere accepto, fratre capto, fugatum esse eum magnâ clade suorum, inter quos facile principes sunt, Christophorus Palatini, et nonnulli comites vt vocant Rhenani: Indeque tantum animorum motum factum esse in Belgio, vt res nisi cito ab aliquo christiano principe restaurentur, ad dditionem vique spectent. Spero equidem, et spero quoniam ita fieri cupio, hos rumores falso disseminari, vt gratificantur Hispanis, qui nihil magis aucupantur, quam opinionem hominum, eorum scilicet fortunam in bono loco positam esse. Sed quomodounque sit, mi Char^{me} Languete, hoc certum est nostros principes nimis altum somnum dormire, qui dum hoc tam quiete agunt, videant velim, ne in eum morbum incident, qui mortis imaginem cum ipsâ morte coniungit. Nuper vidi quoddam scriptum, satis sene elegans (quod si potero nancisci ad te mittam) in quo author valde animat principes quos vocat Catholicos ad consilium Tridentinum exequendum, huiusque rei præcipue occasionem sumit a turpi ignauia principum Germanorum, quorum dum alij potationes, alij ridiculas venationes exercunt, alij insanis sumtibus flumina a cursu auertere volunt, omnes

excepto Palatino nec publica curare et priuata exhaudire, in animum induxerunt, facile eos opprimi posse confidit. Deus bone! quam vellem tecum vel vnam horam me iam posse ponere, multa enim habeo quae prorsus literis committenda non sunt. Breui sane fiet. Comes enim, vt spero, cito redibit, nullam vero moram hic faciet, quin illico iter versus vos aggrediatur, quod fane ardens meum desiderium nonnihil lenit. Scripsi hodie ad Comitem Leycestrensem auunculum meum, illique enumeraui, quot et quanta isti Hispani sibi de hac victoriâ promittant. Forsan aliquid boni inde orietur; sin secus, ego saltem quod ad me attinet, malo minus sapientis quam minus patriæ amantis culpam subire. Crede mihi affirmanti, mi Huberte me nunquam vidisse impotentem fœminam de aliquo insperato nuncio magis exultantem, quam nonnulli istorum de hac re faciunt, qui tamen insignem moderationem præ se ferre volunt. Faxit Deus vt sit illis risus Sardonius. Sed hac tenus. De Stratagemate illo Gallico curaui et ante Diem Jouis duo mihi exemplaria exscripta erunt, non enim imprimuntur, propterea quod magnâ intercessione legati Gallici permotus papa prohibuerit. Dum enim ille quasdam Italicas virtutes in rege ad cœlum extollit, ignarus Gallus dedecore potius quam laude affici suum regem existimauit. Quamprimum habuerim mittam ad vos, simul cum literis ad Dominum Vulcobium, cui hoc tempore non scribo, et quod ego sum multum occupatus, et quod illi occupato, vt est semper, nolim inaniter molestus esse. Tu meis verbis multam illi salutem dices, magnasque gratias de humanâ ad me epistolâ ages. Quod reliquum est, quae noua habebis, mihi si ita tibi videbitur impertieris. Vale, meque vt facis ama. Meus Ludouicus se quam officiosissime tibi commendat. Tui amantissimus

PHILIPPUS SIDNÆUS.

Patauji, 7 Maij. 1574.

Clarissimo viro, Domino Huberto Langueto,
amico suo charissimo, Viennæ.

XI.

SIDNÆUS AD LANGUETUM.

S. P. D.


ATIS sane moderate te gessiste, cum tam aspere a me
 prouocatus fueris, in quo mansuetudinem tuam qui-
 dem laudo, conscius nimirum tibi, quantum peccatum
 admiseras, fatius esse ingenue confiteri delictum, quam in errore
 perseuerare. Diui Georgij iram concitare tentasti. Approbo
 sententiam. Sed, mi Languete, quid agimus? Jocamur his
 temporibus? Neminem quidem iudico communi ingenio prædi-
 tum, qui, quo vadant hæ turbulentæ tempestates quæ per tot
 annos totam rempublicam Christianam conquaſſarunt, non videt,
 qui vero consequentias harum rerum cernit, et æquo animo ferre
 potest, eum aut in Deorum collegium cooptandum, aut inter
 belluas humano cultu indutas enumerandum censem, *ὡς εἰ Θηρόν*
εἰ Θεόν. Sed hoc est verum condimentum, aut potius sunt veri
 amicitiae fructus, vt dulcis amici recordatio non modo omnium
 dolorum magnum fit leuamen, sed in rebus maxime serijs ad nef-
 cio quam animi remissionem descendere cogat. Hæc animiorum
 delectatio vel potissimum honestis facetijs constat, quæ nonnullorum
 naturis et sapientum quidem virorum adeo innatæ et quasi
 insitæ sunt, vt neque Socrates ille neque noster Morus in suppli-
 cio iocos relinquere potuerint. Jocemur igitur. Africa terri-
 bili fremit horrida terra tumultu, Qui Goletum et Tunetum
 tenent vt opinor Hispani sunt; illos vero aiunt in tantis caloribus
 valde frigere. Turcam tamen pro penuriâ remigum nihil magni
 hoc anno aggredi posse, quod idem de nostrâ Reginâ late disseminat. Narraui, omnes scilicet Anglos in nauibus Aurantij iam
 pridem inclusos esse. Multa illi quidem dicunt; Joannes Aufri-
 acus, vt aliquibus placet, in Flandriam cum magnâ vi Italorum
 proficisciatur, vt alijs in Hispaniam reuocabitur, vt nonnullis in
 Italiâ commorabitur: ego plane opinor Philippum Joanne vti quasi
 Delphico gladio, vt et contra Turcam Gallumue si aliquid moli-
 antur talem ducem habere videatur, et Italorum motus, quos

timere incipiunt præsentia eius compescat, et Flandros expectatione illius aduentus in officio teneat, utinam dum ita πολυπράγμων sit nihil tamen agat. Ragusei 40 naues ad classem illam Cantabricam instruendam Philippo præstarunt. Foxius Legatus Gallicus Romæ cum summo honore tenetur, phrasis non minus vñtata, sed quæ illi propria et peculiari, plane enim ita tenetur (quod a viro honesto et fide digno intellexi) vt cū velit, non possit aufugere. Sed hæc haec tenus. Comitem Hannauæ puto iam Patauij esse, nudius tertius enim Ferrariæ fuit: ego hodiè expecceto literas a patre; si aliquid noui ferant, ad te scribam, sed vt spero festinatione aduentus mei superabo literas, quoniam vero adhuc non sum collocutus cum Comite, neque aliquid certi decidere potui, rescribas velim; quæ si post decepsum meum hoc veniant, ego diligenter providebo vt Viennam remittantur, eoque magis volumen augebitur. Corbettus iter suum Viennam versus heri auspicatus est, quamuis credo, eum coactum iri servum post se relinquere, nimis enim ægrotat ad tantum laborem fuscipendum. Multam salutem dicio D. Vulcolio et meo Buchetello. De illo legato Gallico, de quo prioribus literis ad te scripseram erratum erat, non enim bene intellexeram Ferrerium. Vale. Tuus,

PHILIPPUS SIDNÆUS.

Venetij, 28 Maij, 1574.

Bruskettus meus multam salutem quam humillimè tibi dicit: ex quo hæc scripsi audiui comitem saluum rediisse Patauium.

Clarissimo viro, Dn. Langueto,
Dn. suo charissimo, Viennæ.

XII.

SIDNÆUS AD LANGUETUM.

S. P. D.

HÆC iam vicesima nona epistola est, quam ex quo in Italiam veni a te accepi, dulcissime Languete, tamen id profecto mihi vsu venit, posteriorem longe mihi priore gratiorem et iucundiorem semper fuisse. Vnde id perspicio quod nunquam credideram fieri posse, amori erga te meo, cui ego nihil addi potuisse pro certo habueram, magnam tamen in hoc interuallo locorum atque temporum accessionem factam esse. Tu enim idem es, et eosdem fructus parit vis illa ingenij tui; hoc tamen, si te amo, mihi accidit, vt cum priores tantam delectationem mihi attulissent, quantam non opinor cepisse festiuum nostrum Petrum de Historiâ suâ Pannonicâ, nihilominus hoc in genere adeo excelluerunt nouissimæ, vt illas quidem gustâsse, has vero Saxonico haustu exforbuisse videar. Quare oro vt per aliquot adhuc dies meæ diligentæ respondere velis. Comes enim Illusterrimus, statuit, antequam tres sequentes hebdomadæ præterierint non discedere, et quidem si jactura ferenda est, malim post discessum meum, aliquam tuam epistolam huc deferri, quam si id eueniret, vt hic vel per paucos dies, sine fructu te in tuis literis videndi commorarer; præfertim cum id curârim vt sine periculo literæ tuæ Viennam remittantur. Id quidem doleo Comitem quasi reseruâsse iter suum, ad omnes calores subeundos, qui hactenus fanè moderati fuerunt, tum sine dubio non erunt. Sed hoc ille viderit. Ego enim cum me comitem illo in itinere adiungere decreui non dubito, quin tolerare omnia æque ac ille possim. Literas eius ad te mitto simul cum Welspergi et Goufij, qui omnes me et te mirabiliter amant. Est in hâc vrbe nobilissimus quidam Germanus Baro et Burgrauius a Donau, in Borussia, is famâ tui nominis permotus valde te amat, et cupit vt in tuam familiaritatem intret, et hâc de re obnixe me rogauit, vt tibi eum commendem quod (quamuis bene noui tibi æque ac illi gratum fore, longe enim vt breuiter dicam, omnes Germanos qui in hac

vrbe degunt, omni virtutum genere anteit) vt illi satisfaciam maiorum in modum facio. Dum hæc scripsi interpellauit me Monauius prudens et bonus vir, qui tibi multam salutem dicit. Quod admones me vt scribam, si te Pragæ an Viennæ inuenire malim, id sic habeto, nihil mihi gratius esse posse quam vt te quam-primum videam, sed ita vt cum tuo commodo fiat, quare velim sic hanc rem consideres, vt me tui amantissimum esse memineris, id est, qui cum cito tuâ præsentia frui desiderat, tum vel maximè rationem tuæ utilitatis haberi cupit, præsertim cum parum interfuerit, si enim Viennæ Imperator non erit, ilico se conferet Comes, vbiunque aula erit.

Gratissima mihi fuerunt quæ scripsisti de Hispanis. In Patauio nihil noui dicitur, nisi (quod nouum non est) nostros Doctores plane obsoletos esse. Hoc eleganter nimirum scripsisti, te noluisse de illo libello mihi molestum esse, nisi typis expressum putasses, quasi vero si te communi tantum amore prosequerer, hæc non sint adeo exigua atque pusilla, vt quamuis oblata nullam gratiam mereri possent. Tua vero tanta sunt erga me merita, vt plane pro rei dignitate habere gratiam me vñquam posse diffidam, refferre omnino non possim, nisi Deus meis optatis nimium responderet. Quare noli amplius adeo disertus esse, nisi forsan nouas rixas excitemus, quæ cum fuerint comminutæ fine dubio magis periculose erunt. Oro vt D^o Vulcobio dicas, me illi hoc tempore non scribere, quoniam nihil dignum scriptu habeam, et non dubitem quin sit perturbatio animo; id pro certo habeat, me gratâ mente et magno amore illius humanitatem erga me prosequi; commenda me duobus meis consanguineis Anglis, qui vt opinor iam tecum sunt.

Noli obliuisci Bouchetelli. Vale. Tui amantissimus et obseruantissimus.

PHILIPPUS SIDNEUS.

4. Junij, 1574.

XIII.

SIDNÆUS AD LANGUETUM.

S. P. D.


 CCEPI tuas literas charissime Huberte, quibus et si nihil commisisti quod sensum animi tui exprimere posset, ne præ meā absentiā forsan in alienas manus deuenient, ego tamen qui te penitus noui, summum dolorem quo afficeris, facile agnosco. Quod cum ex multis aliis rebus compertum habeo, tum ex hoc præcipue, quod stilus ille tuus, qui tanto flumine eloquentiæ redundare solet, nunc non fecus ac amœni riuuli solent, dulci quodam murmure dilabitur, et aliud agens, id tamen quod altâ mente repotum est, ingenuæ præ se ferre videatur. Evidem ab omni humanâ naturâ longe abhorrerem, si hunc vnici mei amici casum ex animo non lugerem, quare nolo conari, hac ex parte, dolorem scilicet meum commemorando tuum leuare, tu enim me nosti nec ferum nec feruum esse. Hoc vero quod et prioribus literis feci a te iterum atque iterum peto, vt illud ingratum solum, quod per tot annos tu coluisti, et nullos aut per exiguos fructus inde percepisti, tandem deseras et ad eos te conferas qui tui sunt amantissimi et non sunt Laodicenses. Neque deterreas velim periculis quæ forsan imminent nostræ patriæ, tu enim qui omnes historias omnium gentium memoriâ tenes, non ignoras inde damnum nulli præter ipsos Anglorum magnates vnquam illatum fuisse. Sed hæc, mi Languete coram. Certus nuncius nudius tertius ad hanc vrbem venit, qui confirmavit rumorem de Gallici regis obitu, reginam vero matrem constitutam esse, quæ administret rempublicam, donec Poloniæ rex redire potuerit; interea dum Alençonius, Nauarræus, et Mornansius custodiuntur. Mira res; plane nescio quid cogitare debeam; an huius morte vulnus nostræ causæ inflictum sit, an (quod velim) medicina adhibita. Deus Opt. Max. mirâ prouidentiâ nostro tempore orbem Christianum regit. Mongomereum dicitur a Monpensiero esse captum, quod ego tamen non credo. Cras Judæus quidam Selimi Medicus, aget cum Venetis de pace

certis conditionibus stabiliendâ, quid actum erit ad te scribam. Hispanos tumultuantes compescere conatur aut saltem simulat ille egregius commendator, qui tantopere æstimauit vt suæ stultitiae specimen præberet: spero equidem ante paucos annos Hispanorum virtutem omnibus gentibus notam fore, qui nati serui cum nihil aliud vñquam egerint, præterquam (quasi vñs forâ soluerent) dominos commutarent, semper enim Carthaginem, Romanorum, Vandalorum, Gothorum, Saracenorum, Maurorum mancipia fuerunt, nuper quidem vnius Caroli virtute et quidem. Belge eructi, post illius decessum quanto impetu iter accelererunt vt ad pristinum statum redeant videre est. Comes Hannauæ hactenus literas tuas expectauit, non accepit a Palatino. Comes quidem Sulmenis qui nuper inde venit, affirmat breui huc delatas fore, neque ego quidem illas quas scripseram patrem meum mihi misisse; mercator enim qui illas habuerat prefectus est Romam, sed ante decem dies redibit. Vale. Saluta officiose D. Vulcubium et Bouchetellum. Tuus ex animi voluntate.

PHILIPPUS SIDNÆUS.

Junij, Venetijs, 1574.

XIV.

SIDNÆUS AD COMITEM HANNAVIÆ.



OSTQUAM redij in Patriam, Illuſtris Domine, nihil mihi antiquius esse potuit quam vt quamprimum possem tuam celsitudinem certiorem facerem. Tam enim semper fuerunt eximiae tuæ erga me humanitatis indicia, vt non possim non mihi persuadere omnia quæ mihi prospere succedant, tibi iucunda et grata esse. Vltimo igitur Maij ventis secunde flantibus ad hunc nostrum insularem nidum appuli, vbi omnes meos fanos repperi, reginam quidem quamuis ætate nonnihil prouectam, corpore fane hactenus robustam, quod (quoniam ita Deus vult, vt ex tam tenui filo pendeat salus nostra) affiduis nostratum votis ipsi Deo Opt. Max. merito est commendatum: est enim nobis quasi stipes ille Meleagricus, quo pereunte omnis nostra

tranquillitas concidit. Sed ut haec omittam oro te atque obtestor, ut in quibuscumque locis sim velis tibi persuadere, me semper eundem esse quod attinet ad vehementem meum et vere fidelem erga te amorem. Nolo tuam illustrem dominationem diutius detinere; nihil enim habemus noui, tantum oro ut meo nomine p. s. d. viro bono et prudenti domino Paulo a Welsperg, quem tibi (quanuis pro ipsis meritis et tuo iudicio bene norim hoc fore superuacuum) vehementer etiam atque etiam commendo. Vale. Tibi deditissimus.

PHILIPPUS SIDNEIUS.

Londini, 12º Junij, 1575.

Ill^{mo} Domino D. Philippo Ludouico Comiti Hannauæ,
... meo semper obseruand^{mo}. Franckfurt.

XV.

SIDNÆUS AD LANGUETUM.

MI carissime Languete ! Ex ternis tuis quas literis 24 Augusti scriptis ad me misisse affiras, binas tantum accepi, eas quidem omnis humanitatis veræque amicitiae plenas; sed quid hoc novum est ? Itane putas exfolvi posse promissum, quod sancte fecisti de nobis invisendis ? Hoc esset plane, domine Huberte, verba dare. Gaudeo sane te non longe abesse Spira, ubi jure tecum agi potest.

Nuper hic fuit nobilis vir nomine de Tamars, quocum notitiam contraxi, et eo quidem libertius, quia sæpenumero honorificam tui mentionem me præsente fecerit. Sic et Aldegundus sæpe, ipseque princeps, cum apud illius celsitudinem diverterem, multa dixit, quibus intelligerem te summopere illi esse carum. Quorsum hæc ? Plane ut tibi persuadeam, ut illum, modo tuto possis, invisas; inde ad nos venias. Habebis ibi pulcherrimum campum exercendi ea in hac nova republica formanda, quæ per totum vitæ tempus tam sedulo didicisti. Et sane spero me, antequam multæ septimanæ elabantur, eo venturum : amo enim principem illum, et forsitan aliquo modo magis ei inservivi, quam ipse noverit. Ita

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sane nostri animi hoc tempore inclinaritur, ut (si bella ex Belgio continentur) in aliquam spem adducar, vaticinium illud tuum, quod mihi de ipso aliquando Viennæ dixisti, felicem eventum habiturum. Marchio Hauræus auxilium flagitat, credoque, si ita res postulaverit, exoraturum fore. Pax Gallica aliquo modo nostram reginam perturbat; putat enim secum male agi. Causam nosti. Ego quidem hæc parvi momenti judico; semper enim et causam et animum habebunt hæc rumpendi, modo aliquid certi fundamenti, quo niti possint, videant.

Scripti tibi ante annum de Furbifffero quodam, qui æmulus Magellani fretum, quod septentrionalem Americæ partem alluere existimatur, investigavit. Mira est historia. Is cum præterito anno tardius procederet, ita ut autumno Bauataos tantum insulamque, quam Frislandiam Zeno Veneto inventam esse judicat, præternavigaret, appulit insulam quandam, ut se suosque aliquo modo reficeret: ibique forte fortuna juvenis quidam ex sociis ipsius particulam terræ, quam resplendentem vidi, sustulit, monstravitque Furbifffero. Ipse cum alia curaret, nec crederet in regione adeo septentrionali pretiosa metalla gigni, parvi ea pendit. Sed hieme jam incipiente rediit. Juvenis terram illam ut laboris sui signum, (nec enim alia conjectaverat,) secum retinuit donec Londonum rediret. Ibi primum quidam ex amicis juvenis cum animadverteret miro modo relucentem, experimentum fecit, inventusque esse aurum purissimum, nulloque alio metallo mixto: adeo ut Furbiffferus vere proxime elapsò eo remeaverit, jussus insulam illam perlustrare, nec ulterius progredi, si ea exspectationi responderet; quod et fecit, jamque reversus est, naves, quas tres tantum easque parvas habuit, onustas referens; diciturque (namque adhuc non exportarunt) bis centum tonnas mineralis terræ tulisse: certum judicium tulit, insulam adeo metalliferam esse, ut Peruinas regiones, saltem ut nunc sunt, longe superare videatur. Sunt et sex aliæ insulæ huic vicinæ, quæ videntur parum ei cedere. Hoc igitur tempore consilium initur, quomodo hi nostri hactenus sane fructuosi labores integri possint conservari contra injurias aliarum nationum, inter quas Hispani et Dani videntur præcipue considerandi; illi, quia Papaniano jure occidentalia omnia sibi vendicant, hi quo septentrionaliores eo propiores, et Islandia freti aptius ad hoc iter accommodati. Necnon dicuntur navigandi arte satis

valere. De hac igitur re tuum judicium pro amore nostro mihi mittas velim, simulque commodam viam describas illas mineras exercendi. Promisisti te Gutebergica jura mihi missurum fuisse. Hoc ut quam primum facias oro. Ex illis forsan aliquid lucis erui potest. Nos enim hanc artem paulo melius scimus quam vindemiam. Itaque scribere memineris, ut famæ, quæ de te hic maxima est, respondeas: literas enim, nisi prohibeas, reginæ monstrabo. Res est profecto magni momenti, et quæ veram religionem profitentibus aliquando forsan conducet. Scripsi tibi ter de illo nostro magno negotio: quare puto tibi ea de re satis factum.

Oro ut diligenter ad me scribas, et pigritiam forsan excutiam. Literas Fremingo nostro mittas. Taxius enim veloces fuos equos nimium exercuit. Doleo sane casum illius viri. Belus noster tecum jam, ut credo, veteres amicitiaæ fructus suaviter in memoriam vocat. Amo illum, et tamen invideo. Lubetius noster mecum egit de pecunia quam rex Galliæ debet liberis Germaniæ civitatibus. Hic profecto video consiliarios libenter velle civitatibus Germanicis gratificari. Sed, ut nosti, vous autres françois nous deves il y a long temp toute L'Aquitaine et la Normandie, mais vous feres plus tost banquerouttes que les paier, et pourtant nous estimons peu tels debiteurs et moins si mauvais fermiers. Peto a te, ut mihi scribas, quo in statu res tuæ sint. Nisi persuasum habeas me, in quacunque re valeam, semper fore paratissimum tibi inservire, scelestum me judicas. Nec mihi absentem animum objicias: nunquam enim aliquid remisi ex illo vehementi amore, quo te semper prosequutus sum; sed potius indies auxi, dulcedinemque tuæ consuetudinis absens vel maxime sensi. Sed tu vide, quid Aristoteles in Rheticis de senibus habeat: esse nimirum in amore frigidos, et nos irridere nostris spiritibus in amicitia colenda, quasi nihil aliud essent quam juvenilis ardoris fumi. Sed, Deus bone! quis jam audet me pigritiæ nomine accusare, cum ita longas literas scribam? Vide ut mini longiores rescribas; habebis enim mensis unius ad minimum usuram. Vale, et me optimo Bano commendes, Lubetio nostro, Clusio, optimo Jordano, meoque Andreæ, et Beuterichio, omnium reisterorum doctoratissimo et omnium doctorum reisteratissimo, (ut Cicero, ni fallor, de Scævola et Crasso,) ita mea

officia deferas ut illius, qui eos omnes amat, et cupit eis singulis
gratificari et inservire. Iterum vale, mi Huberte. Tui aman-
tissimus.

PHILIPPUS SIDNEIUS.

In aula regia, 1 Octobris, 1577.

Miror quod nihil de Wackero jam diu intellexerim. Fuit hic
illico post redditum meum ex Germania Henricus, baro a Lichten-
stein, cui sane talem humanitatem non exhibui quam debui; ita
fui plane implicitus negotiis, et praे absentia parentis et avunculo-
rum, qui tunc temporis in Balneis erant, non bene instructus ad
eum ut volui accipiendo. Oro ut, cum tibi idoneum tempus
fuerit, me excuses. Est sane præclarus juvenis, et quem ego ex
corde amo; et quandocunque aliquis ex ejus amicis huc venerit,
conabor hanc culpam compensare. Confanguineus meus Gri-
vellus te officiose salutat.

... mo viro domino Langueto,
domino meo carissimo. Francofurti ad Mænum.

XVI.

SIDNÆUS AD LANGUETUM.

MI carissime Huberte! Simul et Robertus Belus et Ro-
gerius et Beuterichius tuus cum tuis optatissimis literis
venere, ita ut eodem tempore mihi et audire te et vi-
dere summa mea cum voluptate viderer. Tu me pigritæ nomine
acriter accusas, et interea in eandem culpam impingis, imo ideo
majorem, quia tuis ego fio melior, meæ tibi inaniter obstrepant
necessæ est. Et stili usus, ut videre est, plane mihi excidit; et
ipse animus, si forsan unquam aliqua in re valuit, incipit jam pro
ignavo nostro otio vires suas et sine sensu amittere et non illiben-
ter remittere. Quem enim ad finem sunt nobis nostræ cogita-
tiones ad variam cognitionem excitandæ, nisi locus illius exer-
cendæ detur, ut inde publica utilitas redundet, quod in corrupto

seculo sperare non licet? Quis musicam nisi ad delectationem, architecturam nisi ad ædes fabricandas discit? Sed ipsa mens, inquies, divinæ mentis particula, ita excolitur. Summus certe, si hoc fatemur, fructus; sed videamus an non nostris splendidis erroribus pulchram, sed fucatam speciem induamus. Dum enim mens ita quasi sibi extrahitur, non potest aciem suam in se penitus intuendam convertere, cui operæ nulla quam homines navare possunt comparari potest. Nonne vides me eleganter stoicum agere? imo et cynicus ero, nisi tu me revokes. Quare, si velis, para te in me: campum jam monstravi, et aperte tibi denuncio bellum.

Sed miror, quid tibi in mentem venerit, mi carissime Languete, quod cum adhuc nihil me dignum egerim, velles me matrimonii vinculis obstringi; nec tamen aliquam denotas, sed potius ipsum statum, quem tamen tu tuo exemplo hactenus non confirmasti, extollere videris. De illa, qua quam indignus sim facile agnosco, jamdudum meas rationes breviter sane, sed ut poteram, tibi scripsi. Hoc quidem tempore credo te aliiquid aliud sensisse, quod quicquid fuerit, ut ad me scribas vehementer oro: magni enim sunt ponderis apud me omnia, quæ a te proveniunt; et, ut ingenue fatear, aliquo modo dubito, ne aliquis suspicionibus magis quam sapientia validus aliiquid sinistri de me tibi insuffraverit, quod tibi quamvis non fuerit persuasum, voluisti tamen caute et amice mihi considerandum præbere. Quod si ita fuerit, oro ut mihi rem ipsam manifesto scribas, ut me tibi, cui cupio esse probatissimus, purgare possim: si tantum jocus aut amicum consilium fuerit, id quoque ut signifiques oro, cum omnia tua mihi, non minus quam quæ sunt carissima, semper grata veniant.

Novi hic nihil est, nisi quod novum in monarchia est et fere inauditum, quum nihil eveniat novum. Aurum nostrum Furibiferum jam liquefactum non ita magnas opes producit, ut primo ostentaverat: tamen non contemnendæ insulæ sunt ad sexagesimum secundum gradum, sed hoc inter maxime secreta tenent, ne ut scis præripiatur occasio. Imo et eodem gradu sperant se posse fretum transire: adeo sunt nugæ ille magnus mundus a cosmographis descriptus; si vero fretum tali temperaturæ cadat, vides fore magni momenti. Credo reginam id in gratiam principis Casimiri facturam, de quo mihi scripsisti; sed nolui hoc tempore

multa de ea re tractare, cum sciam nostrum ingenium esse nihil celeriter perficere. Quid aliud jam plane dormituriens tibi scribam, nisi te a me ut cor meum amari, meque nulli rei magis intentum esse, quam ut possim hoc aliquando tibi demonstrare? Grivellus meus te salutat. Saluta humiliter meo nomine Comitem et Comitissam Hannaviensem, et scribe mihi, quomodo canes, quos misi, ipsis arrideant. Scripsi ad Lubetium hoc tempore, Banosium, Andream Anselmum, Merellum: egone piger? Oro ut Clusium salutes, et Domino Salvarto signifies, me multum illi debere ob libellum, quem mihi in Gallicam linguam traductum misit: ego cum mihi traderetur, fui occupatissimus, sed aliquando hanc illius humanitatem merebor. Domino Glauburgo quoque plurimam salutem dicas, cui ego libenter gratificabor. Vale, carissime Languete. Tuus,

PHILIPPUS SIDNEIUS.

Kalendis Martii, 1578.

Ego Belo omnia amica, quæ potero, officia præstabo, tum ob sua merita, tum præcipue ob tuam commendationem.

XVII.

SIDNÆUS AD LANGUETUM.

MI carissime Huberte! Scripsi tibi per Beuterichium nostrum, quid tum mihi in animum veniret. Hoc tempore D. Rogerio hæc ad te dedi, potius ut nullam intermittam occasionem te salutandi, quam ut ulla hic offeratur occasio vel cogitatione digna. Ita male satisfecimus Beuterichio ut credam, nisi quo minus fiat ipsius obstat humanitas, male nos in Germania audituros. Et tamen, ut ingenue et tibi soli dicam, non ita constanter visi [funt] vestras res tractare, cum aliud princeps Aurangius, aliud illustrissimus Casimirus viderentur appetere. Unde regina arripuit occasionem defendendi tarditatem suam in exequendis consiliis contra Leycestrensem, Walsinghamum et

alios, qui eam vehementius ad agendum persuaderant, quod maxime doleo. Plessius noster brevi, credo, hinc discedet, qui nec ea potuit obtainere, quæ fane Christianæ reipublicæ fuissent salutaria. Ego profecto, nisi Deus potenter resistat, videor mihi causam nostram arentem videre, et aliquid jam Indicum mecum meditor. Regina tibi favet, ut spero te brevi intellecturum: interea me, ut soles, vehementer ames velim; meque omnibus nostris communibus amicis commendes. Tuus,

PHILIPPUS SIDNEIUS.

Ex aula regia 10 Martii, 1578.

Swendianum scriptum accepi a Comite Hannaviense; a te nullum ha^ctenus habui. Meum D. Rogerium oro ut in meam gratiam adhuc magis ames.





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